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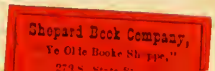

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OF

UNIVERSAL LITERATURE

PRESENTING

BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL NOTICES, AND SPECIMENS
FROM THE WRITINGS OF EMINENT AUTHORS
OF ALL AGES AND ALL NATIONS

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CYCLOPEDIA

OF

UNIVERSAL LITERATURE.

KALEVALA, The, an epic poem—or perhaps a cycle of runes of Finland, which have been handed down orally from very ancient times. There are not wanting scholars who hold that portions at least of the *Kalevala* antedate Homer and Hesiod, and probably go back as far as the days of David, or still earlier. That such a group of heroic poems existed in Finland was hardly suspected until within a little more than half a century, when Topelius, a practicing physician of Sweden formed a collection of Finnish runes which he wrote down from the lips of bards, much as Macpherson professed to have done with the so-called Gaelic poems of Ossian. Topelius put forth these fragments in 1822, and a still more complete collection in 1839. Elias Lönnrot, born in 1802, took up the work begun by his predecessor. His first work on the subject appeared as early as 1827. He subsequently journeyed through all the districts of Finland, "often through wild fens, forests, marshes, and ice-plains—on horseback, in sledges drawn by reindeer, in canoes, and other forms of primitive

conveyance." He had the good fortune to meet an old peasant who was held to be the most famous reciter of the country, and was reputed to know more of the ancient runes of his people than any other living man. In 1835 Lönnrot put forth the fragments which he had brought together. The idea gradually developed itself in his mind that these runes were parts of a great cyclical poem, of which the central figure was Wainamoinen, a mighty bard and magician. Lönnrot set himself to arrange these runes into a connected poem, and the result of his labors was published in 1849.

The *Kalevala*, as thus edited, consists of fifty runes, containing in all nearly 23,000 lines. It is written in octo-syllabic trochaic verse—the measure with which we have become familiar through Longfellow's *Hiawatha*. It seems certain that Longfellow had become acquainted with the *Kalevala*, probably in the German translation of Schiefner, which was published in 1852. In any case, he borrowed the general idea of *Hiawatha*, and its peculiar metre from the *Kalevala*. The poem at once attracted the attention of scholars. Max Müller says of it: "From the mouths of the aged an epic poem has been collected equalling the *Iliad* in length and completeness; nay, if we can forget for a moment all that we in our youth learned to call beautiful, not less beautiful. . . . The *Kalevala* possesses merits not dissimilar from those of the *Iliad*, and will claim its place side by side with the Ionian Songs, with the *Mahabharata*, the *Shahnameh*, and the *Nibelunge*." Steinthal is still more emphatic. He recognizes but four great national epics: the *Iliad*, the

Kalevala, the *Nibelunge*, and the *Roland Songs*.

In 1858 was published a translation of a very small portion of the *Kalevala* by the late Prof. John A. Porter, of Yale, whose early death probably prevented the translation of other of the runes. In 1888 Dr. John Martin Crawford, of Cincinnati, put forth a translation of the entire poem, which is now for the first time made accessible to the English-speaking race. From this admirable translation the following extracts are taken:

WAINAMOINEN LOSES THE MAGIC WORDS.

Wainamoinen, old and skilful,
The eternal wonder-worker,
Builds his vessel by enchantment;
Builds his boat, by art of magic,
From the timber of the oak-tree,
From its posts and planks and flooring;
Sings a song, and joins the frame-work;
Sings a second, sets the siding;
Sings a third time, sets the row-locks;
Fashions oars and ribs and rudder,
Joins the sides and ribs together.

When the ribs were firmly fastened,
When the sides were tightly jointed,
Then alas! three words were wanting.
Lost the words of master-magic,
How to fasten in the ledge,
How the stern should be completed,
How complete the boat's forecastle.
Then the ancient Wainamoinen,
Wise and wonderful enchanter,
Heavy-hearted spake as follows:—
"Woe is me, my life hard-fated!
Never will this magic vessel
Pass in safety o'er the water,
Never ride the rough sea-billows."

Then he thought and long considered,
Where to find these words of magic,

Find the lost-words of the Master:
From the brains of countless swallows,
From the heads of swans in dying,
From the plumage of the sea-duck?
For these words the hero searches,
Kills of swans a goodly number,
Kills a flock of fattened sea-ducks,
Kills of swallows countless numbers;
Cannot find the words of magic,
Not the lost-words of the Master.
Wainamoinen, wisdom-singer,
Still reflected and debated:—
"I perchance may find the lost-words
On the tongue of summer-reindeer,
In the mouth of the white squirrel."
Now again he hunts the lost-words,
Hastes to find the magic sayings;
Kills a countless host of reindeer,
Kills a rafter-ful of squirrels;
Finds of words a goodly number,
But they are of little value,
Cannot find the magic lost-word.
Long he thought and well considered:—
"I can find of words a hundred
In the dwellings of Tuoni,
In the castles of Manala."
Wainamoinen quickly journeys
To the kingdom of Tuoni,
There to find the ancient wisdom,
There to learn the secret doctrine;
Hastens on through fen and forests
Over meads and over marshes,
Through the ever-rising woodlands;
Journeys one week through the brambles,
And a second through the hazels,
Through the junipers the third week,
When appear Tuoni's islands,
And the hill-tops of Manala. *Rune XVII.*

WAINAMOINEN LEARNS THE MAGIC WORDS.

When the ancient Wainamoinen
Well had learned the magic sayings,

Learned the ancient songs and legends,
Learned the words of ancient wisdom,
Learned the lost-words of the Master,
Well had learned the secret doctrine,
He prepared to leave the body
Of the wisdom-bard, Wipunen,
Leave the bosom of the master,
Leave the wonderful enchanter.
Spake the hero, Wainamoinen :—
" O thou Antero Wipunen,
Open wide thy mouth and fauces ;
I have found the magic lost-words,
I will leave thee now forever,
Leave thee and thy wondrous singing ;
Will return to Kalevala,
To Wainola's fields and firesides."
Thus Wipunen spake in answer :—
" Many are the things I've eaten,
Eaten bear, and elk, and reindeer,
Eaten ox, and wolf, and wild-boar,
Eaten man, and eaten hero ;
Never, never have I eaten
Such a thing as Wainamoinen.
Thou hast found what thou desirest,
Found the three words of the Master ;
Go in peace, and ne'er returning,
Take my blessing on thy going."
Thereupon the bard Wipunen
Opens wide his mouth, and wider ;
And the good old Wainamoinen
Straightway leaves the wise enchanter,
Leaves Wipunen's great abdomen.
From the mouth he glides and journeys
O'er the hills and vales of Northland,
Swift as red-deer of the forest,
Swift as yellow-breasted marten,
To the firesides of Wainola,
To the plains of Kalevala.
Straightway hastes he to the smithy
Of his brother, Ilmarinen.
Thus the iron-artist greets him :—
" Hast thou found the long-lost wisdom ?

Hast thou learned the secret doctrine?
Hast thou learned the master-magic,
How to fasten in the ledges,
How the stern should be completed,
How complete the ship's forecastle?"
Wainamoinen thus made answer:—
"I have learned of words a hundred,
Learned a thousand incantations,
Hidden deep for many ages;
Learned the words of ancient wisdom,
Found the keys of secret doctrine,
Found the lost-words of the Master."
Wainamoinen, magic-builder,
Straightway journeys to his vessel,
To the spot of magic labor,
Quickly fastens in the ledges,
Firmly binds the stern together,
And completes the boat's forecastle.
Thus the ancient Wainamoinen
Built the boat with magic only,
And with magic launched his vessel;
Using not the hand to touch it,
Using not the foot to move it,
Using not the knee to turn it,
Using nothing to propel it.
Thus the third task was completed
For the hostess of Pohyola,
Dowry for the Maid of Beauty,
Sitting on the arch of heaven,
On the bow of many colors. *Rune XVI.*

THE DEPARTURE OF WAINAMOINEN.

As the years passed, Wainamoinen
Recognized his waning powers,
Empty-handed, heavy-hearted,
Sang his farewell song to Northland,
To the people of Wainola;
Sang himself a boat of copper.
Beautiful his bark of magic;
At the helm sat the magician,
Sat the ancient wisdom-singer.
Westward, westward, sailed the hero

O'er the blue-back of the waters,
Singing as he left Wainola ;
This his plaintive song and echo :—
" Suns may rise and set in Suomi,
Rise and set for generations,
When the North will learn my teachings,
Will recall my wisdom-sayings,
Hungry for the true religion ;
Then will Suomi need my coming,
Watch for me at dawn of morning,
That I may bring back the Sampo,
Bring anew the harp of joyance,
Bring again the golden moonlight,
Bring again the silver sunshine,
Peace and plenty to the Northland."
Thus the ancient Wainamoinen,
In his copper-banded vessel,
Left his tribe in Kalevala,
Sailing o'er the rolling billows,
Sailing through the azure vapors,
Sailing through the dusk of evening,
Sailing to the fiery sunset,
To the lower verge of heaven ;
Quickly gained the far horizon,
Gained the purple-colored harbor.
There his bark he firmly anchored,
Rested in his boat of copper ;
But he left his harp of magic,
Left his songs and wisdom-sayings
To the lasting joy of Suomi. *Rune L.*

EPILOGUE.

Now I end my measured singing,
Bid my weary tongue keep silence,
Leave my songs to other singers.
Horses have their times of resting
After many hours of labor ;
Even sickles will grow weary
When they have been long at reaping ;
Waters seek a quiet haven
After running long in rivers ;
Fire subsides and sinks in slumber

At the dawning of the morning:
Therefore should I end my singing,
As my song is growing weary,
For the pleasure of the evening,
For the joy of morn arising.
Often have I heard it chanted,
Often heard the words repeated:
"Worthy cataracts and rivers
Never empty all their waters."
Thus the wise and worthy singer
Sings not all his garnered wisdom;
Better leave unsung some sayings
Than to sing them out of season.
Thus beginning and thus ending,
Do I roll up all my legends,
Roll them in a ball for safety,
In my memory arrange them,
In their narrow place of resting,
Lest the songs escape unheeded,
While the lock is still unopened,
While the teeth remain unparted,
And the weary tongue is silent.
Why should I sing other legends,
Chant them in the glen and forest,
Sing them on the hill and heather?
Cold and still my golden mother
Hears my ancient songs no longer,
Cannot listen to my singing;
Only will the forest listen,
Sacred birches, sighing pine-trees,
Junipers endowed with kindness,
Alder-trees that love to hear me,
With the aspens and the willows.
When my loving mother left me,
Young was I, and low of stature;
Like the cuckoo of the forests,
Like the thrush upon the heather,
Like the lark I learned to twitter,
Learned to sing my simple measures,
Guided by a second mother,
Stern and cold, without affection;
Drove me helpless from my chamber

To the north-side of her cottage,
Where the chilling winds in mercy
Carried off the unprotected.
As a lark I learned to wander,
Wander as a lonely song-bird,
Through the forests and the fenlands,
Quietly o'er hill and heather;
Walked in pain about the marshes,
Learned the songs of winds and waters,
Learned the music of the ocean,
And the echoes of the woodlands.
Nature was my only teacher,
Woods and waters my instructors.
Homeless, friendless, lone and needy,
Save in childhood with my mother,
When beneath her painted rafters,
Where she twirled the flying spindle,
By the work-bench of my brother,
By the window of my sister,
In the cabin of my father,
In my early days of childhood.
Be this as it may, my people,
This may point the way to others,
To the singers better gifted,
For the good of future ages,
For the coming generations,
For the rising folk of Suomi.

KANE, ELISHA KENT, an American physician and arctic explorer, born at Philadelphia in 1820; died at Havana, Cuba, in 1857. He studied medicine at the University of Pennsylvania, graduating in 1842, and the next year received the appointment of assistant surgeon in the U. S. navy, and as such accompanied the embassy to China. After making numerous tours in China and the adjacent regions and in India, his health failing, he set out for home near the close of 1844. In the Spring of 1846 he sailed, on board the frigate *United States* for the coast of Africa. Joining a caravan he made a trip to Dahomey; but in returning to the coast he was attacked by malarial fever, and returned home, reaching Philadelphia in April, 1847. A few months afterwards he was transferred, at his own request, from the naval to the military service; and was ordered to Mexico. While endeavoring to make his way to the capital he was encountered by a guerilla party, and received a severe wound in consequence of which he was invalided, and returned to the United States. In January, 1849, he sailed in a store-ship bound to Brazil, Portugal, and the Mediterranean, returning in October.

At this time a deep interest was felt in the fate of Sir John Franklin and his party, who had been since July, 1845, lost to sight in the arctic regions. A searching expedition was fitted out, mainly through the munificence of Henry Grinnell, a New York merchant. It consisted of two vessels, the *Advance* and the *Rescue*, commanded by Lieutenant DeHaven, U. S. N. Kane received the appointment of surgeon to this

expedition. It sailed from New York in May, 1850, but failing to reach an advantageous point from which to prosecute the object in view, the commander resolved to return that year. But in September the vessels were beset by ice, and drifted helplessly with the pack until June, 1851, when they got free and made their way home. Dr. Kane wrote an account of this expedition, under the title, *Narrative of the Grinnell Expedition in Search of Sir John Franklin* (1854.)

The failure of this expedition to accomplish its object only intensified public interest in the matter. The *Advance* was refitted, and placed under the command of Dr. Kane. They succeeded in reaching latitude 78° 43′, the most northerly point ever gained by a sailing vessel, and wintered in a bay about half a dozen miles south of this point. During the winter sledge-parties were sent out, one of which went as far north as latitude 80° 35′. The ice remained unbroken, all the next summer: and it became evident that it was out of the question to hope to survive another year in these arctic regions. There was nothing to be done but to abandon the vessel and attempt to make their way by sledges and boats to the settlements in Greenland. This occupied eighty-four days of extreme peril and hardship. Upernavik, the most northerly Danish settlement, was reached August 5, 1855. Dr. Kane wrote an account of this expedition, under the title, *Arctic Explorations* (1856.)

This expedition, although it failed to throw light upon the fate of Franklin, made important additions to our knowledge

of the arctic regions. Congress voted Arctic Medals to the members of the expedition. The Royal Geographical Society of England awarded the Founder's Medal for 1856 to Kane, and the French Société de Géographie gave him its gold medal for 1858. In the hope of recovering his shattered health he sailed for England, and thence to the West Indies. On this last voyage he suffered a paralytic stroke, and died soon after reaching Havana.

ICEBERGS.

The first iceberg which we approached (July 2) was entirely inaccessible. Our commander, in whose estimate of distance and magnitude I have great confidence, made it nearly a mile in circumference. With the exception of one rugged corner, it was in shape a truncated wedge, and its surface a nearly horizontal plateau. The next presented a well-marked characteristic, which, as I observed it afterwards in other examples, enabled me to follow the history of the berg throughout all its changes of equilibrium. It was a rectilinear groove at the water-line, hollowed out by the action of the waves. These grooves were seen in all the bergs which had remained long in one position. They were sometimes crested with fantastical serrations, and their tunnel-like roofs were often pendant with icicles. On a grounded berg the tides may be accurately gauged by these lines; and in the berg before me a number of them, converging to a point not unlike the rays of a fan, pointed clearly to those changes of equilibrium which had depressed one end and elevated the other.

A third was a monstrous ice-mountain, at least two hundred feet high, irregularly polyhedral in shape, and its surface diversified with hill and dale. Upon this one we landed. I had never appreciated before the glorious variety of iceberg scenery. The sea at the base of this

berg was dashing into hollow caves of pure and intense ultramarine; and to leeward the quiet water lit the eye down to a long spindle-shaped root of milky whiteness, which seemed to dye the sea as it descended, until the blue and white were mixed in a pale turquoise. Above, and high enough to give an expression akin to sublimity, were bristling crags.

This was the first berg that I had visited. I was struck with its peculiar opacity, the result of its granulated structure. I had incidentally met with the remark of Professor Forbes, that "the floating icebergs of the Polar Seas are for the most part of the nature of *nevé*; and, while I was at a distance, had looked upon the substance of the mass before me as identical with the *firn*, or consolidated snow of the Alpine glaciers. I now found cause to change this opinion. The ice of this berg, although opaque and vesicular, was true glacier-ice, having the fracture, lustre, and other external characters of a nearly homogeneous growth. The same authority, in speaking of these bergs, declares that "the occurrence of true ice is comparatively rare, and is justly dreaded by ships." From this impression, which was undoubtedly derived from the appearance of a berg at a distance, I am also compelled to dissent. The iceberg is true ice, and is always dreaded by ships. Indeed, though modified by climate, and especially by the alternation of day and night, the Polar glacier must be regarded as strictly atmospheric in its increments, and not essentially differing from the glaciers of the Alps. The general color of a berg I have before compared to frosted silver. But when its fractures are very extensive, the exposed faces have a very brilliant lustre. Nothing can be more exquisite than a fresh, cleanly-fractured berg surface. It reminded me of the recent cleavage of sulphate of strontium—a resemblance the more striking from the slightly lazulitic tinge of each.—*The Grinnell Expedition*, Chap. VIII.

THE POLAR BEAR AT HOME.

While working with the rest of the crew (July 12) upon the ice, I was startled by a cry of "Bear!" Sure enough, it was that menagerie wonder. Not, however, the sleepy thing which, with begrimed hair and subdued dirty face, appeals to your sympathies as he walks the endless rounds of a wet cage. Our first polar bear moved past us on the floe, a short half-mile off, with the leisurely march of fearless freedom. He was a bear of the first magnitude—about nine feet long, as we afterwards found by measuring his tracks. His length appeared to us still greater than this, for he carried his head and neck on a line with the long axis of his body. His color, as defined upon the white snow, was a delicate yellow—not tawny, but a true ochre or gamboge—and his blue-black nose looked abrupt and accidental, his haunches were regularly arched, and, supported as they were on ponderous legs, gave him an almost elephantine look. The movements of the animal were peculiar. A sort of drawling dignity seemed to oppress him, and to forbid his lifting his august legs higher than was absolutely necessary. It might have been an instinctive philosophy that led him to avoid the impact of his toes upon ice of uncertain strength; but whatever it was, he reminded me of a colossal puss-in-boots.—*The Grinnell Expedition*, Chap. XII.

PERPETUAL DAYLIGHT.

The perpetual daylight had continued up to this moment (August 18) with unabated glare. The sun had reached his north meridian altitude some days before, but the eye was hardly aware of the change. Midnight had a softened character, like the low summer's sun at home, but there was no twilight. At first the novelty of this unvarying day made it pleasing. It was curious to see the "midnight Arctic Sun set into sunrise," and pleasant to find that, whether you

ate or slept, or idled or toiled, the same daylight was always there. No irksome night forced upon you its system of compulsory alternations. I could dine at midnight, sup at breakfast-time, and go to bed at noonday; and but for an apparatus of coils and cogs called a watch, would have been no wiser and no worse.

My feeling was at first an extravagant sense of undefined relief—of some vague restraint removed. I seemed to have thrown off the slavery of hours. In fact, I could hardly realize its entirety. The astral lamps, standing dust-covered on our lockers, puzzled me as things obsolete and fanciful. But by-and-by came other feelings. The perpetual light, garish and unfluctuating, disturbed me. I became gradually aware of an unknown excitement, a stimulus acting constantly, like the diminutive of a strong cup of coffee. My sleep was curtailed and irregular; my meal-hours trod upon each other's heels; and but for stringent regulations of my own imposing my routine would have been completely broken up. I began to feel how admirable, as a systematic law, is the alternation of day and night—words that type the two great conditions of living nature—action and repose. To those who with daily labor earn the daily bread, how kindly the season of sleep! To the drone who, urged by the waning daylight, hastens the deferred task, how fortunate that his procrastination has not a six-month's morrow! To the brain-workers among men, the enthusiasts who bear irksomely the dark screen which falls upon their day-dreams, how benignant the dear night-blessing which enforces reluctant rest!—*The Grinnell Expedition*, Chap. XIX.

PERPETUAL DARKNESS.

Our men are hard at work preparing for the Christmas theatre—the arrangements exclusively their own. But to-morrow (December 22) is a day more welcome than Christmas—the solstitial day of greatest darkness, from which we may

begin to date our returning light. It makes a man feel badly to see the faces around him bleaching into waxen paleness. Until to-day—as a looking-glass does not enter into an Arctic toilet—I thought I was the exception, and out of delicacy said nothing about it to my comrades. One of them, introducing the topic just now, told me, with an utter unconsciousness of his own ghastliness, that I was the palest of the party. So it is: "All men think all men," etc. Why, the good fellow is as white as a cut potato.

In truth, we were all of us at this time undergoing changes unconsciously. The hazy obscurity of the nights we had gone through made them darker than the corresponding nights of Parry. The complexions of my comrades—and my own too, as I found soon afterwards—were toned down to a peculiar waxy paleness, Our eyes were more recessed, and strangely clear. Complaints of shortness of breath became general. Our appetite was most ludicrously changed. Ham-fat frozen, and sour-krout swimming in olive-oil, were favorites; yet we were unconscious of any tendency towards the gross diet of the polar region. Most of my companions would not touch bear; indeed I was the only one except Captain DeHaven that still ate it. Fox, on the other hand, was a favorite. Things seemed to have changed their taste; and our inclination for food was at best very slight.

Worse than this, our complete solitude, combined with permanent darkness, began to affect our *morale*. Men became moping, testy, and imaginative. In the morning, dreams of the night—we could not help using the term—were narrated. Some had visited the naked shores of Cape Warrender, and returned laden with watermelons. Others had found Sir John Franklin in a beautiful grove lined by quintas and orange-trees. Even Brooks, our hard-fisted, unimaginative boatswain, told me, in confidence, of having

heard three strange groans out upon the ice. He "thought it was a bear, but could see nothing." In a word, the health of our little company was broken in upon. It required strenuous effort at washing, diet, and exercise to keep the scurvy at bay. Eight cases of scorbutic gums were already upon my black-list. One case of severe pneumonia left me in anxious doubt of the result. There was, however, little bronchitis.—*The Grinnell Expedition*, Chap. XXI.

THE RETURNING SUN.

For some days the sun-clouds at the south had been changing their character. Their edges became better defined, their extremities dentated, their color deeper as well as warmer; and from the spaces between the lines of the stratus burst out a blaze of glory typical of the longed-for sun. He came at last. It was on the 29th of February. Going out on deck after breakfast at eight in the morning, I found the dawning far advanced. The whole vault was bedewed with the coming day; and except Capella the stars were gone. The southern horizon was clear. We were certain to see the sun after an absence of eighty-six days.

It had been arranged on board that all hands should give him three cheers for a greeting; but I was in no mood to join the sallow-visaged party. I took my gun, and walked over the ice about a mile away from the ship to a solitary spot where a big hummock almost hemmed me in, opening only to the south. There, Parsee-like, I drank in the rosy light, and watched the horns of the crescent extending themselves round towards the north. There was hardly a breath of wind, with the thermometer only —19°, and it was easy, therefore, to keep warm by walking gently up and down.

Very soon the deep crimson blush, lightening into a focus of incandescent white, showed me that the hour was close at hand. Mounting upon a crag, I saw the crew of our ship formed

in line upon the ice. Then came the shout from the ship—three shouts—cheering the sun. And a few moments after, I fired my *salut*. The first indications of dawn to-day were at forty-five minutes past five. By seven the twilight was nearly sufficient to guide a walking-party over the floes. At nine the dark-lantern was doused. At a quarter-past eleven those on board had the first glimpse of the sun. At five P.M. we had the dim twilight of evening.—*The Grinnel Expedition*, Chap. XXXIII.

A DAY IN THE ARCTIC BUREAU.

It is Thursday, March 9, 1854. Take a look into our Arctic Bureau, on board the *Advance!* One table; one salt-pork lamp, with rusty chlorinated flame; three stools, and as many waxen-faced men with their legs drawn up under them—the deck, at zero, being too cold for the feet. Each has his department: Kane is writing, sketching, and projecting maps; Hayes copying logs and meteorologicals; Sontag reducing his work at Tern Rock. At twelve a round of inspection, and orders enough to fill up the day with work. Next, the drill of the Esquimaux dogs—my own peculiar recreation—a dog-trot, specially refreshing to legs that creak with every kick, and rheumatic shoulders that chronicle every descent of the whip. And so we get on to dinner-time—the occasion of another gathering, which misses the tea and coffee of breakfast, but rejoices in pickled cabbage and peaches instead.

At dinner, as at breakfast, the raw potato comes in—our hygienic luxury. Like doctor-stuff generally, it is not as appetizing as desirable. Grating it down nicely, leaving out the ugly red spots liberally, and adding the utmost oil as a lubricant, it is as much as I can do to persuade the mess to shut their eyes and bolt it; two absolutely refuse to take it. I tell them of the Silesians using its leaves as spinach, of the whalers in the South Seas getting drunk on

the molasses which had preserved the large potatoes of the Azores. I point to this gum, so fungoid and angry the day before yesterday, and so flat and amiable to-day—all by a potato-poultice. My eloquence is wasted; they persevere in rejecting this admirable compound.

Sleep, exercise, amusement, and work at will, carry on the day till our six o'clock supper—a meal something like breakfast and something like dinner, only a little more scant; and the officers come in with the reports of the day. Dr. Hayes shows me the log—I sign it; Sontag the weather—I sign the weather; Mr. Bonsall the tides and thermometers. Thereupon comes in "mine ancient," Brookes, and I enter in his Journal No. 3 all the work done under his charge, and discuss his labors for the morrow. McGarry comes next, with the cleaning-up arrangements inside, outside, and on the decks; and Mr. Wilson follows with ice-measurements. And last of all comes my own record of the day gone by; every line, as I look back upon the pages, giving evidence of a weakened body and harassed mind.—*Arctic Explorations*, Vol. I., Chap. XV.

UTILIZING RATS.

Another article of diet, less inviting at first than bear's liver, but which I found more innocuous, was the rat. We had failed to exterminate this animal by our varied and perilous efforts of the year before, and a well-justified fear forbade our renewing the crusade. It was marvelous, in a region apparently so unfavorable to reproduction, what a perfect warren we soon had on board. Their impudence and address increased with their numbers. It became impossible to stow anything below decks. Furs, woolens, shoes, specimens of natural history—everything we disliked to lose, however little valuable to them—was gnawed into and destroyed. They harbored among the men's bedding in the forecastle, and showed such boldness

in fight, and such dexterity in dodging missiles, that they were tolerated at last as inevitable nuisances. Before the winter was ended I avenged our griefs by decimating them for my private table. I find in my Journal of October 10 an anecdote that illustrates their boldness:

"We have moved everything movable out upon the ice; and besides the dividing moss-wall between our sanctum and the forecastle, we have built up a rude barrier of our own, iron-sheathed, to prevent these abominable rats from gnawing through. It is all in vain. They are everywhere already—under the stove, in the steward's lockers, in our cushions, about our beds. If I was asked what—after darkness and cold and scurvy—are the besetting sins of our Arctic sojourn, I should say, Rats, *Rats*, RATS. A mother-rat bit my finger to the bone last Friday as I was intruding my hand into a bear-skin mitten which she had chosen as a home-stead for her little family. I withdrew it, of course, with instinctive courtesy; but among them they carried off the mitten before I could suck the finger. Last week I sent down Rhina, the most intelligent dog of our whole pack, to bivouac in their citadel forward. I thought she would be able to defend herself against them, for she had distinguished herself in a bear hunt. She slept very well for a couple of hours on a bed she had chosen for herself on the top of some iron spikes. But the rats could not, or would not, forego the horny skin about her paws; and they gnawed her feet and nails so ferociously that we drew her up, yelping and vanquished."

Before I pass from these intrepid and pertinacious visitors, let me add that, on the whole, I am personally much their debtor. Through the long winter night Hans used to beguile his lonely hours of watchfulness by shooting them with the bow-and-arrow. The repugnance of my associates to share with me the table-luxury

of such "small deer" gave me the frequent advantage of a fresh-meat soup, which contributed, no doubt, to my comparative immunity from scurvy. I had only one competitor in the dispensation of this *entremet*—or, rather, one companion—for there was an abundance for both. It was a fox. We caught and domesticated him late in the winter; but the scantiness of our resources, and of course his own, soon instructed him in all the antipathies of a terrier. He had only one fault as a rat-catcher: he would never catch a second until he had eaten the first.—*Arctic Explorations*, Vol. I., Chap. XIX.

A SEAL IN TIME.

Things grew worse and worse with us. The old difficulty of breathing came back again, and our feet swelled to such an extent that we were obliged to cut open our canvas boots. But the symptom which gave me most uneasiness was our inability to sleep. A form of low fever which hung by us when at work had been kept down by the thoroughness of our daily rest. All my hopes of escape were in the refreshing influences of the halts. It must be remembered that we were now in the open bay, in the full line of the great ice-drift to the Atlantic, and in boats so frail and unseaworthy as to require constant bailing to keep them afloat.

It was at this crisis of our fortunes that we saw a large seal floating—as is the custom of these animals—on a small patch of ice, and seemingly asleep. It was an *ussuk*, and so large that I at first mistook it for a walrus. Signal was made for the *Hope* to follow astern; and, trembling with anxiety, we prepared to crawl down upon him. Petersen, with the large English rifle, was stationed in the bow, and stockings were drawn over the oars as mufflers. As we neared the animal, our excitement became so intense that the men could hardly keep stroke. I had a set of signals for such occasions, which spared us the noise of the voice;

and when about three hundred yards off, the oars were taken in, and we moved on in deep silence with a single scull astern.

He was not asleep, for he reared his head when we were almost within rifle-shot, and to this day I can remember the hard, careworn, almost despairing expression of the men's thin faces as they saw him move. Their lives depended on his capture. I depressed my hand nervously as a signal for Petersen to fire. McGarry hung upon his oar, and the boat, slowly but noiselessly sagging ahead, seemed to me within certain range. Looking at Petersen, I saw that the poor fellow was paralyzed by his anxiety, trying vainly to obtain a rest for the gun against the cutwater of the boat. The seal rose on his fore-flippers, gazed at us for a moment with frightened curiosity, and coiled himself for a plunge. At that instant, simultaneously with the crack of our rifle, he relaxed his long length on the ice, and at the very brink of the water his head fell helpless to one side. I would have ordered another shot, but no discipline could have controlled the men. With a wild yell, each vociferating according to his own impulse, they urged both boats upon the floe. A crowd of hands seized the seal and bore him up to safer ice.

The men seemed half-crazy. I had not realized how much we were reduced by actual famine. They ran over the floe, crying and laughing, and brandishing their knives. It was not five minutes before every man was sucking his bloody fingers or mouthing long strips of raw blubber. Not an ounce of this seal was lost. The intestines found their way into the soup-kettles without any observance of the preliminary home-processes. The cartilaginous parts of the fore-flippers were cut off in the *mêlée*, and passed around to be chewed upon; and even the liver, warm and raw as it was, bade fair of be eaten before it had seen the pot. That night, on the

large halting floe, to which, in contempt of the damages of drifting, we had hauled our boats, two entire planks of the *Red Eric* were devoted to a grand cooking fire, and we enjoyed a rare and savage feast.

This was our last experience of the disagreeable effects of hunger. In the words of George Stephenson, "the charm was broken, and the dogs were safe." The dogs I have said little about, for none of us liked to think of them. The poor creatures, Toodla and Whitey, had been taken with us as last resources against starvation. They were, as McGarry worded it, "Meat on the hoof," and "able to carry their own fat over the floes." Once, near Weary Man's Rest, I had been on the point of killing them; but they had been the leaders of our winter's team, and we could not bear the sacrifice. I need not detail our journey further. Within a day or two we shot another seal, and from that time forward had a full supply of food.

On the first of August we sighted the Devil's Thumb, and were again among the familiar localities of the whalers' battling-ground. The bay was quite open, and we had been making casting for two days before. We were soon among the Duck Islands, and passing to the south of Cape Shackleton, prepared to land. "*Terra firma! Terra firma!*" How very pleasant it was to look upon, and with what a tingle of excited thankfulness we drew near it! A little time to seek a cove among the wrinkled hills, a little time to exchange congratulations, and then our battered boats were hauled high and dry upon the rocks, and our party, with hearts full of our deliverance, lay down to rest.—*Arctic Explorations*, Vol. II., Chap. XXIX.

KANT, IMMANUEL, a German philosopher, born at Königsberg in 1724; died there in 1804. His father, who was of Scottish descent, was a saddler by trade. In 1740 he entered the University of Königsberg as a student of theology, but his first attempts at preaching were so unpromising that he gave up the idea of becoming a clergyman, and devoted himself to the study of mathematics and the physical sciences. In 1755, having been for about ten years a tutor in private families, he became an academical instructor, his inaugural theses being *On Fire*, and on the *First Principles of Metaphysical Science*. He delivered regular courses upon Physical Geography, Anthropology, Pedagogy, Natural Law, and the Philosophy of Religion, Ethics, Logic, and Mathematics. In 1764 he declined an offer of the professorship of Poetry; but in 1770 (after having declined similar professorships at Jena and Erlangen) he accepted the position of Professor of Logic and Metaphysics at Königsberg, with a salary of $300 a year. His inaugural dissertation, *De Mundi Sensibilis Atque Intelligibilis Forma et Principiis*, contains the germs of the metaphysical system which he slowly elaborated. But his great work, the *Kritik der reinen Vernunft* ("Criticism of the Pure Reason"), upon which he had been employed for eleven years, did not appear until 1781, when he had reached the age of fifty-seven.

From this time until near the close of his life his literary activity was remarkable. The following are the titles of his principal works: *Prolegomena to Every future System of Metaphysics claiming to*

be a Science (1783), *Foundation of the Metaphysics of Ethics* (1785), *Metaphysical Elements of Natural Science* (1786), a second edition, somewhat altered, of the *Criticism of the Pure Reason* (1787), *Criticism of the Practical Reason* (1788), *Religion within the Bounds of mere Reason*, a work which ultimately led to his withdrawal from the University (1788), *Metaphysical Elements of Law* and *Metaphysical Elements of Virtue* (1797), *The Strife of the Faculties*, and *Anthropology in a Praymatic Point of View* (1798.)

It would be impossible in this place to attempt to set forth the metaphysical system of Kant, or to enumerate the whole library of works to which it has given rise in German, French, Italian, and English. The following extracts from Kant's works are in the translation of Frederick H. Hedge :—

THE JUDGMENT AND THE UNDERSTANDING.

Judgment is the faculty of conceiving the Particular as contained in the Universal. When the Universal (the Rule, the Principle, the Law) is given, Judgment, which subordinates the Particular to it, is determinative. But where the Particular is given, for which the Universal is to be sought, it is merely reflective.

The determinative Judgment has only to subordinate particulars to the general transcendental laws furnished by the understanding; law is given *à priori*. But so manifold are the forms in Nature, the modifications, as it were, of the general transcendental principles of Nature left undetermined by the laws furnished *à priori* by the pure Understanding (since these apply only to the possibility of Nature in general, as perceptible by the senses), that there must exist for them laws which indeed, as *empir-*

ical, may be accidental to the view of our Understanding, but which, if they are to have the name of Laws (as the idea of Nature demands) must be considered as necessary, and as proceeding from a principle of unity among the manifold Particulars.

The reflective Judgment, whose province it is to ascend from the Particular in Nature to the Universal, is therefore in need of a principle—and this it cannot derive from Experience, since its very aim is to establish the unity of all empirical principles under principles higher—though likewise empirical—and this is to establish the possibility of a systematic subordination among them. Such a transcendental principle the reflective Judgment must therefore give to itself, and cannot take it from anything else (since it would then be determinative); nor yet impose it upon Nature, since all study of the laws of Nature must conform to Nature, as something independent of the conditions of reflection.

Now, as the general laws of Nature have their foundation in the Understanding, the principle in question can be none other than this, that the particular empirical laws (as far as they are left indeterminate by general laws) are to be considered as so connected together as if Nature had been subjected to these also, by an Understanding (though not by ours), so as to render possible a System of Experience according to particular natural laws. Not as if such an Understanding must actually be postulated (for it is only the *reflective* and not the *determinative* Judgment that requires this idea as its principle), but the reflective faculty prescribes it as a law for itself, and not for nature.

OF THE IDEAL OF BEAUTY.

As to Taste, there are no objective rules to determine what is beautiful. For all judgment from these sources is æsthetic—that is, subjective—feeling, and not a conception of any object that determines it. To seek a Principle of

Taste, which should give indefinite conceptions of a universal criterion of the Beautiful, is a fruitless endeavor, since what is sought is impossible and self-contradictory.

That this feeling (of pleasure or displeasure) shall be capable of being generally communicated —and this without any conception of the nature of the object; and the general approximate agreement of all nations in relation to this feeling as to certain objects, is the empirical though obscure criterion of Taste, scarcely reaching to conjecture which, as so many examples show us, has a deep hidden foundation in the common nature of man, in the common principles of judgment as to the forms under which objects are presented to us.

Hence some products of Taste are considered as models; not as if Taste could be acquired by imitation—for Taste must be a faculty of the individual; but he who copies a model shows himself expert, as far as he copies correctly; but Taste involves the power of judging of the model itself. From this it follows that the highest model—the prototype of Taste—can only be an Idea, which everyone must awaken in himself.

An *Idea* is properly a conception of Reason. An *Ideal* is the image of something adequate to the *Idea*. Each such prototype of Taste rests upon the vague idea of a "maximum of Beauty;" but can be reached only by representation, and not by conceptions. It is therefore more properly an "Ideal," than an "Idea" of Beauty; and this, though we may not possess it, yet we strive to produce within ourselves. But since it depends upon representation, and not upon conception, it is an Ideal of the Imagination only—the Imagination being the faculty of Representation. Now, how do we arrive at this Ideal of Beauty—*à priori* or by experience? and also, what kind of Beauty is capable of an Ideal?

Man, as a being having the end of his exist-

ence within himself, and able to determine its aims by means of Reason—or, where he is obliged to take them from the outward world, yet able to compare them with fundamental and universal aims, and to form an æsthetic judgment from comparison—Man alone can present an Ideal of Beauty; in like manner as Humanity alone, among all earthly things, can afford an Ideal of perfection in him as Intelligence. The ideal of the human form consists in the expression of the moral nature, without which it cannot afford a universal and *positive* pleasure, as distinguished from the merely negative satisfaction of an academically correct representation.

The correctness of such an Ideal of Beauty is tested in this: that it permits no intermixture of sensuous satisfaction with the pleasure derived from the object, and yet excites a strong interest in it.

The Understanding alone gives the law. But if the Imagination is compelled to proceed according to a definite law, the product will be determined as to its Form according to certain conceptions of the perfection of the thing; and in this case the pleasure will not be owing to Beauty, but to Goodness (to Perfection, though mere formal Perfection), and the judgment will be no æsthetic judgment. It is thus a normal regularity without law; a subjective harmony of the Imagination and the Understanding, without any objective harmony (wherein the Notion is referred to a previous conception of the object); and it is thus alone that the freedom and the regularity of the Understanding can co-exist with the peculiar nature of an æsthetic judgment.

KARAMZIN, Nikolai Mikhailovitch, a Russian historian and poet, born in 1765, died in 1826. After studying at Moscow and St. Petersburg, and visiting Central and Western Europe, he published his *Letters of a Russian Traveller*, first (1791–2) in the *Moscow Journal*, which he, edited then in six volumes (1797–1801). Sundry tales followed, as *Poor Liza*, *Natalia the Boyar's Daughter*, and *Marfa the Posadnitza of Novgorod*, which are still popular in Russia. He pulished two miscellanies, *Aglaia* (1794–5), *The Aonides* (1797), compiled from foreign authors *The Pantheon* (1798), and edited *The European Messenger* (1822–1823). *My Trifles* is a collection of his lighter pieces. Appointed historiographer by the Czar in 1803, he gave himself up to study and lived in retirement. In 1816 he removed to St. Petersburg, where he enjoyed the favor of Alexander I., who was interested in the progress of his history. He lived to carry it to the eleventh volume, A.D. 1813. It began to appear 1818, and met with immediate success. Karamzin glorifies the rough Russian annals, and his sentiments are so conservative that the book has been called the "epic of despotism." It has been translated into French, modern Greek, and other languages, but not into English. As a novelist Karamzin was of the sentimental school then everywhere prevalent; as a lyric poet he is rather graceful than eminent. He was the introducer of reviews and essays in Russia.

SONG OF THE GOOD TZAR.

Russia had a noble Tzar,
Sovereign honored wide and far;

He a father's love enjoyed,
He a father's power employed.

And he sought his children's bliss,
And their happiness was his;
Left for them his golden halls,
Left for them his palace walls.

He, a wanderer for them,
Left his royal diadem;
Staff and knapsack all his treasure,
Toil and danger all his pleasure.

Wherefore hath he journeyed forth
From his glorious, sceptred North?
Flying pride, and pomp, and pour;
Suffering heat, and cold, and shower.

Why? because this noble king
Light and truth and bliss might bring,
Spread intelligence, and power
Knowledge out on Russia's shore.

He would guide by wisdom's ray
All his subjects in their way,
And while beams of glory giving,
Teach them all the arts of living.

Oh, thou noble King and Tzar!
Earth ne'er saw so bright a star.
Tell me, have ye ever found
Such a prince the world around?

EPIGRAM.

He managed to live a long life through,
If breathing be living;—but where he was bound,
And why he was born, not asked nor knew,—
Oh, why was he here to cumber the ground?

AUTUMN.

The dry leaves are falling;
The cold breeze above
Has stript of it glories
The sorrowing grove.

The hills are all weeping,
The field is a waste,
The songs of the forest
Are silent and past;

And the songsters are vanished,
In armies they fly
To a clime more benignant,
A friendlier sky.

The thick mists are veiling
The valley in white;
With the smoke of the village
They blend in their flight.

And lo! on the mountain
The wanderer stands,
And sees the pale Autumn
Pervading the lands.

Thou sorrowful wanderer,
Sigh not, nor weep;
For Nature, though shrouded,
Will wake from her sleep.

The Spring, proudly smiling,
Shall all things revive,
And gay bridal garments
Of splendor shall give.

But man's chilling Winter
Is darksome and dim,
For no second Springtime
E'er dawns upon him.

The gloom of his coming
Time dissipates never;
His sun when departed
Is vanished forever.

THE GRAVE.

First Voice.

How frightful the grave! how deserted and drear!
With the howls of the storm-wind, the creaks of the bier,
And the white bones all clattering together!

Second Voice.

How peaceful the grave! its quiet how deep!
Its zephyrs breathe calmly, and soft is its sleep,
And flowrets perfumed it with ether.

First Voice.

There riots the blood-crested worm on the dead,
And the yellow skull serves the foul toad for a bed,
And snakes in its nettle weeds hiss.

Second Voice.

How lovely, how sweet the repose of the tomb!
No tempests are there:—but the nightingales come
And sing their sweet chorus of bliss.

First Voice.

The ravens of night flap their wings o'er the grave:
'Tis the vulture's abode, 'tis the wolf's dreary cave,
Where they tear up the earth with their fangs.

Second Voice.

There the coney at evening disports with his love,
Or rests on the sod, while the turtles above
Repose on the bough that o'erhangs.

First Voice.

There darkness and dampness with poisonous breath
And loathsome decay fill the dwelling of death;
The trees are all barren and bare!

Second Voice.

O soft are the breezes that play round the tomb,
And sweet with the violet's wafted perfume,
With lilies and jessamines fair.

First Voice.

The pilgrim who reaches this valley of tears
Would fain hurry by, and with trembling and fears
He is launched on the wreck-covered river.

Second Voice.

The traveller outworn with life's pilgrimage dreary
Lays down his rude staff, like one that is weary,
And sweetly reposes for ever.

Transl. of JOHN BOWRING.

KEATS, JOHN, an English poet, born at London in 1795; died at Rome in 1821. His father, the proprietor of a livery stable, died when this son was nine years of age, leaving a moderate competence to his family. The lad and his two brothers were sent to a good school at Edmonton, kept by the father of Charles Cowden Clarke. At fifteen he was removed from school, and apprenticed to a surgeon. He carried with him from school a little Latin, and apparently no Greek—a somewhat notable circumstance when taken in connection with the fact, that his principal poems are imbued with the spirit of Grecian poesy. At the conclusion of his apprenticeship he went back to London to "walk the hospitals;" that is, to study surgery in a practical way. The profession was not suited to him, nor he for it. He had in the meantime become acquainted with Leigh Hunt, Hazlitt, Godwin, and other men of letters, and resolved to make literature his vocation. His first volume of poems, published in 1817, contained the *Epistles*, which appear in his collected *Works*. The poem, *Endymion*, published in 1818, was sharply criticized in *Blackwood* and the *Quarterly Review*. A pulmonary disease set in, which was aggravated by private difficulties, and in 1820 he set out for Italy, to try the effects of a warmer climate. Before leaving England he put forth a volume of poems which contained the fragmentary poem *Hyperion*, *Lamia, The Eve of St. Agnes*, *Isabella*, and several of the best of his smaller poems. He lingered for a while at Naples and at Rome, where he died. A few days before his death, he said that he "felt the daisies

growing over him." He was buried in the Protestant Cemetery at Rome, and upon his tombstone was carved the inscription, dictated by himself: "Here lies one whose name was writ in water." The *Life of Keats* has been written by several persons, notably by Richard Monckton Milnes, afterwards Lord Houghton (1848), and lastly by Sidney Colvin (1887.)

BEAUTY.

A thing of Beauty is a joy forever:
Its loveliness increases; it will never
Pass into nothingness; but still will keep
A bower quiet for us, and a sleep
Full of sweet dreams, and health and quiet breathing.
Therefore, on every morrow are we wreathing
A flowery band to bind us to the earth,
Spite of despondence, of the inhuman dearth
Of noble natures, of the gloomy days,
Of all the unhealthy and o'er-darkened ways
Made for our searching: yes, in spite of all,
Some shape of beauty moves away the pall
From our dark spirits. Such the sun, the moon,
Trees, old and young, sprouting a shady boon
For simple sheep; and such are daffodils,
With the green world they live in; and the clear rills
That for themselves a cooling covert make
'Gainst the hot season; the mid-forest brake,
Rich with a sprinkling of fair musk-rose blooms;
And such too is the grandeur of the dooms
We have imagined for the mighty dead;
All lovely tales that we have heard or read:
An endless fountain of immortal drink,
Pouring unto us from the heaven's brink.

Endymion.

HYMN TO PAN.

O hearkener to the loud-clapping shears,
While ever and anon to his shorn peers

A ram goes bleating: winder of the horn,
When snouted wild-boars routing tender corn
Anger our huntsmen: breather round our farms,
To keep off mildews and all weather-harms:
Strange ministrant of undescribed sounds,
That come a-swooning over hollow grounds,
And wither drearily on barren moors:
Dread opener of the mysterious doors
Leading to universal knowledge—see,
Great son of Dryopé,
The many that are come to pay their vows,
With leaves about their brows.

Endymion.

SATURN.

Deep in the shady sadness of a vale,
Far sunken from the healthy breath of morn,
Far from the fiery noon, and eve's one star,
Sat gray-haired Saturn, quiet as a stone,
Still as the silence round about his lair.
Forest on forest hung about his head
Like cloud on cloud. No stir of air was there;
Not so much life as on a summer's day
Robs not one light seed from the feathered grass,
But where the dead leaf fell, there did it rest.
A stream went voiceless by, still deadened more
By reason of his fallen divinity,
Spreading a shade. The Naiad 'mid her reeds
Pressed her cold finger closer to her lips.

Along the margin-sand large foot-marks went,
No further than to where his feet had strayed,
And slept there since. Upon the sodden ground
His old right hand lay nerveless, listless, dead,
Unsceptred; and his realmless eyes were closed;
While his bowed head seemed listening to the Earth,
His ancient mother, for some comfort yet.

It seemed no force could wake him from his place;
But there came one who, with a kindred hand,
Touched his wide shoulders, after bending low
With reverence, though to one who knew it not.

She was a goddess of the infant world;
By her in stature the tall Amazon
Had stood a pigmy's height; she would have ta'en
Achilles by the hair and bent his neck;
Or with a finger stayed Ixion's wheel.
Her face was large as that of Memphian Sphinx,
Pedestaled haply in a palace court,
When sages looked to Egypt for their lore.
But oh! how unlike marble was that face;
How beautiful, if Sorrow had not made
Sorrow more beautiful than Beauty's self.
There was a listening fear in her regard,
As if calamity had but begun;
As if the vanward clouds of evil days
Had spent their malice, and the sullen rear
Was with its stored thunder laboring up.
One hand she pressed upon that aching spot
Where beats the human heart, as if just there,
Though an immortal, she felt cruel pain;
The other upon Saturn's bended neck
She laid, and to the level of his ear
Leaning with parted lips, some words she spake
In solemn tenor and deep organ tone:
Some mourning words, which in our feeble tongue
Would come in these-like accents; O how frail
To that large utterance of the early gods!

Hyperion. Book I.

OCEANUS.

So ended Saturn; and the God of the Sea,
Sophist and sage, from no Athenian grove,
But cogitation in his watery shades,
Arose, with locks not oozy, and began,
In murmurs, which his first endeavoring tongue
Caught infant-like from the far-foamed sands:
"O ye, whom wrath consumes! who passion-stung,
Writhe at defeat, and nurse your agonies!
Shut up your senses, stifle up your ears,
My voice is not a bellows unto ire.

Yet listen, ye who will, whilst I bring proof
How ye, perforce, must be content to stoop;
And in the proof much comfort will I give,
If ye will take that comfort in its truth.
We fall by course of Nature's law not force
Of thunder nor of Jove. Great Saturn, thou
Hast sifted well the atom-universe;
But for this reason that thou art the King,
And only blind from sheer supremacy:
One avenue was shaded from thine eyes
Through which I wandered to eternal truth.
And first, as thou wast not the first of powers,
So art thou not the last; it cannot be.
Thou art not the beginning nor the end.
"From Chaos and parental Darkness came
Light, the first fruits of that intestine broil,
That sullen ferment, which for wondrous ends
Was ripening in itself. The ripe hour came,
And with it Light; and Light, engendering
Upon its own producer, forthwith touched
The whole enormous matter into life.
Upon that very hour, our parentage,
The Heavens and the Earth, were manifest:
Then thou first-born, and we the giant race,
Found ourselves ruling new and beauteous realms.
"Now comes the pain of truth, to whom 'tis pain;
O folly! for to bear all naked truths,
And to envisage circumstance, all calm,
That is the top of sovereignty. Mark well!
As Heaven and Earth are fairer, fairer far
Than Chaos and blank Darkness, though once chiefs;
And as we show beyond that Heaven and Earth,
In form and shape compact and beautiful,
In will, in action free, companionship,
And thousand other signs of purer life;
So on our heels a fresh perfection treads,
A power more strong in beauty, born of us,
And fated to excel us, as we pass

In glory that old Darkness: nor are we
More conquered than by us the rule
Of shapeless Chaos.
"Say, doth the dull soil
Quarrel with the proud forests it hath fed,
And feedeth still, more comely than itself?
Can it deny the chiefdom of green groves?
Or shall the tree be envious of the dove
Because it cooeth, and hath snowy wings
To wander wherewithal and find its joys?—
We are such forest-trees, and our fair boughs
Have bred forth, not pale solitary doves,
But eagles, golden-feathered, who do tower
Above us in their beauty, and must reign
In right thereof; for 'tis the eternal law
That first in beauty should be first in might.
Yea, by that law, another race may drive
Our conquerors to mourn as we do now.
"Have ye beheld the young God of the Seas,
My dispossessor? Have ye seen his face?
Have ye beheld his chariot, foamed along
By noble-winged creatures he hath made?
I saw him on the calmèd waters scud,
With such a glow of beauty in his eyes,
That it enforced me to bid sad farewell
To all my empire. Farewell sad I took,
And hither came to see how dolorous fate
Had wrought upon ye; and how I might best
Give consolation in this woe extreme.
Receive the truth, and let it be your balm."

Hyperion, Book II.

ODE TO A GRECIAN URN.

Thou still unravished bride of quietness!
Thou foster-child of Silence and slow Time,
Sylvan historian, who canst thus express
A flowery tale more sweetly than our rhyme:
What leaf-fringed legend haunts about thy shape
Of deities or mortals, or of both,
In Tempé or the dales of Arcady?
What men or gods are these? What maidens loth?

What mad pursuit? What struggle to escape?
What pipes and timbrels? What wild ecstacy?

Heard melodies are sweet, but those unheard
Are sweeter; therefore, ye soft pipes, play on;
Not to the sensual ear, but, more endeared,
Pipe to the spirit ditties of no tone:
Fair Youth, beneath the trees, thou canst not leave
Thy song, nor ever can those trees be bare;
Bold Lover, never, never canst thou kiss
Though winning near the goal—yet do not grieve;
She cannot fade, though thou hast not thy bliss,
Forever wilt thou love, and she be fair!

Ah, happy boughs! that cannot shed
Your leaves or ever bid the Spring adieu;
And happy melodist, unwearièd,
Forever piping songs forever new;
More happy love! More happy, happy love!
Forever warm and still to be enjoyed,
Forever panting, and forever young;
All breathing human passion far above,
That leaves a heart high-sorrowful and cloyed,
A burning forehead and a parching tongue.

Who are those coming to the sacrifice?
To what green altar, O mysterious priest,
Lead'st thou that heifer lowing at the skies,
And all her silken flanks with garlands drest?
What little town by river or sea-shore,
Or mountain-built, with peaceful citadel,
Is emptied of its folk, this pious morn?
And, little town, thy streets for evermore
Will silent be, and not a soul to tell
Why thou art desolate, can e'er return.

O Attic shape! Fair attitude! with brede
Of marble men and maidens over-wrought,
With forest branches and the trodden weed;
Thou silent form! dost tease us out of thought
As doth eternity. Cold pastoral!
When old age shall this generation waste,
Thou shalt remain, in midst of other woe
Than ours, a friend to man, to whom thou say'st:
"Beauty is truth, truth beauty—that is all
Ye know on earth, and all ye need to know."

ON FIRST READING CHAPMAN'S HOMER.

Much have I traveled in the realms of gold,
And many goodly states and kingdoms seen;
Round many Western Islands have I been.
Which bards in fealty to Apollo hold.
Oft of one wide expanse had I been told
That deep-browed Homer ruled as his demesne:
Yet never did I breathe its pure serene
Till I heard Chapman speak out loud and bold:
Then felt I like some watcher of the skies
When a new planet swims into his ken;
Or like stout Cortez when with eagle eyes
He stared at the Pacific—and all his men
Looked at each other with a wild surmise—
Silent, upon a peak of Darien.

ODE TO A NIGHTINGALE.

My heart aches, and a drowsy numbness pains
My sense, as though of hemlock I had drunk,
Or emptied some dull opiate to the drains
One minute past, and Lethe-ward had sunk:
'Tis not through envy of thy happy lot,
But being too happy in thy happiness
That thou, light-wingéd Dryad of the trees,
In some melodious plot
Of beechen green, and shadows numberless,
Singest of Summer in full-throated ease.

O for a draught of vintage, that hath been
Cooled a long time in the deep-delved earth,
Tasting of Flora and the country-green,
Dance, and Provençal song, and sun-burnt mirth!
O for a beaker full of the warm South,
Full of the true, the blushful hippocrene,
With beaded bubbles winking at the brim,
And purple-stainèd mouth;
That I might drink, and leave the world unseen,
And with thee fade away into the forest-dim:

Fade far away, dissolve, and quite forget
What thou among the leaves hast never known,
The weariness, the fever, and the fret
Here, where men sit and hear each other groan;
Where palsy shakes a few, sad, last gray hairs
Where youth grows pale, and spectre-thin, and dies;
Where but to think is to be full of sorrow
And leaden-eyed despairs;
Where Beauty cannot keep her lustrous eyes,
Or new Love pine at them beyond to-morrow.

Away! away! for I will fly to thee,
Not charioted by Bacchus and his pards,
But on the viewless wings of Poesy,
Though the dull brain perplexes and retards:
Already with thee! tender is the night,
And haply the Queen-Moon is on her throne,
Clustered around by all her starry Fays;
But here there is no light,
Save what from heaven is with the breezes blown
Through verdurous glooms and winding mossy ways.

I cannot see what flowers are at my feet,
Nor what soft incense hangs upon the boughs,
But, in embalmèd darkness, guess each sweet
Wherewith the seasonable month endows
The grass, the thicket, and the fruit-tree wild;
White hawthorn and the pastoral eglantine;
Fast-fading violets covered up in leaves;
And mid-May's eldest child,
The coming musk-rose, full of dewy wine,
The murmurous haunt of flies on summer eves.

Darkling I listen, and for many a time
I have been half in love with easeful Death,
Called him soft names in many a musèd rhyme
To take into the air my quiet breath;
Now more than ever seems it rich to die,
To cease upon the midnight with no pain,
While thou art pouring forth thy soul abroad,
In such an ecstacy!—
Still wouldst thou sing, and I have ears in vain!—
To thy high requiem become a sod.

Thou wast not born for death, immortal Bird!
No hungry generations tread thee down;
The voice I hear this passing night was heard
In ancient days by emperor and clown:
Perhaps the self-same song that found a path
Through the sad heart of Ruth, when sick for home,
She stood in tears amid the alien corn;
The same that oft-times hath
Charmed magic casements, opening on the foam
Of perilous seas, in faery lands forlorn.

Forlorn! the very word is like a bell
To toll me back from thee to my sole self
Adieu! the fancy cannot cheat so well
As she is famed to do—deceiving elf.

Adieu! adieu! thy plaintive anthem fades
Past the near meadows, over the still stream,
Up the hill-side; and now 'tis buried deep
In the next valley-glades:
Was it a vision, or a waking dream?
Fled is the music:—do I wake or sleep?

A FAIRY SONG.

Shed no tear! Oh, shed no tear!
The flower will bloom another year.
Weep no more! Oh, weep no more!
Young birds sleep in the root's white core.
Dry your eyes! Oh, dry your eyes!
For I was taught in Paradise
To ease my breast of melodies—
Shed no tear.

Overhead! look overhead!
'Mong the blossoms white and red—
Look up, look up. I flutter now
On this flush pomegranate bough.
See me! 'tis this silvery bill
Ever cures the good man's ill.
Shed no tear! Oh, shed no tear!
The flower will bloom another year.
Adieu, adieu—I fly, adieu,
I vanish in the heaven's blue—
Adieu, adieu!

ODE TO AUTUMN.

Season of mists, and mellow fruitfulness!
Close bosom-friend of the maturing sun;
Conspiring with him how to load and bless
With fruit the vines that round the thatch-eaves run;
To bend with apples the mossed cottage-trees,
And fill all fruit with ripeness to the core;
To swell the gourd, and plump the hazel-shells
With a sweet kernel; to set budding more,
And still more, later flowers for the bees,
Until they think warm days will never cease,
For summer has o'er brimmed their clammy cells.

Who hath not seen thee oft within thy store?
  Sometimes whoever seeks abroad may find
Thee sitting careless on a granary floor,
  Thy hair soft-lifted by the winnowing wind;
Or on a half-reaped furrow sound asleep,
  Drowsed with the fume of poppies, while thy hook
    Spares the next swath and all its twinèd flowers;
And sometimes like a gleaner thou dost keep
  Steady thy laden head across a brook;
  Or by a cider-press, with patient-look,
    Thou watchest the last oozings, hours by hours.

Where are the songs of Spring? Ay, where are they?
  Think not of them, thou hast thy music too,
While barrèd clouds bloom the soft-dying day,
  And touch the stubble-plains with rosy hue;
Then in a wailful choir the small gnats mourn
  Among the river sallows, borne aloft
    Or sinking as the light wind lives or dies;
And full-grown lambs loud bleat from hilly bourn;
  Hedge-crickets sing; and now with treble soft
The red-breast whistles from a garden-croft,
    And gathering swallows twitter in the skies.

BARDS OF PASSION AND OF MIRTH.

Bards of Passion and of Mirth,
Ye have left your souls on earth!
Have ye souls in heaven too,
Double-lived in regions new?
Yes, and those of heaven commune
With the spheres of sun and moon;
With the noise of fountains wondrous,
With the parle of voices thunderous:
With the whisper of heaven's trees,
And one another, in soft ease
Seated on Elysian lawns
Browsed by none but Dian's fawns;
Underneath large blue-bells tented,

Where the daises are rose-scented,
And the rose herself has got
Perfume which on earth is not;
Where the nightingale doth sing
Not a senseless trancéd thing,
But divine melodious truth,
Philosophic numbers smooth,
Tales and golden histories
Of heaven and its mysteries.
  Thus ye live on high, and then
On the earth ye live again;
And the souls ye left behind you
Teach us here the way to find you,
Where your other souls are joying,
Never slumbered, never cloying.
Here, your earth-born souls still speak
To mortals of their little week;
Of their sorrows and delights;
Of their passions and their spites;
Of their glory and their shame,
What doth strengthen and what maim:
Thus ye teach us, every day,
Wisdom, though fled far away.
  Bards of Passion and of Mirth,
Ye have left your souls on earth!
Ye have souls in heaven too,
Double-lived in regions new.

THE GRASSHOPPER AND THE CRICKET.

The poetry of earth is never dead:
  When all the birds are faint with the hot sun,
  And hide in cooling trees, a voice will run
From hedge to hedge about the new-mown mead:
That is the Grasshopper's he takes the lead
  In summer luxury—he has never done
  With his delights; for, when tired out with fun,
He rests at ease beneath some pleasant weed.
  The poetry of earth is ceasing never:
On a lone winter evening when the frost
  Has wrought a silence, from the stove there shrills

The Cricket's song, in warmth increasing ever,
And seems to one in drowsiness half lost
The Grasshopper's among some grassy hills.

THE HUMAN SEASONS.

Four seasons fill the measure of the year;
There are four seasons in the mind of man:
He has his lusty Spring, when fancy clear
Takes in all beauty with an easy span:
He has his Summer, when luxuriously
Spring's honeyed cud of youthful thought he loves
To ruminate, and by such dreaming high
Is nearest unto heaven: quiet coves
His soul has in its Autumn, when his wings
He furleth close; contented so to look
On mists in idleness—to let fair things
Pass by unheeded as a threshold brook.
He has his Winter too of pale misfeature,
Or else he would forego his mortal nature.

SONNET WRITTEN IN JANUARY, 1818.

When I have fears that I may cease to be
Before my pen has gleaned my teeming brain,
Before high piled books, in charactery,
Hold like full garners the full-ripened grain;
When I behold upon the night's starred face
Huge cloudy symbols of a high romance
And feel that I may never live to trace
Their shadows, with the magic hand of chance;
And when I feel, fair creature of an hour!
That I shall never look upon thee more,
Never have relish in the faery power
Of unreflecting love!—then on the shore
Of the wide world, I stand alone, and think
Till Love and Fame to nothingness do sink.

LINES ON THE MERMAID TAVERN.

Souls of poets dead and gone,
What Elysium have ye known,
Happy field or mossy cavern,
Choicer than the Mermaid Tavern?

Have ye tippled drink more fine
Than mine host's Canary wine?
Or are the fruits of Paradise
Sweeter than these dainty pies
Of venison? O generous food!
Drest as though bold Robin Hood
Would, with his maid Marian
Sup and bowse from horn and can.
Souls of poets dead and gone,
What Elysium have ye known,
Happy field or mossy cavern,
Choicer than the Mermaid Tavern?

KEATS'S LAST SONNET.

Bright star! would I were steadfast as thou art—
Not in lone splendor hung aloft the night
And watching, with eternal lips apart,
Like Nature's patient sleepless Eremite,
The moving waters at their priestlike task
Of pure ablution round earth's human shores,
Or gazing on the new soft-fallen mask
Of snow upon the mountains and the moors.—
No—yet still steadfast, still unchangeable,
Pillowed upon my fair love's ripening breast,
To feel for ever its soft fall and swell,
Awake for ever in a sweet unrest;
Still, still to hear her tender-taken breath
And so live ever—or else swoon to death.

KEBLE, JOHN, an English clergyman and poet, born in 1792; died in 1866. He took his degree at Oriel College, Oxford, in 1810, receiving a "double first" in classics and mathematics, a distinction which had never been gained before except by Robert Peel, in 1808. He was ordained in 1815, and in 1823 resigned all his Oxford employments and accepted three small curacies, the united emoluments of which were less than £100 a year. In 1824 he declined an archdeanery in the West Indies, worth £2,000 a year; and in 1825 accepted the curacy of Hursley, becoming Vicar of the parish in 1839. In 1832 he was made Professor of Poetry at Oxford, holding that position for two terms of five years each, with an interval between them. His *Prælectiones Academica*, in Latin, were published in 1832–40. His sermon, "The National Apostacy," preached by appointment at Oxford in 1833, is characterized by Dr. Newman "the start of the religious movement" of that time. He was also the author of several of the famous "Tracts for the Times." He edited and annotated *The Complete Work of Richard Hooker* (4 vols., 1836); and in 1838, in conjunction with Newman and Pusey, began the editing of the *Library of the Fathers*, a collection extending to some forty volumes. His poetical works, upon which his reputation mainly rests, comprise: *The Christian Year* (1827, 100th edition, 1865), *The Child's Christian Year* (4th edition, 1841), *The Psalter, in English Verse* (1839), *Lyra Innocentium* (1846), and a volume of *Posthumous Poems*. The *Life of Keble* has been written Chief Justice Sir John Taylor Coleridge (1868.)

THIRD SUNDAY IN LENT.

(*The Christian Inheritance.*)

See Lucifer like lightning fall,
Dashed from his throne of pride;
While, answering Thy victorious call,
The Saints his spoils divide;
This world of Thine, by him usurped too long,
Now opening all her stores to heal Thy servants' wrong.

So when the first-born of Thy foes
Dead in the darkness lay,
When Thy redeemed at midnight rose
And cast their bonds away,
The orphaned realm threw wide her gates, and told
Into freed Israel's lap her jewels and her gold.

And when their wondrous march was o'er,
And they had won their homes,
Where Abraham fed his flocks of yore,
Among their fathers' tombs;—
A land that drinks the rain of Heaven at will,
Whose waters kiss the feet of many a vine-clad hill;—

Oft as they watched, at thoughtful eve,
A gale from bowers of balm
Sweeps o'er the billowy corn, and heave
The tresses of the palm,
Just as the lingering Sun had touched with gold,
Far o'er the cedar shade, some tower of giants old.

It was a fearful joy, I ween,
To trace the Heathen's toil
The limpid wells, the orchards green,
Left ready for the spoil,
The household stores untouched, the roses bright
Wreathed o'er the cottage walls in garlands of delight.

And now another Canaan yields
To Thine all-conquering Ark;—
Fly from the "old poetic" fields,
Ye Paynim shadows dark!
Immortal Greece, dear land of glorious lays,
Lo! here the "unknown God" of thy unconscious praise!

The olive-wreath, the ivied wand,
"The sword in myrtles drest,"
Each legend of the shadowy strand
Now wakes a vision blest;
As little children lisp, and tell of Heaven,
So thoughts beyond their thought to those high bards were given.

And these are ours: Thy partial grace
The tempting treasure lends:
These relics of a guilty race
Are forfeit to Thy friends;
What seemed an idol hymn now breathes of Thee,
Tuned by Faith's ear to some celestial melody.

There's not a strain to Memory dear,
Nor flower in classic grove,
There's not a sweet note warbled here,
But minds us of Thy love;
O Lord, our Lord, and spoiler of our foes,
There is no light but Thine; with Thee all beauty glows.

The Christian Year.

SECOND SUNDAY AFTER EASTER.

(*Balaam's Prophecy.*)

O for a sculptor's hand,
That thou might'st take thy stand,
Thy wild hair floating on the eastern breeze,
Thy tranced yet open gaze
Fixed on the desert haze,
As one who deep in heaven some airy pageant sees.

In outline dim and vast
Their fearful shadows cast
The giant forms of empires on their way
To ruin: one by one
They tower, and they are gone,
Yet in the Prophet's soul the dreams of avarice stay.

No sun or star so bright,
In all the world of light,
That they should draw to Heaven his downward eye:
He hears the Almighty's word,
He sees the angel's sword,
Yet low upon the earth his heart and treasures lie.

Lo! from yon argent field,
To him and us revealed,
One gentle Star glides down, on earth to dwell:
Chained as they are below,
Our eyes may see it glow,
And as it mounts again, may track its brightness well.

To him it glared afar,
A token of wild war,
The banner of his Lord's victorious wrath:
But close to us it gleams,
Its soothing lustre streams
Around our home's green walls, and on our church-way path.

We in the tents abide
Which he at distance eyed,
Like distant cedars by the waters spread;
While seven red altar-fires
Rose up in wavy spires,
Where on the mount he watches his sorceries dark and dread.

He watched till morning's ray
On lake and meadow lay,

And willow-shaded streams, that silent sweep
Around the bannered lines,
Where by their several signs
The desert-wearied tribes in sight of Canaan sleep.

He watched till knowledge came
Upon his soul like flame,
Not of those magic fires at random caught:
But true Prophetic light
Flashed o'er him, high and bright,
Flashed once, and died away, and left his darkened thought.

And can he choose but fear,
Who feels his God so near,
That when he fain would curse, his powerless tongue
In blessing only moves?—
Alas! the world he loves
Too close around his heart her tangling veil hath flung.

Sceptre and Star divine,
Who in Thine inmost shrine
Hast made us worshippers, O claim Thine own;
More than Thy seers we know:—
O teach our love to grow
Up to Thy heavenly light, and reap what Thou hast sown.

The Christian Year.

FIFTEENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

(*The Lilies of the Field.*)

Sweet nurslings of the vernal skies,
Bathed in soft airs, and fed with dew,
What more than magic in you lies,
To fill the heart's fond view?
In childhood's sports companions gay,
In sorrow, on life's downward way,
How soothing; in our last decay
Memorials prompt and true.

Relics ye are of Eden's bowers,
As pure, as fragrant, and as fair,
As when ye crowned the sunshine hours
Of happy wanderer there.
Fallen all beside the world of life,
How is it stained with fear and strife!
In Reason's world what storms are rife,
What passions range and glare!

But cheerful and unchanged the while,
Your first and perfect form ye show,
The same that won Eve's matron smile
In the world's opening glow.
The stars of heaven a course are taught
Too high above our human thought;
Ye may be found if ye are sought,
And as we gaze, we know.

Ye dwell beside our paths and homes,
Our paths of sin our homes of sorrow;
And guilty man, where'er he roams,
Your innocent mirth may borrow.
The birds of the air before us fleet,
They cannot brook our shame to meet;
But we may taste our solace sweet,
And come again to-morrow.

Ye fearless in your nests abide;
Nor may we scorn, too proudly wise,
Your silent lessons, undescried
By all but lowly eyes:
For ye could draw the admiring gaze
Of Him who worlds and hearts surveys
Your order wild, your fragrant maze,
He taught us how to prize.

Ye felt your Maker's smile that hour,
As when He paused and owned you good;
His blessing on earth's primal bower,
Ye felt it all renewed.
What care ye now if winter's storm
Sweep ruthless o'er each silken form?—
Christ's blessing at your heart is warm,
Ye fear no vexing mood.

Alas! of thousand blossoms kind,
That daily court you and caress,
How few the happy secret find
Of your calm loveliness!
Live for to-day! to-morrow's light
To-morrow's cares shall bring to sight,
Go sleep like closing flowers at night,
And Heaven thy morn will bless.

The Christian Year.

ALL SAINTS' DAY.

Why blowest thou not, thou wintry wind,
Now every leaf is brown and sere,
And idly droops, to thee resigned,
The fading chaplet of the year?
Yet wears the pure aërial sky
The summer veil, half drawn on high,
Of silvery haze, and dark and still,
The shadows sleep on every slanting hill.

How quiet shows the woodland scene!
Each flower and tree, its duty done,
Reposing in decay serene,
Like weary men when age is won:
Such calm old age, as conscience pure
And self-commanding hearts ensure,
Waiting their summons to the sky,
Content to live, but not afraid to die.

Sure, if our eyes were purged to trace
God's unseen armies hovering round,
We should behold, by angels' grace,
The four strong winds of heaven fast bound;
Their downward sweep a moment stayed,
On ocean cove and forest glade,
Till the last flower of autumn shed
Her funeral odors on her dying bed.

So in Thine awful armory, Lord,
The lightnings of the Judgment day
Pause yet awhile, in mercy stored,
Till willing hearts wear quite away

Their earthly stains; and spotless shine
On every brow in light divine.
The cross, by angel hands imprest,
The seal of glory won, and pledge of promised rest.

Little they dream, those haughty souls
Whom empires own with bended knee,
What lowly fate their own controls,
Together linked by Heaven's decree:—
As bloodhounds hush their bayings wild
To wanton with some fearless child,
So Famine waits, and War with greedy eyes,
Till some repenting heart be ready for the skies.

Think ye the spires that glow so bright
In front of yonder setting sun,
Stand by their own unshaken might?
No.—Where the upholding grace is won,
We dare not ask, nor Heaven would tell;
But sure from many a hidden dell,
From many a rural nook unthought of there,
Rises for that proud world the Saints' prevailing prayer.

On, champions blest, in Jesus's name;
Short be your strife, your triumph full,
Till every heart have caught your flame,
And, lightened of the world's misrule,
Ye soar those elder Saints to meet,
Gathered long since at Jesus's feet;
No world of passions to destroy,
Your prayers and struggles o'er, your task all praise and joy.

The Christian Year.

THE WATERFALL.

Mark how a thousand streams in one—
One in a thousand, on they fare,
Now flashing in the sun,
Now still as beast in lair.

Now round the rock, now mounting o'er,
In lawless dance they win their way,
  Still seeming more and more
  To swell as we survey.

They rush and roar, they whirl and leap,
Not wilder drives the winter storm;
  Yet a strong law they keep,
  Strange powers their course inform.

Even so the mighty sky-born stream:
Its living waters, from above,
  All marred and broken seem,
  No union and no love.

Yet in dim caves they softly blend,
In dreams of mortals unespied:
  One is their awful end,
  One their unfailing Guide.

Lyra Innocentium.

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KEIGHTLEY, THOMAS, a British author, born in Dublin in 1789; died in England in 1782. After taking his degree at Trinity College, Dublin, in 1808, he went to London, where he devoted himself to general literature, and near the close of his life received a pension from the Government. He aided Crofton Croker in preparing the *Fairy Legends of Ireland;* wrote popular *Histories of Rome*, *Greece*, and *England*, *Fairy Mythology*, *Outlines of History*, *Mythology of Ancient Greece and Italy*, *History of India*, *Scenes and Events of the Crusades*, *The Shakespeare Expositor*, *Life of Milton*, and other works.

MILTON AND THE PTOLEMAIC ASTRONOMY.

With the seventeenth century, at least in England, expired the astronomy of Ptolemy. Had Milton, then, lived after that century, he could not for a moment have believed in a solid, globous world, inclosing various revolving spheres, with earth in the centre, and unlimited, unoccupied, undigested space beyond. His local heaven and local hell would then have become, if not impossibilities, fleeting and uncertain to a degree which would preclude all firm, undoubting faith in their existence; for far as the most powerful telescopes can pierce into space, there is nothing found but a uniformity of stars after stars in endless succession, exalting infinitely our idea of the Deity and his attributes, but enfeebling in proportion that of any portion of space being his peculiar abode. Were Milton in possession of this knowledge, is it possible that he could have written the first three books of *Paradise Lost?* We are decidedly of opinion that he could not, for he would never have written that of the truth of which he could not have persuaded himself by any illusion of the imagination.

KELLGREN, JOHAN HEINRIK, a Swedish poet, born in 1751; died in 1795. He took his first degree at the University of Abo in 1772, and in 1777 became tutor in the family of a nobleman of Stockholm. In the following year, in conjunction with Lenngren, he established the *Stockholms Posten*, a weekly literary journal, and became a favorite with the King and Court. He wrote several dramatic pieces, among which are *Gustav Wasa*, *Christine*, and *Gustav Adolf und Abba Brahe*. But his reputation in Swedish literature rests mainly upon his *Satires* and *Lyrical Poems*.

FOLLY NO PROOF OF GENIUS.

I grant 'tis oft of greatest men the lot
To stumble now and then, or darkly grope;
Extremes forever border on a blot,
And loftiest mountains' sides abruptest slope.

Mortals, observe what ills on Genius wait!
Now God, now worm!—Why fallen?—a dizzy head,
The energy that lifts thee to heaven's gate,
What is it but a hair, a distaff's thread?

He who o'er twenty centuries, twenty climes,
Has reigned—whom all will first of poets vote—
E'en our good father Homer, nods at times—
So Horace says.—(Your pardon, but I quote.)

Thou, Eden's bard, next claimest Genius's throne:
But is the tale of Satan, Death, and Sin,
Of Heaven's artillery, the poet's tone?—
More like street-drunkard's prate, inspired by gin.

Is madness only amongst poets found?
Grows folly but on literature's tree?

No! Wisdom's self is to fixed limits bound,
And, passing those, resembles idiocy.

He, who the planetary laws could scan,
Dissected light, and numbers' mystic force
Explored, to Bedlam once that wondrous man
Rode on the Apocalypse's mouse-colored horse.

Thou, whose stern precepts against sophists hurled,
Taught that to Truth Doubt only leads the mind,
Thy law forgot'st—and in a vortex whirled,
Thou wanderest, as a Mesmer, mad and blind.

But though some spots bedim the star of day,
The moon, despite her spots, remains the moon;
And though great Newton once delirious lay,
Swedenborg's nothing but a crazy loon.

Fond dunces! ye who claim to be inspired,
In letters and philosophy unversed,
Who deem the Poet's fame may be acquired
By faults with which great poets have been cursed!

Ye Swedenborgian, Rosicrucian schools,
Ye number-pickers, ye physiognomists,
Ye dream-expounding, treasure-seeking fools,
Alchemists, magnetizers, cabalists—

Ye're wrong: though error to the wisest clings,
And judgments, perfect here, may there be shaken,
That Genius, therefore out of Madness springs,
When ye assert, ye're deucedly mistaken.

Vain reasoning!—all would easily succeed.
Was Pope deformed, were Milton, Homer, blind?
To be their very likeness what would need
But just to crook the back, the eyes to blind?

But leave we jest;—weak weapon jest, in sooth,
When Justice and Religion bleeding lie,
Society disordered, and 'gainst Truth
Error dares strike, upheld by Treachery.

Arouse thee, Muse! snatch from the murderer
His dagger, plunging it in his vile breast!
By Nature thou Reason's interpreter
Wast meant; obey—and nobly—her behest!

Manheim! so named from older Manhood's sense,
And older Manhood's force, from Error's wave
What haven shelters thee? Some few years hence
On spacious Bedlam shall the Baltic lave.

Virtue from light, and Vice from folly springs;
To sin 'gainst Wisdom's precept is high treason
Against the majesty of Man and Kings!
Fanaticism leads on Rebellion's season.

Pardon, my Liege, the venturous honesty
That swells the poet's breast, and utterance craves!
The enthusiast for thy fame must blush to see
Thy sceptre raised to favor fools or slaves.

But you who to his eyes obscure the light,
What is't you seek? what recompense higher prized?
I see it—O Fame! all, all confess thy might,
And even fools would be immortalized.

Ye shall be so! Your brows and mind await
A thistle and a laurel crown. To thee,
Posterity, their names I dedicate,
Thy laughing-stock to all eternity.

Transl. in For. Quart. Review.

KEMBLE, FRANCES ANNE, an English actress and author, born at London, in 1809. She was the daughter of Charles Kemble, niece of Mrs. Siddons and John Philip Kemble, the actor, and sister of John Mitchell Kemble, the archæological scholar. She made her first appearance on the stage at Convent Garden Theatre in 1829, as Juliet, her father enacting Mercutio, and her mother, Lady Capulet. In 1832 she came to America, and played in all the principal cities. In 1834 she was married Mr. Pierce Butler, of South Carolina. The marriage proved an unhappy one; and in 1848 the husband sued for a divorce, on the ground of "incompatibility of temper and abandonment." The divorce was granted, to the satisfaction of both parties, and the wife resumed her maiden name. From this time until about 1877 she resided mainly at Lenox, Mass., and Philadelphia, appearing frequently as a Shakespearean reader. Miss Kemble wrote: *Francis the First*, a drama (1832), *Journal* (1835), *Philadelphia and Boston* (1835), *The Star of Seville*, a drama (1837), *A Year of Consolation* (1847), *Journal of a Residence on a Georgia Plantation* (1863), *Records of a Girlhood* (1879), *Records of Later Life* (1882), *Notes on some of Shakespeare's Plays* (1882.)

THE STUGGLE OF LIFE.

Struggle not with thy life!—the heavy doom
Resist not, it will bow thee like a slave
Strive not!—thou shalt not conquer; to thy tomb
Thou shalt go crushed and bound, though ne'er so brave.

Complain not of thy life!—for what art thou
More than thy fellows, that thou should'st not weep?
Brave thoughts still lodge beneath a furrowed brow,
And the way-wearied have the sweetest sleep.

Marvel not at thy life!—Patience shall see
The perfect work of wisdom to her given;
Hold fast thy soul to this high mystery,
And it shall lead thee to the gates of heaven.

KEMPIS, THOMAS À, a German devotional writer, born at Kempen, near Cologne, about 1380; died at the monastery of Mt. St. Agnes, near Zwolle in the Netherlands, in 1471. The name by which he is known comes from his birth-place, the family name being "Hammerkin," "Little Hammer," (Lat. *Malleolus*, as he is sometimes called.) At the age of thirteen he entered the school of "The Brothers of the Common Life" at Deventer. In 1400 he began his novitiate at the monastery of Mount St. Agnes; was ordered priest in 1413; and in 1425 was elected Sub-Prior of the monastery, having in charge the spiritual direction of the novices. In 1429 he and his brethren were forced to migrate to Lunekerke, in Friesland. They returned to Mount St. Agnes in 1432, when Brother Thomas was made Treasurer of the monastery. In 1448 he was again chosen Sub-Prior, and held that post as long as he lived. He was a voluminous writer. A complete edition of his works in Latin was printed at Antwerp—(third edition in 1615), and a translation into German by Silbert was published at Vienna in 1834. The *De Imitatione Christi* has been attributed to several persons, notably to John Gerson, Chancellor of the University of Paris, (1363–1429); but it is almost universally accepted as the work of the monk of Mount St. Agnes. The *Imitatione Christi* is probably the most popular work of its kind ever written, not even excepting Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress*. It has been translated into every civilized language, including Hebrew. There are more than sixty versions into French, and in the library of

Cologne are not less than five hundred editions published within the present century. A polyglot edition, in seven languages—Latin, Italian, Spanish, French, German, English, and Greek, was published at Sulzbach in 1837. It is divided into four books, entitled respectively, "Admonitions useful for a Spiritual Life," "Admonitions tending to Things Internal," "Of Internal Consolations," and "Concerning the Sacrament;" each book being subdivided into from twelve to sixty short chapters.

ON THE IMITATION OF CHRIST.

"He that followeth Me, walketh not in darkness," saith the Lord. These are the words of Christ, by which we are admonished how we ought to imitate His life and manners if we will be truly enlightened, and delivered from all blindness of heart. Let, therefore, our chiefest endeavor be to meditate upon the life of Jesus Christ. The doctrine of Christ exceedeth all the doctrines of holy men; and he that hath the Spirit will find therein a hidden manna. But it falleth out that many who often hear the gospel of Christ are yet but little affected, because they are void of the spirit of Christ.

But whosoever would fully and feelingly understand the words of Christ must endeavor to conform his life wholly to the life of Christ. What will it avail thee to dispute profoundly of the trinity if thou be void of humility, and art thereby displeasing to the Trinity? Surely high words do not make a man holy and just; but a virtuous life maketh him dear to God. I had rather feel compunction than understand the definition thereof. If thou didst know the whole Bible by heart, and the sayings of all the philosophers, what would all that profit thee

without the love of God, and without grace?—*De Imitatione*, Book I., Chap. 1.

OF OBEDIENCE AND SUBJECTION.

It is a great matter to live in obedience, to be under a superior, and not to be at our own disposing. It is much safer to obey than to govern. Many live under obedience, rather for necessity than for charity; such are discontented, and do easily repine and murmur. Neither can they attain to freedom of mind unless they willingly and heartily put themselves under obedience, for the love of God. Go whither thou wilt, thou shalt find no rest but in humble subjection under the government of a superior. The imagination and change of place have deceived many. True it is that every one willingly doth that which agreeth with his own sense and liking; and is apt to affect those most that are of his own mind.

But if God be among us, we must sometimes cease to adhere to our own opinion for the sake of peace. Who is so wise that he can fully know all things? Be not therefore too confident in thine own opinion, but be willing to hear the judgment of others. If that which thou thinkest be not amiss, and yet thou partest with it for God, and followest the opinion of another, it shall be better for thee. I have often heard that it is safer to hear and take counsel than to give it. It may also fall out that each one's opinion may be good; but to refuse to yield to others, when reason or a special cause requireth it, is a sign of pride and stiffness.—*De Imitatione*, Book I., Chap. 9.

THE LOVE OF SOLITUDE AND SILENCE.

Seek a convenient time to retire into thyself; and meditate often upon God's loving kindnesses. Meddle not with curiosities; but read such things as may rather yield compunction to thy heart than occupation to thy head. If thou withdraw thyself from speaking vainly and from gadding

dly, as also from hearkening after novelties and rumors, thou shalt find leisure enough and suitable for meditation on good things.

The greatest saints avoided the society of men when they could conveniently, and did rather choose to live to God in secret. One said: "As oft as I have been among men, I returned home less a man that I was before." And this we find true when we talk long together. It is easier not to speak a word at all, than not to speak more words than we should. He therefore that intends to attain to the more inward and spiritual things of religion must, with Jesus, depart from the multitude and press of people.

No man doth safely appear abroad but he who gladly can abide at home, out of sight. No man speaks securely but he that holds his peace willingly. No man ruleth safely but he that is willingly ruled. No man securely doth command but he that hath learned readily to obey. No man rejoiceth securely unless he hath within him the testimony of a good conscience.—*De Imitatione*, Book I., Chap. 20.

OF THE INWARD LIFE.

"The Kingdom of God is within you," saith the Lord. Turn thee with thy whole heart unto the Lord, and forsake this wretched world, and thy soul shall find rest. Learn to despise outward things, and give thyself to things inward, and thou shalt perceive the Kingdom of God to come in thee. "For the Kingdom of God is peace and joy in the Holy Ghost," which is not given to the unholy. Christ will come unto thee, and show thee His consolations, if thou prepare for Him a worthy mansion within thee. All His glory and beauty is from within, and there He delighteth himself. The inward man He often visiteth, and hath with him sweet discourses, pleasant solace, much peace, familiarity exceedingly wonderful.—*De Imitatione*, Book II., Chap. 2.

OF THE CONSIDERATION OF ONE'S SELF.

We cannot trust much to ourselves, because grace oftentimes is wanting to us, and understanding also. There is but little light in us, and that which we have we quickly lose by our negligence. Oftentimes too we do not perceive our own inward blindness. We often do evil, and excuse it worse. We are sometimes moved with passion, and we think it to be zeal. We reprehend small things in others, and pass over greater matters in ourselves. We quickly enough feel what we suffer at the hands of others; but we mind not what others suffer from us.

He that doth well and rightly consider his own works, will find little cause to judge harshly of another. The inward Christian preferreth the care of himself before all other cares; and he that diligently attendeth unto himself doth seldom speak much of others. Thou wilt never be so inwardly religious, unless thou pass over other men's matters with silence, and look especially unto thyself. If thou attend wholly unto God and thyself thou wilt be but little moved with whatsoever thou seest abroad. Where art thou when thou art not with thyself? and when thou hast run over all, what hast thou then profited, if thou hast neglected thyself? If thou desirest peace of mind and true unity of purpose, thou must put all things behind thee, and look only upon thyself. Thou shalt then make great progress if thou keep thyself free from all temporal care; thou shalt greatly decrease if thou esteem anything temporal as of value. Let nothing be great unto thee, nothing high, nothing pleasing, nothing acceptable, but only God himself, or that which is of God; esteem all comfort vain which thou receivest from any creature. A soul that loveth God despiseth all things that are inferior unto God. God alone is everlasting, and of infinite greatness, filling all creatures, the soul's solace, and the true joy of the heart.—*De Imitatione*, Book II., Chap. 3.

THE JOYS OR SORROWS OF THE PRESENT—THE SORROWS OR JOYS OF THE FUTURE.

Of two evils the less is always to be chosen. That thou mayst therefore avoid the future everlasting punishment, endeavor to endure present evils patiently for God's sake. Dost thou think that the men of this world suffer nothing or but little? Ask even of those who enjoy the greatest delicacies, and thou shalt find it otherwise. But thou wilt say, "They have many delights, and follow their own wills, and therefore they do not much weigh their own afflictions."

Be it so, that they do have whatsoever they will: but how long dost thou think it will last? Behold the wealthy of this world shall consume away like smoke, and there shall be no memory of their past joys. Yea, even while they are yet alive, they rest in them not without bitterness, weariness, and fear; for from the selfsame thing in which they imagine their delight to be, oftentimes they receive the penalty of sorrow. Nor is it anything but just that, having inordinately sought and followed after pleasures, they should enjoy them not without shame and bitterness.

Oh, how brief, how false, how inordinate and filthy are all those pleasures! Yet so drunken and blind are men that they understand it not; but, like dumb beasts, for the poor enjoyment of this corruptible life, they incur the death of the soul. Thou, therefore, my son, go not after thy lusts, but refrain thyself from thine appetite; delight thyself in the Lord, and He shall give the desires of thy heart. For if thou desire true delight, and to be more plentifully comforted by Me, behold, in the contempt of all worldly things, and in the cutting off of all base delights, shall be this blessing; and abundant consolation shall be rendered to thee. And the more thou withdrawest thyself from all solace of creatures, so much the sweeter and more powerful consolations shalt thou find in Me. But at

the first thou shalt not, without some sadness, nor without a laborious conflict, attain unto these consolations.—*De Imitatione*, Book III., Chap. 12.

LOWLY DUTIES TO BE PERFORMED.

My son, thou art not able always to continue in the more fervent desire of virtue, nor to persist in the higher pitch of contemplation; but thou must sometimes of necessity, by reason of original corruption, descend to inferior things, and bear the burden of this corruptible life, though against thy will and with wearisomeness. As long as thou carriest a mortal body, thou shalt feel weariness and heaviness of heart. Thou oughtest therefore in the flesh oftentimes to bewail the burden of the flesh, for that thou canst not always continue in spiritual exercises and divine contemplations.

It is then expedient for thee to flee to humble and exterior works, and to refresh thyself with good actions; to expect with a firm confidence My coming and heavenly visitation; to bear patiently thy banishment, and the dryness of the mind, till I shall again visit thee, and set thee free from all anxieties; for I will cause thee to forget thy former pains, and to enjoy thorough inward quietness; and thou shalt say: "The sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared with the future glory that shall be revealed in us.—*De Imitatione*, Book III., Chap. 51.

A SPIRITUAL EXERCISE BEFORE COMMUNION.

When I weigh Thy worthiness, O Lord, and mine own vileness, I am confounded within myself; for if I come not unto Thee I fly from my life; and if I unworthily intrude myself I incur Thy displeasure. What therefore shall I do, O my God, my Helper and my Counsellor in all necessity? Teach Thou me the right way; appoint me some brief exercise suitable to this Holy Communion. For it is good for me to

know how I should reverently and religiously prepare my heart for Thee, for the profitable receiving of Thy Sacrament, or (it may be) also for the celebrating of so great and divine a sacrifice.—*De Imitatione*, Book IV., Chap. 6.

ON INQUIRIES INTO THE MYSTERIES OF THE HOLY SACRAMENT.

Thou oughtest to beware of curious and unprofitable searching into this most profound Sacrament, if thou wilt not be plunged into the depths of doubt. "He that is a searcher of My Majesty shall be overpowered by the glory of it." God is able to do more than man can understand. A dutiful and humble inquiry after truth is allowable, provided we be always ready to be taught, and study to walk according to the sound opinions of the Fathers.

It is a blessed simplicity when a man leaves the difficult ways of questions and disputings, and goes forward in the plain and firm ways of God's commandments. Many have lost devotion while they sought to search into things too high. Faith is required at thy hands, and a sincere life; not height of understanding nor deep inquiry into the mysteries of God. If thou dost not understand nor conceive those things that are under thee, how shalt thou be able to comprehend those that are above thee? Submit thyself unto God, and humble thy sense to faith, and the light of knowledge shall be given thee in such degree as shall be necessary and profitable unto thee.

Some are grievously tempted about Faith and the Holy Sacrament; but this is not to be imputed to themselves, but rather to the Enemy. Be not thou anxious herein; do not dispute with thine own thoughts, nor give any answer to doubts suggested by the Devil; but trust the words of God, trust his Saints and Prophets, and the wicked Enemy will flee from thee. It oftentimes is very profitable for the servant of

God to endure such things. For the Devil tempts not unbelievers and sinners whom he already has possession of; but faithful and religious devout persons he in various ways tempts and vexes.

Go forward therefore with simple and undoubting faith, and with the reverence of a supplicant approach this Holy Sacrament; and whatsoever thou art not able to understand commit securely to Almighty God. God deceiveth thee not; he is deceived that trusteth too much in himself. God walketh with the simple, revealeth Himself to the humble, giveth understanding to the little ones, openeth sense to pure minds, and hideth grace from the curious and proud. Human Reason is feeble and may be deceived; but true Faith cannot be deceived.

All Reason and natural search ought to follow Faith, not to go before it, nor to break in upon it; for Faith and Love do here specially take the lead, and work in hidden ways in this most holy, most supremely excellent Sacrament. God, who is eternal and incomprehensible, and of infinite power, doeth things great and unsearchable in heaven and earth, and there is no tracing out of His marvelous works. If the works of God were such as that they might be easily comprehended by human Reason, they could not be justly called marvelous or unspeakable—*De Imitatione*, Book IV., Chap. 18.

KEN, THOMAS, an English divine and author, born in 1637; died in 1711. He was educated at Winchester and Oxford; took Holy Orders; held various ecclesiastical positions, and became chaplain to Charles II., who, in 1684, made him Bishop of Bath and Wells. After the accession of James II. he refused to read in his church the Declaration of Indulgence issued by that monarch, and was with six other bishops committed to the Tower for contumacy. Upon the accession of William III., in 1688, Ken refused to take the oath of allegiance to the new sovereign and was deprived of his bishopric. He had saved about £700, for which Lord Weymouth gave him an annuity of £80, with a residence at his mansion of Longleat, in Wiltshire. Ken was a voluminous writer both in prose and verse, mainly upon devotional themes. Ten years after his death was published a collection of his poems, in four volumes; and an edition of his prose writings was issued in 1838. His *Life* has been written by Hawkins (1713), and by George L. Duyckinck (1859.) Many of his *Hymns*—usually abridged and sometimes considerably altered—find place in various Hymnals.

AN EVENING HYMN.

All praise to Thee, my God, this night,
For all the blessings of the light!
Keep me, oh keep me, King of kings,
Beneath Thine own almighty wings.

Forgive me, Lord, for Thy dear Son
The ills that I this day have done;
That with the world, myself, and Thee
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.

Teach me to live, that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed;
Teach me to die, that so I may
Triumphing rise at the last day.

When in the night I sleepless lie,
My soul with heavenly thoughts supply;
Let no ill dreams disturb my rest,
No powers of darkness me molest.

Dull sleep! of sense me to deprive!
I am but half my time alive;
Thy faithful lovers, Lord, are grieved
To live so long of Thee bereaved.

But though sleep o'er my frailty reigns,
Let it not hold me long in chains;
And now and then let loose my heart,
Till it a Hallelujah dart.

The faster sleep the senses binds,
The more unfettered are our minds.
Oh, may my soul, from matter free,
Thy loveliness unclouded see!

Oh, may my Guardian, while I sleep,
Close to my bed his vigils keep;
His love angelical instil,
Stop all the avenues of ill.

May he celestial joys rehearse,
And thought to thought with me converse;
Or, in my stead, all the night long,
Sing to my God a grateful song.

Oh, when shall I, in endless day,
Forever chase dark sleep away,
And hymns divine with angels sing,
Glory to Thee, eternal King!

A MORNING HYMN.

Awake, my soul, and with the sun
Thy daily course of duty run;
Shake off dull sloth, and early rise
To pay thy morning sacrifice.

Redeem thy mis-spent time that's past;
Live this day as if 'twere thy last;
To improve thy talents take due care;
'Gainst the Great Day thyself prepare.

Let all thy converse be sincere,
Thy conscience as the noon-day clear;
Think how the all-seeing God thy ways
And all thy secret thoughts surveys.

Wake, and lift up thyself, my heart,
And with the angels bear thy part;
Who all night long unwearied sing,
"Glory to Thee, eternal King!"

I wake, I wake, ye heavenly choir;
May your devotion me inspire;
That I, like you, my age may spend,
Like you may on my God attend.

Glory to Thee, who safe hast kept,
And hast refreshed me while I slept;
Grant, Lord, when I from death shall wake,
I may of endless life partake.

Lord, I my vows to Thee renew;
Scatter my sins as morning dew;
Guard my first spring of thought and will,
And with Thyself my spirit fill.

Direct, control, suggest, this day
All I design, or do, or say:
That all my powers, with all their might,
In Thy sole glory may unite.

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow;
Praise Him, all creatures here below;
Praise Him above, angelic host;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

KENNAN, GEORGE, an American traveller and author, born at Norwalk, Ohio, in 1845. His education was derived from the public schools, and he early supported himself as a telegraph operator. In that capacity he went to Kamtchatka at the end of 1864, and for three years was engaged in exploring northeastern Siberia, and locating a route for the proposed Russo-American telegraph line from the Okhotsk Sea to Behring Strait. These experiences he described in *Tent Life in Siberia and Adventures Among the Koraks* (1870.) He came home in 1868, but undertook an exploration of the Caucasus in 1870–71, crossing that great range thrice. In 1885 the *Century* Company sent him again to Russia and Siberia to investigate the exile system. In a journey of 15,000 miles he visited the prisons and mines between the Ural and the Amoor River. Beginning his task with sympathies leaning toward the government and against the revolutionists, he found occasion to change this view. The publication of his articles on Siberia and the exile system, in the *Century Magazine*, 1887–88, has proved an event of more than literary importance. Besides drawing wide attention and deep interest in English-speaking countries, they have been translated, while yet hardly more than begun, into several foreign languages, and are appearing as a serial in the organ of the Russian Liberals at Geneva, and as a supplement to a Dutch paper issued at Batavia. Our extracts are from this work.

EXILE BY ADMINISTRATIVE PROCESS.

Exile by administrative process means the banishment of an obnoxious person from one

part of the empire to another without the observance of any of the legal formalities that, in most civilized countries, precede or attend deprivation of rights and the infliction of punishment. The person so banished may not be guilty of any crime, and may not have rendered himself amenable in any way to any law of the state; but if, in the opinion of the local authorities, his presence in a particular place is "prejudicial to social order," he may be arrested without a warrant, and, with the concurrence of the Minister of the Interior, may be removed forcibly to any other place within the limits of the empire, and there be put under police surveillance for a period of five years. He may, or may not, be informed of the reasons for this summary proceeding, but in either case he is perfectly helpless. He cannot examine the witnesses upon whose testimony his presence is declared to be prejudicial to social order. He cannot summon friends to prove his loyalty and good character without great risk of bringing upon them the same calamity which has befallen him. He has no right to demand a trial, or even a hearing. He cannot sue out a writ of habeas corpus. He cannot appeal to the public through the press. His communications with the world are so suddenly severed that sometimes even his own relatives do not know what has happened to him. He is literally and absolutely without any means whatever of self-protection. . .

A young student, called Vladimir Sidorski (I use a fictitious name), was arrested by mistake instead of another and a different Sidorski, named Victor, whose presence in Moscow was regarded by somebody as "prejudicial to social order." Vladimir protested that he was not Victor, that he did not know Victor, and that his arrest in the place of Victor was the result of a stupid blunder; but his protestations were of no avail. The police were too much occu-

pied in unearthing "conspiracies" and looking after "untrustworthy" people to devote any time to a troublesome verification of an insignificant student's identity. There must have been something wrong about him, they argued, or he would not have been arrested, and the safest thing to do with him was to send him to Siberia —and to Siberia he was sent. When the convoy-officer called the roll of the outgoing exile party, Vladimir Sidorski failed to answer to Victor Sidorski's name, and the officer, with a curse, cried, "Victor Sidorski! why don't you answer to your name?" "It's not my name," replied Vladimir, "and I won't answer to it. It's another Sidorski who ought to be going to Siberia." "What is your name, then?" Vladimir told him. The officer coolly erased the name "Victor," in the roll of the party, inserted the name "Vladimir," and remarked cynically, "It doesn't make a —— bit of difference!"

EXILE SUFFERINGS.

In the city of Tomsk we began to feel for the first time the nervous strain caused by the sight of remediless human misery. From that time until we recrossed the Siberian frontier on our way back to St. Petersburg, we were subjected to a nervous and emotional strain that was sometimes harder to bear than cold, hunger, or fatigue. One cannot witness unmoved such suffering as we saw in the "bologans" and the hospital of the Tomsk forwarding prison, nor can one listen without the deepest emotion to such stories as we heard from political exiles in Tomsk, Krasnoyarsk, Irkutsk, and the Trans-Baikal. One pale, sad, delicate woman, who had been banished to Eastern Siberia, and who had there gone down into the valley of the shadow of death, undertook one night, I remember, to relate to me her experience. I could see that it was agony for her to live over in narration the sufferings and bereavements of her tragic past, and I would gladly have spared her the self-imposed

torture; but she was so determined that the world should know through me what Russians endure before they become terrorists, that she nerved herself to bear it, and between fits of half-controlled sobbing, during which I could only pace the floor, she told me the story of her life. It was the saddest story I had ever heard. After such an interview as this with a heart-broken woman—and I had many such—I could neither sleep nor sit still; and to the nervous strain of such experiences, quite as much as to hardship and privation, was attributable the final breaking down of my health and strength in the Trans-Baikal.

KENNEDY, JOHN PENDLETON, an American lawyer, statesman, and author, born at Baltimore in 1795; died at Newport, R. I., in 1870. He graduated at Baltimore College in 1812, and was admitted to the bar in 1816. He was elected to the Maryland House of Delegates in 1820, and was re-elected in the two subsequent years. He was elected to Congress in 1838, and again in 1842. In 1852 he was made Secretary of the Navy, and in this capacity rendered efficient aid to Perry's Japan Expedition, and to Kane's Second Arctic Voyage. Upon the accession of Mr. Pierce to the Presidency, in 1853, he retired from political life. During the civil war he was an earnest supporter of the Union cause. After the close of the war he made several visits to Europe. Here he became acquainted with Mr. Thackeray, who was then writing *The Virginians*. Mr. Thackeray on one occasion spoke of the difficulty in preparring the copy for the forthcoming Number, and said, jestingly, to Mr. Kennedy, "I wish you would write one for me." "Well," replied Mr. Kennedy, "so I will, if you will give me the run of the story." The result was, as we are told, that Mr. Kennedy wrote the fourth Chapter of the second Volume of *The Virginians*, which contains an accurate description of the local scenery of a region, with which Kennedy was familiar, and with which Thackeray was wholly unacquainted.

By his will Mr. Kennedy made provision for the publication of a uniform edition of his *Works*, which appeared in 1870, in ten volumes. Besides a large number of discourses, addresses, and essays, this collection includes his three novels: *Swallow*

Barn, a story of rural life in Virginia (1832) *Horse-Shoe Robinson*, a tale of the Tory Ascendency (1835), and *Rob of the Bowl*, describing the province of Maryland in the days of the second Lord Baltimore (1838.)

A VIRGINIA COUNTRY GENTLEMAN, A.D. 1825.

Frank Meriwether has some claims to supremacy as Justice of the Peace; for during three years he smoked cigars in a lawyer's office in Richmond, which enabled him to obtain a bird's-eye view of Blackstone and the Revised Statutes. Besides this, he was a member of a Law Debating Society, which ate oysters once a week in a cellar; and he wore, in accordance with the usage of the most promising law-students of the day, six cravats, one above the other, and yellow-topped boots, by which he was recognized as a blood of the metropolis.

Having in this way qualified himself to assert and maintain his rights, he came to his estate, upon his arrival at age, a very model of a country gentleman. Since that time his avocations have a certain literary tincture; for having settled himself down as a married man, and got rid of his superfluous foppery, he rambled with wonderful assiduity through a wilderness of romances, poems, and dissertations, which are now collected in his library, and, with their battered blue covers, present a lively type of an army of Continentals at the close of the war, or a hospital of invalids. These have all at last given way to newspapers—a miscellaneous study very attractive to country gentlemen. This line of study has rendered Meriwether a most perilous antagonist in the matter of Legislative Proceedings.

A landed proprietor, with a good house and a host of servants, is naturally a hospitable man. A guest is one of his daily wants. A friendly face is a necessity of life, without which the

heart is apt to starve, or a luxury without which it grows parsimonious. Men who are isolated from society by distance, feel those wants by an instinct, and are grateful for an opportunity to relieve them. In Meriwether the instinct goes beyond this. It has, besides, something dialectic in it. His house is open to everybody as freely almost as an inn. But to see him when he has had the good fortune to pick up an intelligent, educated gentleman—and particularly one who listens well!—a respectable assentatious stranger!—all the better if he has been in the Legislature; or, better still, in Congress. Such a person caught within the purlieus of Swallow Barn, may set down one week's entertainment as certain—inevitable—and as many more as he likes: the more the merrier. He will know something of the qualities of Meriwether's rhetoric before he is gone.

Then, again, it is very pleasant to note Frank's kind and considerate bearing towards his servants and dependents. His slaves appreciate this, and hold him in most affectionate reverence; and therefore are not only contented but happy under his dominion.

Meriwether is not much of a traveller. He has never been in New England, and very seldom beyond the confines of Virginia. He makes now and then a winter excursion to Richmond, which, I rather think, he considers as the centre of civilization; and towards autumn it is his custom to journey over the mountains to the Springs—which he is obliged to do to avoid the unhealthy season in the tide-water region. But the Upper Country is not much to his taste, and would not be endured by him if it were not for the crowds that resort there for the same reason that operates upon him; and, I imagine—though he would not confess it—for the opportunity which this concourse affords him for discussion of opinions.

He thinks lightly of the mercantile interest;

and, in fact, undervalues the manners of large cities generally. He believes that those who live in them are hollow-hearted and insincere, and wanting in that substantial intelligence and virtue which he affirms to be characteristic of the country. He is an ardent admirer of the genius of Virginia, and is frequent in his commendation of a toast in which the State is compared to the Mother of the Gracchi. Indeed, it is a familiar thing with him to speak of the aristocracy of talent as only inferior to that of the landed interest:—the idea of a freeholder implies to his mind a certain constitutional pre-eminence in all the virtues of citizenship, as a matter of course.

The solitary elevation of a country gentleman, well-to-do in the world, begets some magnificent notions. He becomes as infallible as the Pope; gradually acquires a habit of making long speeches; is apt to be impatient of contradiction; and is always very touchy upon "the point of honor." There is nothing more conclusive than a rich man's logic anywhere; but in the country, amongst his dependents, it flows with the smooth and unresisted course of a full stream irrigating a meadow, and depositing its mud in fertilizing abundance. Meriwether's sayings, about Swallow Barn, import absolute verity. But I have discovered that they are not so current out of his jurisdiction. Indeed, every now and then, we have quite obstinate discussions, when some of the neighboring potentates, who stand in the same sphere with Frank, come to the house. For these worthies have opinions of their own; and nothing can be more dogged than the conflict between them. They sometimes fire away at each other, with a most amiable and convincing hardihood, for a whole evening, bandying interjections, and making bows, and saying shrewd things, with all the courtesy imaginable. But for inextinguishable pertinacity in argument, and utter impregna-

bility of belief, there is no other disputant like your country gentleman who reads the newspapers. When one of these discussions fairly gets under weigh, it never fairly comes to an anchor again of its own accord. It is either blown out so far to sea as to be given up for lost; or puts into port in distress for want of documents; or is upset by a call for boot-jacks and slippers—which is something like the Previous Question in Congress.

If my worthy cousin be somewhat over-argumentative as a politician, he restores the equilibrium of his character by a considerate coolness in religious matters. He piques himself upon being a High-Churchman, but is not the most diligent frequenter of places of worship; and very seldom permits himself to get into a dispute upon points of faith. If Mr. Chub, the Presbyterian tutor in the family, ever succeeds in drawing him into this field—as he has occasionally the address to do—Meriwether is sure to fly the course; he gets puzzled with Scripture names, and makes some odd mistakes between Peter and Paul, and then generally turns the parson over to his wife, who, he says, "has an astonishing memory."

He is somewhat distinguished as a breeder of blooded horses; and ever since the celebrated race between *Eclipse* and *Henry* has taken to this occupation with a renewed zeal, and as a matter affecting the reputation of the State. It is delightful to hear him expatiate upon the value, importance, and patriotic bearing of this employment, and to listen to all his technical lore touching the mysteries of horse-craft. He has some fine colts in training, which are committed to the care of a pragmatical old negro named Carey, who in his reverence for the occupation is the perfect shadow of his master. He and Frank hold grave and momentous consultations upon the affairs of the stable, in such a sagacious strain of equal debate that it would

puzzle a spectator to tell which was the leading member in the council. Carey thinks he knows a great deal more upon the subject than his master; and their frequent intercourse has begot a familiarity in the old negro which is almost fatal to Meriwether's supremacy. The old man feels himself authorized to maintain his positions according to the freest parliamentary form, and sometimes with a violence of asseveration that compels his master to abandon his ground, purely out of faint-heartedness. Meriwether gets a little nettled at Carey's doggedness, but generally turns it off with a laugh. I was in the stable with him one morning soon after my arrival, when he ventured to expostulate with the venerable groom upon a professional point; but the controversy terminated in its customary way:—

"Who sot you up, Master Frank, to tell me how to fodder that 'ere creature, when I as good as nursed you on my knee?"

"Well, tie up your tongue, you old mastiff," replied Frank as he walked out of the stable; "and cease growling, since you will have it your own way." And then, as we left the old man's presence, he added, with an affectionate chuckle, "A faithful old cur, too, that snaps at me out of pure honesty; he has not many years left, and it does no harm to humor him."—*Swallow Barn.*

KENNEDY, WILLIAM, a Scottish poet, born at Paisley in 1799; died near London in 1849. He was associated with Motherwell in conducting the *Paisley Magazine*. Subsequently he became private secretary to the Earl of Dalhousie, whom he accompanied to Canada. He was afterwards appointed Consul at Galveston, Texas, and in 1841 published in London *The Rise, Progress, and Prospects of the Republic of Texas*. Kennedy's other works are: *My Early Days*, a tale (1825), *Fitful Fancies*, a volume of poems (1827), *The Arrow and the Rose, and other Poems* (1830), besides some later occasional poems. He retired on a pension in 1847, and died shortly after a visit to Scotland, when the following poem was written:—

AT THE GRAVE OF WILLIAM MOTHERWELL, 1847.

Place we a stone at his head and his feet;
Sprinkle his sward with the small flowers sweet;
Piously hallow the poet's retreat:—
Ever approvingly,
Ever most lovingly,
Turned he to nature, a worshipper meet.

Harm not the thorn which grows at his head;
Odorous honors its blossoms will shed,
Grateful to him, early summoned, who sped
Hence not unwillingly—
For he felt thrillingly—
To rest his poor head 'mong the low-lying dead.

Dearer to him than the deep minster-bell,
Winds of sad cadence, at midnight will swell,
Vocal with sorrows he knoweth too well,
Who, for the early day,
Plaining this roundelay,
Might his own fate from a brother's foretell.

Worldly ones treading this terrace of graves,
Grudge not the minstrel the little he craves,
When o'er the snow-mound the winter-blast raves—
Tears—which devotedly,
Though unnotedly,
Flow from their spring in the soul's silent caves.

Dreamers of noble thoughts, raise him a shrine,
Graced with the beauty which lives in his line;
Strew with pale flowerets, when pensive moons shine,
His grassy covering,
Where spirits, hovering,
Chant for his requiem music divine.

Not as a record he lacketh a stone!
Pay a light debt to the singer we've known—
Proof that our love for his name hath not flown
With the frame perishing—
That we are cherishing
Feelings akin to the lost poet's own.

KENNEY, JAMES, a British poet, born in Ireland in 1780; died in 1849. He was employed as a clerk in a banking-house. In 1803 he published *Society, with other Poems*. He subsequently wrote *Raising the Wind*, *Sweethearts and Wives*, and several other successful dramatic pieces.

TOM, IF YOU LOVE ME, SAY SO.

Dear Tom, my brave, free-hearted lad,
Where'er you go, God bless you;
You'd better speak than wish you had,
If love for me distress you.
To me, they say, your thoughts incline—
And possibly they may so:
Then, once for all, to quiet mine,
Tom, if you love me, say so.

On that sound heart and manly frame,
Sits lightly sport or labor;
Good-humored, frank, and still the same,
To parent, friend, or neighbor:
Then why postpone your love to own
For me, from day to day so;
And let me whisper, still alone,
"Tom, if you love me, say so?"

How oft when I was sick, or sad
With some remembered folly,
The sight of you has made me glad—
And then most melancholy!
Ah! why will thoughts of one so good
Upon my spirits prey so?
By you it should be understood—
"Tom, if you love me, say so!"

Last Monday, at the cricket-match,
No rival stood before you;
In harvest-time, for quick dispatch,
The farmers all adore you;
And evermore your praise they sing;—
Though one thing you delay so,
And I sleep nightly murmuring,
"Tom, if you love me, say so!"

Whate'er of ours you chance to seek,
  Almost before you breathe it,
I bring, with blushes on my cheek,
  And all my soul goes with it.
Why thank me then, with voice so low,
  And faltering turn away so?
When next you come, before you go,
  "Tom, if you love me, say so!"

When Jasper Wild, beside the brook,
  Resentful round us lowered,
I oft recall that lion-look
  That quelled the savage coward.
Bold words and free you uttered then:
  Would they could find their way so,
When these moist eyes so plainly mean,
  "Tom, if you love me, say so!"

My friends, 'tis true, are well-to-do,
  And yours are poor and friendless;
Ah, no! for they are rich in you—
  Their happiness is endless.
You never let them shed a tear,
  Save that on you they weigh so:
There's one might bring you better cheer;—
  "Tom, if you love me, say so!"

My uncle's legacy is all
  For you, Tom, when you choose it;
In better hands it cannot fall,
  Or better trained to use it.
I'll wait for years; but let me not
  Nor wooed nor plighted stay so:
Since wealth and worth make even lot—
  "Tom, if you love me, say so!"

KENT, CHARLES, an English poet, was born at London in 1823. Besides several tales and essays in prose, he published *Dreamland, with other Poems* in 1862. A complete collection of his poems was issued in 1870.

LOVE'S CALENDAR.

Talk of love in vernal hours,
When the landscape blushes
With the dawning glow of flowers,
While the early thrushes
Warble in the apple-tree;
When the primrose springing
From the green bank, lulls the bee,
On its blossom swinging.

Talk of love in summer-tide
When through bosky shallows
Trills the streamlet—all its side
Pranked with freckled mallows;
When in mossy lair of wrens
Tiny eggs are warming;
When above the reedy fens
Dragon-gnats are swarming.

Talk of love in autumn days,
When the fruit, all mellow,
Drops amid the ripening rays,
While the leaflets yellow
Circle in the sluggish breeze
With their portents bitter;
When between the fading trees
Broader sunbeams glitter.

Talk of love in winter time,
When the hailstorm hurtles,
While the robin sparks of rime
Shakes from hardy myrtles,
Never speak of love with scorn,
Such were direct treason;
Love was made for eve and morn,
And for every season.

KEY, Francis Scott, an American lawyer and poet, was born in Maryland in 1870; died at Baltimore in 1843. He was educated at St. John's College, Md., studied law, and commenced practice in his native county, but subsequently removed to Washington, where he became District Attorney for the District of Columbia. He wrote only a few occasional poems, which were collected into a volume, and published in 1857. The only notable poem in this volume is the song "The Star-spangled Banner." It happened that, in August, 1814, the author witnessed the bombardment of Fort McHenry, near Baltimore, by the British fleet. It could hardly be hoped that the American flag, which they could plainly see when night closed in, would be seen flying in the morning. But when morning broke it was still flying. Upon the spur of the moment Key wrote the poem, which at once took rank as one of our national songs. An imposing monument to him was erected in 1887, in the Golden Gate Park, San Francisco.

THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER.

Oh! say, can you see, by the dawn's early light,
What so proudly we hailed at the twilight's last gleaming—
Whose broad stripes and bright stars, through the perilous fight,
O'er the ramparts we watched were so gallantly streaming?
And the rockets' red glare, the bombs bursting in air,
Gave proof, through the night, that our flag was still there.
Oh! say, does that Star-spangled banner yet wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave?

On that shore, dimly seen through the mists of the deep,
Where the foe's haughty host in dread silence reposes,
What is that which the breeze, o'er the towering steep,
As it fitfully blows, now conceals, now discloses?
Now it catches the gleam of the morning's first beam,
In full glory reflected, now shines on the stream:
'Tis the Star-spangled Banner—Oh, long may it wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!

And where is the band who so tauntingly swore
That the havoc of war and the battle's confusion
A home and a country should leave us no more?
Their blood has washed out their foul footsteps' pollution!
No refuge could save the hireling and slave
From the terror of flight or the gloom of the grave;
And the Star-spangled Banner in triumph doth wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

Oh! thus be it ever when freemen shall stand
Between their loved home and the war's desolation:
Blessed with victory and peace, may the Heaven-rescued land,
Praise the Power that hath made and preserved it a nation!
Thus conquer we must, when our cause it is just:
And this be our motto—"In God is our trust!"
And the Star-spangled Banner in triumph shall wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

KIMBALL, HARRIET McEWEN, an American poet, born at Portsmouth, N. H., in 1834. Her works, which are mainly religious lyrics, are: *Hymns* (1867), *Swallow Flights of Song* (1874), and the *Blessed Company of all Faithful* (1879.)

THE GUEST.

Speechless Sorrow sat with me,
I was sighing heavily;
Lamp and fire were out; the rain
Wildly beat the window-pane.
In the dark we heard a knock,
And a hand was on the lock;
One in waiting spake to me,
Saying sweetly,
"I am come to sup with thee."

All my room was dark and damp;
"Sorrow," said I, "trim the lamp;
Light the fire, and cheer thy face;
Set the guest-chair in its place."
And again I heard the knock;
In the dark I found the lock.—
"Enter! I have turned the key;
Enter, Stranger,
Who art come to sup with me."

Opening wide the door, he came;
But I could not speak his name.
In the guest-chair took his place;
But I could not see his face.—
When my cheerful fire was beaming,
When my little lamp was gleaming,
And the feast was spread for three—
Lo! my Master
Was the Guest that supped with me.

ALL'S WELL.

The day is ended. Ere I sink to sleep
My weary spirit seeks repose in Thine:
Father, forgive my trespasses, and keep
This little life of mine.

With loving kindness curtain Thou my bed;
  And cool in rest my burning pilgrim-feet;
Thy pardon be the pillow for my head—
    So shall my sleep be sweet.

At peace with all the world, dear Lord, and Thee,
  No fears my soul's unwavering faith can shape;
All's well! whichever side the grave for me
    The morning light may break.

LONGING FOR RAIN.

Earth swoons, o'erwhelmed with weight of bloom;
  The scanty dews seem dropped in vain;
Athirst she lies, while garish skies
  Burn with their brassy hints of rain.

Morn after morn the flaming sun
  Smites the bare hills with fiery rod;
Night after night, with blood-red light,
  Glares like a slow-avenging god.

Oh for a cloudy curtain drawn
  To screen us from the scorching sky!
Oh for the rain to lay again
  The smothering dust-clouds passing by!

To wash the hedges, white with dust,
  Freshen the grass and fill the pool;
While in the breeze the odorous trees
  Drip softly, swaying dark and cool.

KIMBALL, Richard Burleigh, an American author, born at Plainfield, N. H., in 1816. He graduated at Dartmouth in 1834, studied law at home and in France, and practised it at Waterford, N. Y., and in New York City from 1842 till he went to Texas, founded a town which bore his name, constructed a railroad from Galveston to Houston, and was its president 1854–60. He received the degree of LL. D. from Dartmouth in 1873. He published *Letters from England* (1842), *Letters from Cuba* (1850), *Cuba and the Cubans* (1850), *St. Leger or Threads of Life* (1849), *Romance of Student Life Abroad* (1852), *Law Lectures* (1853), *Undercurrents of Wall Street* (1861), *Was he Successful* (1864), *Henry Powers, Banker* (1868), *To-day in New York* (1870), and *Stories of Exceptional Life* (1887.) He edited *In the Tropics* (1862) and *The Prince of Kashna* (1864), was an editor with others of the *Knickerbocker Gallery* (1853), and wrote much for the magazines. *St. Leger*, his most popular work, was twice reprinted in England and once in Leipsic; four of his books were translated into Dutch, and several into German and French.

PROBLEMS OF YOUTH.

My father (erroneously perhaps) determined to give his children a private education, affirming that public schools and universities were alike destructive to mind, manners, and morals. So at home we were kept, and furnished with erudite teachers, who knew everything about books and nothing about men.

I had in all this abundance to foster the unhappy feeling which burned within. Thought, how it troubled me—and I had so much to think about. But beyond all, the great wonder

of my life was, 'What life was made for?' I wondered what could occupy the world. I read over the large volumes in the old library, and wondered why men should battle it with each other for the sake of power, when power lasted but so short a time. I wondered why kings who could have done so much good had done so much evil; and I wondered why anybody was very unhappy, since death should so soon relieve from all earthly ills. Then I felt there was some unknown power busy within me, which demanded a field for labor and development, but I knew not what spirit it was of. I wanted to see the world, to busy myself in its business, and try if I could discover its fashion, for it was to me a vast mystery. I knew it was filled with human beings like unto myself, but what were they doing, and wherefore? The *what* and the *why* troubled me, perplexed me, almost crazed me. The world seemed like a mad world, and its inhabitants resolved on self-destruction. How I longed to break the shell which encased this mystery! I felt that there was a solution to all this; but how was I to discover it?—*Saint Leger.*

AN INTERRUPTED WEDDING.

The ceremony went on—the moments to me seemed ages; the responses had been demanded and were made by Leila, in a firm unwavering voice; and the priest had taken the ring in order to complete the rite. At this moment, a moan at my side caused me to turn, Wallenroth had sunk down insensible. The priest paused, startled by the interruption; a gesture from Vautrey recalled him to his duty; but now a slight disturbance was heard, proceeding from the entrance: the noise increased—the priest paused again—when a hideous creature with the aspect of a fiend darted swiftly forward, and before one could say what it was, lighted with a single bound upon the shoulders of the Count. I saw the glitter of steel aloft, and flashing sud-

denly downward; I saw Vautrey fall heavily upon the mosaic—*dead*. His executioner crouched a moment over him, with a brute fierceness; then drew the dirk from the wound, and as drops of blood fell from its point, sprang quickly toward me, shaking the weapon with a wild and triumphant air, and exclaiming, 'Tat's petter dune!' The truth flashed upon me—I beheld in the repulsive wretch before me the creature we had encountered at the toll-gate—the wild savage seen at St. Kildare, the fierce cateran of the highlands, the leal subject of Glenfinglas.—*Donacha Mac Ian.*

KINGLAKE, ALEXANDER WILLIAM, an English historian, born near Taunton in 1811. He was educated at Eton and at Trinity College, Cambridge, where he took his degree in 1832, and was called to the bar in 1837. Soon after he made a tour in European Turkey, Asia Minor, Syria, and Egypt. Letters which he wrote to his friends were several years later, in 1844, published under the title of *Eothen* ("From the East.") On his return from the East he entered upon practice in London as a Chancery lawyer. In 1857 he was returned to Parliament, in the Liberal interest for the borough of Bridgewater; for which he was again returned in 1868, but was unseated on petition. Besides *Eothen* his only notable work is the *History of the Invasion of the Crimea*, of which volumes I. and II. appeared in 1863; volumes VII. and VIII. in 1877; the other volumes having been published intermediately.

COLLOQUY BETWEEN TRAVELLER AND PASHA, AS INTERPRETED BY THE DRAGOMAN.

Unless you can contrive to learn a little of the language, you will be rather bored by your visits of ceremony; the intervention of the interpreter, or *dragoman*, as he is called, is fatal to the spirit of conversation. A traveller may write and say "the Pasha of So-and-So was particularly interested in the vast progress which has been made in the application of steam, and appeared to understand the structure of our machinery," and so on, and that "he expressed a lively admiration for the many sterling qualities for which the people of England are distinguished." But the heap of commonplaces thus quietly attributed to the Pasha will have been founded, perhaps, on some such conversation as this:—

Pasha.—The Englishman is welcome; most blessed among hours is this of his coming.

Dragoman.—The Pasha pays you his compliments.

Traveller.—Give him my best compliments in return, and say I'm delighted to have the honor of seeing him.

Dragoman.—His Lordship, this Englishman, Lord of London, Scorner of Ireland, Suppressor of France, has quitted his governments, and left his enemies to breathe for a moment, and has crossed the waters in strict disguise, with a small but eternally faithful retinue of followers, in order that he might look upon the bright countenance of the Pasha among Pashas—the everlasting Pashalik of Karagholookoldour.

Traveller.—What on earth have you been saying about London? The Pasha will be taking me for a mere cockney. Have I not told you *always* to say that I am from a branch of the family of Mudcombe Park, and am to be a magistrate for the county of Bedfordshire, only I've not qualified, and that I should have been a Deputy-Lieutenant if it had not been for the extraordinary conduct of Lord Mountpromise, and that I was a candidate for Goldborough at the last election, and that I should have won easy, if my committee had not been bought? I wish to Heaven that if you *do* say anything about me, you'd tell the simple truth.

Pasha.—What says the friendly Lord of London? Is there aught that I can grant him within the Pashalik of Karagholookoldour?

Dragoman.—This friendly Englishman—this branch of Mudcombe—this head-purveyor of Goldborough—this possible policeman of Bedfordshire, is recounting his achievements, and the number of his titles.

Pasha.—The end of his honors is more distant than the ends of the Earth, and the catalogue of his glorious deeds is brighter than the firmament of Heaven.

Dragoman.—The Pasha congratulates your Excellency.

Traveller.—About Goldborough? The deuce he does! But I want to get at his views in relation to the present state of the Ottoman Empire. Tell him that the Houses of Parliament have met, and that there has been a Speech from the Throne, pledging England to preserve the integrity of the Sultan's dominions.

Dragoman.—This branch of Mudcombe, this possible policeman of Bedfordshire, informs your Highness that in England the Talking Houses have met, and that the integrity of the Sultan's dominions has been assured forever and ever by a speech from the Velvet Chair.

Pasha.—Wonderful Chair! Wonderful Houses! Whirr! whirr! whirr! all by wheels! whiz! whiz! all by steam! Wonderful Chair! Wonderful Houses! Wonderful People! Whirr! whirr! all by wheels! whiz! whiz! all by steam!

Traveller.—What does the Pasha mean by the whizzing? He does not mean to say, does he, that our Government will ever abandon their pledges to the Sultan?

Dragoman.—No, your Excellency; but he says the English talk by wheels and by steam.

Traveller.—That's an exaggeration; but say that the English really have carried machinery to great perfection; tell the Pasha (he'll be struck by that) that wherever we have any disturbances to put down—even at two or three hundred miles from London—we can send troops by the thousands to the scene of action in a few hours.

Dragoman.—His Excellency, this Lord of Mudcombe, observes to your Highness that whenever the Irish, or the French, or the Indians rebel against the English, whole armies of soldiers, and brigades of artillery, are dropped into a mighty chasm called Euston Square, and in the biting of a cartridge they arise up again in Manchester, or Dublin, or Paris, or Delhi,

and utterly exterminate the enemies of England from the face of the Earth.

Pasha.—I know it—I know all—the particulars have been faithfully related to me, and my mind comprehends locomotives. The armies of England ride upon the vapors of boiling cauldrons, and their horses are flaming coals! whirr! whirr! all by wheels! whiz! whiz! all by steam.

Traveller.—I wish to have the opinion of an unprejudiced Ottoman gentleman as to the prospects of our English commerce and manufactures. Just ask the Pasha to give me his views on the subject.

Pasha.—The ships of the English swarm like flies; their printed calicoes cover the whole earth; and by the side of their swords the blades of Damascus are blades of grass. All India is but an item in the ledger-books of the merchants, whose lumber-rooms are filled with ancient thrones! Whirr! whirr! all by wheels! whiz! whiz! all by steam!

Dragoman.—The Pasha compliments the cutlery of England, and also the East India Company.

Traveller.—Well, tell the Pasha I am exceedingly gratified to find that he entertains such a high opinion of our manufacturing energy; but I should like him to know, though, that we have got something in England besides that. You can explain that we have our virtues in the country—that the British yeoman is still, thank God! the British yeoman. Oh! by-the-bye, whilst you are about it, you may as well say that we are a truth-telling people, and, like the Osmanlees, are faithful in the performance of our promises.

Pasha.—It is true, it is true: through all Feringstan the English are foremost and best; for the Russians are drilled swine, and the Germans are sleeping babes, and the Italians are the servants of songs, and the French are the

sons of newspapers, and the Greeks they are weavers of lies; but the English and the Osmanlees are brothers together in righteousness; for the Osmanlees believe in only one God, and cleave to the Koran, and destroy idols; so do the English worship one God, and abominate graven images, and tell the truth, and believe in a Book; and though they drink the juice of the grape, yet to say that they worship their prophet as God, or to say that they are eaters of pork—these are lies—lies born of Greeks, and nursed by Jews.

Dragoman.—The Pasha compliments the English.

Traveller (rising).—Well, I've had enough of this. Tell the Pasha I'm greatly obliged to him for his hospitality; and still more for his kindness in furnishing me with horses; and say that now I must be off.

Pasha.—Proud are the sires, and blessed are the dams of the horses that shall carry your Excellency to the end of his prosperous journey. May the saddle beneath him glide down to the gates of the happy city, like a boat swimming on the third river of Paradise. May he sleep the sleep of a child, when his friends are around him, and the while that his enemies are abroad, may his eyes flame red through the darkness—more red than the eyes of ten tigers!—Farewell!

Dragoman.—The Pasha wishes your Excellency a pleasant journey.

So ends the visit.—*Eothen.*

TODLEBEN, THE DEFENDER OF SEBASTOPOL.

The more narrow-minded men of the Czar's army—and even while Nicholas lived, the confused Czar himself—would have thought they sufficiently described the real defender of Sebastopol by calling him an "Engineer Officer," with perhaps superadded some epithet such, as "excellent," or "able," or "good;" and it is true that his skill in that branch of the service en-

abled the great volunteer to bring his powers to act at a critical time; but it would be a wild mistake to imagine that, because fraught with knowledge and skill on one special subject, his mind was a mind at all prone to run in accustomed set grooves. He was by nature a man great in war, and richly gifted with power, not only to provide in good time for the dimly expected conditions which it more or less slowly unfolds, but to meet its most sudden emergencies. When, for instance, we saw him at Inkerman in a critical moment, he, in theory was only a spectator on horseback; but to avert the impending disaster, he instantly assumed a command. He seized, if one may so speak, on a competent body of troops, and rescued from imminent capture the vast, clubbed, helpless procession of Mentschikoff's retreating artillery.

He was only at first a volunteer colonel, and was afterwards even no more, in the language of formalists, than a general commanding the engineers in a fortress besieged; but the task he designed, the task he undertook, the task he —till wounded—pursued with a vigor and genius that astonished a gazing world, was—not this or that fraction of a mighty work, but simply the whole defence of Sebastopol. Like many another general, he from time to time found himself thwarted, and too often encountered obstructions; but upon the whole, even after the "heroic period," when the glorious sailors were mainly his trust and his strength, there glowed in the hearts of the Russians, notwithstanding foreign invasion, a genuine spirit of patriotism which not only brought them to face the toils and dangers of war with a ready devotion, but even in a measure kept down the growth of ignoble jealousies directed against this true chief.

The task of defending Sebastopol was a charge of superlative moment, and drew to itself before long the utmost efforts that Russia

could bring to bear on the war. Since the fortress—because not invested—stood open to all who would save it, and only closed against enemies, the troops there at any time planted were something more than a "garrison," being also in truth the foremost column of troops engaged in resisting invasion; and moreover the one chosen body out of all the Czar's forces which had in charge his great jewel—the priceless Sebastopol Roadstead.

The invaders and the invaded alike had from time to time fondly dwelt on plans for deciding the fate of Sebastopol by means of action elsewhere; but the Russians, deterred from "adventures" by the terrible Inkerman day, had since given up all recourse to field operations attempted with any such object; and, on the other hand, General Pelissier by his great strength of will had substantially brought the invaders to follow a like resolve. From this avoidance on both sides of serious field operations, it resulted of course that hostilities became, as it were, condensed on the Sebastopol battle-field. There, accordingly, and of course with intensity proportioned to the greatness and close concentration of efforts made on both sides, the raging war laid its whole stress.

On the narrow arena thus chosen it was Russia—all Russia—that clung to Sebastopol, with its faubourg the Karabelnaya; and since Todleben there was conducting the defence of the place, it follows from what we have seen, that he was the chief over that very part of the Czar's gathered, gathering, armies which had "the jewel" in charge; and moreover that, call him a Sapper, or call him a warlike Dictator, or whatever men choose, he was the real commander for Russia on the one confined seat of conflict where all the long-plotted hostilities of both the opposing forces had drawn at last to a centre.

To appreciate the power he wielded, and dis-

tinguish him from an officer defending an invested fortress, one must again recur to the peculiar nature of the strife on which France and England had entered. Though maintained in great part with the kind of appliances that are commonly used by the assailants and defenders of fortresses, the conflict was so strongly marked in its character by the absence of complete investment as to be rather a continuous battle between two entrenched armies than what men in general mean when they casually speak of a "siege." Each force, if thus lastingly engaged, was likewise all the while drawing an equally lasting support, the one from all Russia extending the strength of the Empire in her own dominions, the other from what was not less than a great European Alliance with full command of the sea.

The commander of a fortress besieged in the normal way, cut off from the outer world, must commonly dread more or less the exhaustion of his means of defence; but no cares of that exact kind cast their weight on the mind of the chief engaged in defending Sebastopol; for being left wholly free to receive all the succors that Russia might send him, he had no exhaustion to fear, except, indeed, such an exhaustion of Russia herself as would prevent her furnishing means for the continued defence of the fortress. The garrison holding Sebastopol, and made, one may say, inexhaustible by constant reinforcement, used in general to have such a strength as the Russians themselves thought well fitted for the defence of the fortress; and if they did not augment it, this was simply because greater numbers for service required behind ramparts would have increased the exacted sacrifices without doing proportionate good.

But in truth—because constantly drawing fresh accessions of strength from the rear—this peculiarly circumstanced garrison represented

both a power and a sacrifice that could not be measured by merely counting its numbers at any one given time. The force was so privileged as to be exempt from the weakness of armies with dwindling numbers. The garrison was ever young, ever strong, ever equal in numbers to what were considered its needs. It was constantly indeed sending great numbers of men, sick and wounded, to hospitals over the Roadstead, and was always contributing largely to "the grave of the hundred thousand" in the Severnaya; but the wounded, the sick, the dead were constantly replaced by fresh troops; and even a plague of downheartedness in the soldiery, such as showed itself on the 18th of June, was an evil that the commander of the garrison knew how to shake off by marching away the dispirited regiments, and promptly filling their places with troops in a more warlike mood.

Great of course was the power, though not to be told by arithmetic, of an ever fresh body of troops thus peculiarly circumstanced, with Todleben's mighty defenses to cover their front; but proportionately great was the strain that Sebastopol put upon Russia by continually exacting fresh troops for a garrison that was fast losing men, yet—on peril of a fatal disaster—must always be kept in due strength. Because he defended the fortress under all these conditions at a time when the forces on each side were avoiding grave field operations, General Todleben, I think, must be said to have virtually held the command in that protracted conflict which we have almost been ready to call a "continuous battle," and, indeed, since the Inkerman days, to have virtually wielded the power—the whole of the power—that Russia opposed to her invaders on the Sebastopol theatre of war. . . .

And what Todleben achieved, he achieved in his very own way. Never hearkening apparently to the cant of the Russian army of those days, which, with troops marshalled closely like sheep,

professed to fight with the bayonet, he made it his task to avert all strife at close quarters, by pouring on any assailants such storms of mitrail as should make it impossible for them to reach the verge of his counterscarps. That is the plan he designed from the first, and the one he in substance accomplished. From the day when he made his first efforts to cover with earthworks the suddenly threatened South Side to the time when his wound compelled him to quit the fortress, he successfully defended Sebastopol; and, as we have seen, to do this—after Inkerman, or at all events, after the onset attempted against Eupatoria—was to maintain the whole active resistance that Russia opposed to her invaders in the south-western Crimea.

One may say of Todleben, and the sailors and the other brave men acting with them, that by maintaining the defence of Sebastopol, not only long after the 20th of September, but also long after the 5th of November, they twice over vanquished a moral obstacle till then regarded as one that no man could well overcome: "If a battle undertaken in defence of a fortress is fought and lost, the place will fall." This, before the exploit of the great volunteer, was a saying enounced with authority as though it were almost an axiom that science had deigned to lay down. Yet after the defeat of their army on the banks of the Alma, after even its actual evasion from the neighborhood of Sebastopol, he, along with the glorious sailors and the rest of the people there left to their fate proved to be of such quality that, far from consenting to let the place "fall," as experience declared that it must, he and they—under the eyes of the enemy—began to create, and created that vast chain of fortress defence which, after more than eight months, we saw him still holding intact. And again, when—in sight of the fortress which it strove to relieve—an army gathered in strength, fought and lost with great slaughter

the battle of Inkerman, sending into the Karabelnaya its thousands upon thousands of wounded soldiery, the resolute chief and brave garrison did not therefore remit, did not slacken, their defence of the place; so that—even twice over—by valor they refuted a saying till then held so sure that, receiving the assent of mankind, it had crystallized into a maxim.

For other Russians the glory of having defended Sebastopol until the time we have reached was, after all, a forerunner of defeat; but for Todleben personally, whilst he still toiled in the fortress, no such reverse lay in wait. The time when he quitted it (wounded) was for him more than ever a time of victory, following close, as it did, on his crowning achievement made good on the 18th of June. If the Czar had come down to Sebastopol, or rather to the Karabelnaya, at the close of the engagement on the morning of the 18th of June, he might there have apostrophized Todleben, as he did long years after at Plevna, when saying: "Edward Ivanovitch, it is thou that hast accomplished it all!"—*Invasion of the Crimea.*

KINGO, THOMAS, a Danish ecclesiastic and poet, born in 1634; died in 1723. He became Bishop of Funen, and wrote numerous Psalms and Spiritual Songs, which are held in high esteem among the pious of his native land. He has been "the Watts of Denmark."

A MORNING SONG.

From eastern quarters now
The Sun 's up-wandering,
His rays on the rock's brow
And hill's side squandering;
Be glad, my soul, and sing amidst thy pleasure.
Fly from the house of dust,
Up with thy thanks, and trust
To heaven's azure.

Oh, countless as the grains
Of sand so tiny,
Measureless as the main's
Deep waters briny,
God's mercy is, which He upon me showereth!
Each mirroring in my shell
A grace innumerable
To me down poureth.

Thou best dost understand,
Lord God, my needing;
And placed is in Thy hand
My fortune's speeding;
And Thou foreseest what is for me most fitting.
Be still, then, O my soul!
To manage in the whole,
Thy God permitting.

May fruit the land array,
And corn for eating!
May Truth e'er make its way,
With Justice meeting!
Give Thou to me my share with every other,
Till down my staff I lay,
And from this world away
Wend to another!

Transl. in For. Quart. Review.

KINGSLEY, CHARLES, an English clergyman and author, born in 1819; died in 1875. He took his degree at Magdalen College, Cambridge, in 1842, and two years afterwards was presented to the living of Eversley in Hampshire. In 1859 he was appointed Professor of Modern History at Cambridge, and was made Canon of Westminster in 1872. His publications number about thirty-five. Besides several volumes of *Sermons*, his principals works are: *The Saint's Tragedy* (1848), *Alton Locke, Tailor and Poet* (1850), *Yeast, a Problem* (1851), *Hypatia, or new Foes with an old Face* (1853), *Westward Ho!* (1855), *The Heroes, or Greek Fairy Tales* (1856), *Sir Walter Raleigh and his Times* (1859), *The Water Babies* (1863), *Hereward, the Last of the English* (1866), *How and Why* (1869), *A Christmas in the West Indies* (1871), *Prose Idyls* (1873), *Health and Education* (1874). Most of his poems are inserted in his tales.

THE SANDS OF DEE.

"O Mary, go and call the cattle home,
And call the cattle home,
And call the cattle home,
Across the sands o' Dee."
The western wind was wild and dank wi' foam,
And all alone went she.

The creeping tide came up along the sand,
And o'er and o'er the sand,
And round and round the sand,
As far as eye could see;
The blinding mist came down and hid the land—
And never home came she.

"Oh, is it a weed, or fish, or floating hair—
A tress o' golden hair,
O' drownèd maiden's hair,

Above the nets at sea?
Was never salmon yet that shone so fair,
Among the stakes on Dee."

They rowed her in across the rolling foam,
The cruel, crawling foam,
The cruel hungry foam,
To her grave beside the sea;
But still the boatman hear her call the cattle home,
Across the sands o' Dee.

THE GOTHIC TRIBES AND THE ROMAN EMPIRE.

The health of a Church depends not merely on the creed which it professes, not even on the wisdom and holiness of a few great ecclesiastics, but on the faith and virtue of its individual members. The *mens sana* must have a *corpus sanum* to inhabit. And even for the Western Church the lofty future which was in store for it would have been impossible without some infusion of new and healthier blood into the veins of a world drained and tainted by the influence of Rome. And the new blood was at hand in the early years of the fifth century. The great tide of those Gothic nations of which the Norwegian and the German are the purest remaining types, though every nation of Europe, from Gibraltar to St. Petersburg, owes to them the most precious elements of strength, was sweeping onward, wave over wave, in a steady south-western current across the Roman territory, and only stopping and recoiling when it reached the shores of the Mediterranean.

Those wild tribes were bringing with them into the magic circle of the Western Church's influence the very materials which she required for the building up of a future Christendom, and which she would find as little in the Western Empire as in the Eastern:—comparative purity of morals; sacred respect for woman, for family life, for law, equal justice, individual freedom,

and, above all, for honesty in word and deed; bodies untainted by hereditary effeminacy; hearts earnest though genial, and blest with a strange willingness to learn even from those whom they despised; a brain equal to that of the Roman in practical power, and not too far behind that of the Eastern in imaginative and speculative acuteness.

And their strength was felt at once. Their vanguard, confined with difficulty for three centuries beyond the Eastern Alps, at the expense of sanguinary wars, had been adopted, wherever it was practicable, into the service of the Empire; and the heart's core of the Roman legions was composed of Gothic officers and soldiers. But now the main body had arrived. Tribe after tribe was crowding down to the Alps, and trampling upon each other on the frontiers of the Empire. The Huns, singly their inferiors, pressed them from behind with the irresistible weight of numbers; Italy, with her rich cities and fertile lowlands, beckoned them on to plunder. As auxiliaries, they had learned their own strength and Roman weakness; a *casus belli* was soon found.

The whole pent-up deluge burst over the plains of Italy, and the Western Empire became from that day forth a dying idiot, while the new invaders divided Europe among themselves.

The fifteen years, 398–413, had decided the fate of Greece; the next four years that of Rome itself. The countless treasures which five centuries of rapine had accumulated round the Capitol had become the prey of men clothed in sheep-skins and horse-hide; and the sister of an Emperor had found her beauty, virtue, and pride of race worthily matched by those of the hard-handed Northern hero who led her away from Italy as his captive and his bride to found new kingdoms in South France and Spain, and to drive the newly-arrived Vandals across the

Straits of Gibraltar into the then blooming coast-land of Northern Africa.

Everywhere the mangled limbs of the Old World were seething in the Medea's cauldron, to come forth whole, and young, and strong. The Longobards—noblest of their race—had found a temporary resting-place upon the Austrian frontier, after long southward wanderings from the Swedish mountains, soon to be dispossessed again by the advancing Huns, and, crossing the Alps, to give their name forever to the plains of Lombardy. A few more tumultuous years, and the Franks would find themselves lords of the Lower Rhineland; and before the hairs of Hypatia's scholars had grown gray, the mythic Hengst and Horsa would have landed on the shores of Kent, and an English nation have begun its world-wide life.

But some great Providence forbade our race —triumphant in every other quarter—a footing beyond the Mediterranean, or even in Constantinople, which to this day preserves in Europe the faith and manners of Asia. The Eastern World seemed barred by some strange doom from the only influence which could have regenerated it. Every attempt of the Gothic races to establish themselves beyond the sea—whether in the form of an organized kingdom, as did the Vandals in Africa; or as a mere band of brigands as did the Goths in Asia Minor, under Gainas; or as a pretorian guard, as did the Varangians of the Middle Ages; or as religious invaders, as did the Crusaders—ended only in the corruption and disappearance of the colonists. Climate, bad example, and the luxury of power degraded them in one century into a race of helpless and debauched slaveholders, doomed the Vandals to utter extirpation before the semi-Gothic armies of Belisarius; and with them vanished the last chance that the Gothic races would exercise on the Eastern World the same stern yet wholesome discipline under which the Western had been restored to life.—*Hypatia.*

THE DEAR OLD DOLL.

I had once a sweet little doll, dears,
The prettiest doll in the world;
Her cheeks were so red and so white, dears,
And her hair was so charmingly curled.
But I lost my poor little doll, dears,
As I played in the heath one day;
And I cried for her more than a week, dears,
But I never could find where she lay.

I found my poor little doll, dears,
As I played in the heath one day;
Folks say that she is terribly changed, dears,
For her paint is all washed away,
And her arm trodden off by the cows, dears,
And her hair not the least bit curled;
Yet, for old sake's sake, she is still, dears,
The prettiest doll in the world.

The Water Babies.

THE WORLD'S AGE.

Who will say the world is dying?
Who will say our prime is past?
Sparks from Heaven, within us lying,
Flash, and will flash, until the last.
Fools! who fancy Christ mistaken;
Man a tool to buy and sell;
Earth a failure, God-forsaken,
Ante-room of Hell.

Still the race of Hero-spirits
Pass the lamp from hand to hand;
Age from age the words inherits—
"Wife, and child, and Father-land."
Still the youthful hunter gathers
Fiery joy from wold and wood;
He will dare, as dared his fathers,
Give him cause as good.

While a slave bewails his fetters;
While an orphan pleads in vain;
While an infant lisps his letters,
Heir of all the ages' gain;

While a lip grows ripe for kissing;
While a moan from man is wrung—
Know, by every want and blessing,
That the world is young.

THE THREE FISHERS.

Three fishers went sailing away to the West,
Away to the West as the sun went down;
Each thought on the woman who loved him the best,
And the children stood watching them out of the town;
For men must work, and women must weep,
And there's little to earn, and many to keep
Though the harbor bar be moaning.

Three wives sat up in the light-house tower,
And they trimmed the lamps as the sun went down;
They looked at the squall, and they looked at the shower,
And the night-rack came rolling up ragged and brown.
But men must work, and women must weep,
Though storms be sudden, and waters deep,
And the harbor bar be moaning.

Three corpses lay out on the shining sands,
In the morning gleam as the tide went down,
And the women are weeping and wringing their hands,
For those who will never come home to the town;
For men must work, and women must weep,
And the sooner it's over, the sooner to sleep:
And good-bye to the bar and its moaning.

KIP, WILLIAM INGRAHAM, an American clergyman and author, born in New York in 1811. After graduating at Yale in 1831, he studied law, and then divinity, and was ordained deacon in 1835. Having ministered for a time at Morristown, N. J., and Grace church, New York, he became rector of St. Paul's, Albany, in 1838, and was elected Missionary Bishop of California in 1853. His jurisdiction became a diocese in 1857. His publications include: *The Lenten Fast*, (1843), *The Double Witness of the Church* (1844), *Christmas Holidays in Rome* (1845), *Early Jesuit Missions in America* (1846), *Early Conflicts of Christianity* (1850), *The Catacombs of Rome* (1854), *Unnoticed Things of Scripture* (1868), *The Olden Time in New York* (1872), and *The Church of the Apostles* (1877.) He edited *Confessions of a Romish Convert* (1850.)

CHURCH PRINCIPLES.

No one can long labor with effect in a cause which he does not perfectly understand. He may be aroused to a spasmodic effort by some sudden burst of enthusiasm, but it needs something more to sustain him amid the weariness and self-denial of continued exertion. To inspire him with an abiding earnestness, his views must be clear and distinct. He must be, as it were, deeply penetrated with the truth he would advocate, and then he will be compelled to listen reverently to her voice, and to go forth and labor in her behalf, when she points him to the field. Otherwise a secret, lurking unbelief will belie the cold profession of his lips; or else, if believed at all, the truth for which he is bound to contend will be entirely inoperative, and "lie bedridden in the dormitory of the soul!"

The Church can never depend upon the stability of her ignorant members. He who attends

her services merely because he was born a Churchman—or because to do so is convenient—or because he prefers the minister who happens to officiate at her altar—can be of but little benefit to her cause. The slightest reason will induce him to leave her fold and unite with others. He has merely a personal preference, not founded on any distinct understanding of her claims.—*The Double Witness of the Church.*

THE FALL OF PAGANISM.

And where is the Kingly power of Rome, from which came forth those edicts condemning the faithful to the wild beasts and the sword? Look at that hill, which lies between us and the walls. It seems covered with a mass of mighty ruins, as if destruction there had fallen on some splendid city and changed its stately magnificence to crumbling walls and prostrate columns. That is the Palatine Hill, and there are the ruins of Nero's Golden House; and there the trees twine their roots through marble floors once trodden by the masters of the world, and the tall grass and rank weeds wave above them in wild luxuriance. A solitary building raises its white walls in the midst of all this desolation, hourly the sound of a bell is wafted through the air, and those who are lingering round hear a low chant borne faintly to their ears; for that is the monastery of the Capuchin monks, and their prayers and anthems have replaced the sensual revellings of the Cæsars.

And the ancient paganism, too, like the civil power which supported it, has vanished as a dream. There is the Capitoline Hill, which once had its fifty shrines, yet no smoke ascends from its height—no altars are seen—the temples which once crowned it are gone, and their columns and precious marbles have been used to erect the Christian churches.—*The Catacombs of Rome.*

KIRCHBERG, CONRAD, a German Minnesinger, of whom we only know that he flourished during the latter half of the eleventh century. Several of his poems have come down to us.

THE MERRY MONTH OF MAY.

May, sweet May again is come,
May that frees the land from gloom.
Children, children, up, and see
All her stores of jollity.
On the laughing hedgerow's side
She hath spread her treasures wide;
She is in the greenwood shade,
Where the nightingale hath made
Every branch and every tree
Ring with her sweet melody.
Hill and dale are May's own treasures:
Youths, rejoice in sportive measures;
Sing ye! join the chorus gay!
Hail this merry, merry May!

Up then, children! We will go
Where the blooming roses grow;
In a joyful company,
We the bursting flowers will see.
Up! your festal dress prepare!
Where gay hearts are meeting, there
May hath pleasures more inviting,
Heart and sight and ear delighting.
Listen to the birds' sweet song;
Hark, how soft it floats along!
Country dames, our pleasures share;
Never saw I sky so fair;
Therefore dancing forth we go.
Youths, rejoice! the flowerets blow!
Sing we! join the chorus gay,
Hail this merry, merry May!

Transl. of E. TAYLOR.

KIRK, JOHN FOSTER, an American historian, born in New Brunswick, Canada, in 1824. He took up his residence at Boston about 1843, and from 1847 to 1859 was secretary to William H. Prescott, whom he aided in the preparation of his later works. From 1870 to 1886 he was the editor of *Lippencott's Magazine*, in Philadelphia. In 1886 he was appointed Lecturer on European History at the University of Pennsylvania. His principal work is the *History of Charles the Bold, Duke of Burgundy*, (three volumes 1863–68.)

THE FIGHT AT MORAT.

Charles saw himself on Sunday, January 5, 1477, stripped of both his wings, assailed at once on both his flanks. He had his choice between a rapid flight and a speedy death. Well, then—death. Leading his troops, he plunged into the midst of his foes, now closing in upon all sides. But so encaged, so overmatched, what courage could have availed? "The foot stood long and manfully," is the testimony of a hostile eye-witness. The final struggle, though obstinate, was short. Broken and dispersed, the men had no recourse but flight. The greatest number kept to the west of Nancy, to gain the road to Condé and Luxembourg. Charles, with the handful that still remained around him, followed in the same direction. The mass, both of fugitives and pursuers, was already far ahead. There was no choice now. Flight, combat, death—it was all one.

Closing up, the little band of nobles—last relic of chivalry—charged into the centre of a body of foot. A halbardier swung his weapon, and brought it down upon the head of Charles. He reeled in the saddle. Citey flung his arms around him and steadied him, receiving, while so engaged, a thrust from a spear through the parted joints of

his corselet. Pressing on, still fighting, still hemmed in, they dropped one by one. Charles's page—a Roman of the ancient family of Colonna—rode a little behind, a gilt helmet hanging from his saddle-bow. He kept his eye upon his master—saw him surrounded, saw him at the edge of a ditch, saw his horse stumble, the rider fall. The next moment Colonna was himself dismounted and made prisoner.

None knew who had fallen, or lingered to see. The rout swept along, the carnage had no pause. The course was strewn with arms, banners, and the bodies of the slain. Riderless horses plunged among the ranks of the victors and the vanquished. There was a road turning directly westward: but it went to Toul: French lancers were there. Northward the valley contracted. On the one side was the forest, on the other the river; ahead, the bridge of Bouxières, guarded, barred by Campobasso. Arrived there, all was over. A few turned aside into the forest, to be hunted still, to be butchered by the peasantry, to perish of hunger and cold. Others leaped into the river, shot at by the arquebusiers, driven back or stabbed by the traitors on the opposite bank, swept by the current underneath the ice. The slaughter here was far greater than on the field. No quarter was given by the Swiss. But the cavalry, both of Lorraine and the allies, received the swords of men of rank. When René came up the sun had long set. There was little chance, less occasion, for further pursuit. The short winter's day had had its full share of blood. Merciful Night came down, enabling a scanty remnant to escape.—*History of Charles the Bold.*

FINDING THE BODY OF CHARLES THE BOLD.

If the Duke of Burgundy were still alive—that was the thought which now occupied every breast. If he were alive, no doubt but that he would return—no hope that the war was over.

Messengers were sent to inquire, to explore. The field was searched. Horsemen went to Metz and neighboring places to ask whether he had passed. None had seen him, none could find him, none had anything to tell. Wild rumors had started up. He had hidden in the forest, retired to a hermitage, assumed the religious garb. Goods were bought and sold, to be paid for on his re-appearance. Years afterwards there were those who still believed, still expected.

Yet intelligence, proof, was soon forthcoming. In the evening of Monday Campobasso presented himself, bringing with him Colonna, who told what he had seen, and gave assurance that he could find the spot. Let him go, then, and seek, accompanied by those who would be surest to recognize the form—Mathieu, a Portuguese physician, a valet-de-chambre, and a "laundress" who had prepared the baths for the fallen prince. They passed out of the gate of Saint John, descending to the low, then marshy ground, on the west of the town. It was drained by a ditch, the bed of a slender rivulet that turned a mill in the faubourg. The distance was not great—less than half an English mile. Several hundred bodies lay near together; but these they passed, coming to where a small band, "thirteen or fourteen," had fallen, fighting singly, yet together. Here lay Citey, here Contay, here a Croy, a Belvoir, a Lalain—as in every battle-field; here a Bièvre, loved by his enemies, his skull laid open "like a pot."

These are on the edge of the ditch. At the bottom lies another body, "short, but thick-set and well-membered," in a worse plight than all the rest; stripped naked, horribly mangled, the cheek eaten away by wolves or famished dogs. Can this be he? They stoop and examine. The nails, never pared, are "longer than any man's." Two teeth are gone—through a fall years ago. There are other marks: a fistula in the groin, in the neck a scar left by a sword-thrust received

at Montlhéry. The men turn pale, the woman shrieks and throws herself upon the body: "My lord of Burgundy! My lord of Burgundy!" Yes, this is he—the "Great Duke," the destroyer of Liége, the "Terror of France!"

They strive to raise it. The flesh, embedded in the ice, is rent by the effort. Help is sent for. Four of René's come—men with implements, cloths, and bier; women have sent their veils. It is lifted and borne into the town, through the principal street, to the house of George Marqueiz, where there is a large and suitable chamber. The bearers rest a moment; set down their burden on the pavement. Let the spot be forever marked with a cross of black stones.

It is carried in, washed with wine and warm water, again examined. There are three principal wounds. A halberd, entering at the side of the head, has cloven it from above the ear to the teeth; both sides have been pierced with a spear; another has been thrust into the bowels from below. It is wrapped in fine linen, and laid out upon a table. The head, covered with a cap of red satin, lies on a cushion of the same color and material. An altar is decked beside it; waxen tapers are lighted; the room is hung with black.

Bid his brother, his captive nobles, his surviving servants, come and see if this be indeed their prince. They assemble around, kneel, and weep; take his hands, his feet, and press them to their lips and breast. He was their sovereign, their "good lord," the chief of a glorious house, the last, the greatest of his line.

Let René come, to see and to exult. Let him come in the guise of the paladins and *preux* on occasions of solemnity and pomp—in a long robe sweeping the ground, with a long beard interwoven with threads of gold! So attired, he enters, stands beside the dead, uncovers the face, takes between his warm hands that cold right hand, falls upon his knees, and bursts into sobs. "Fair cousin," he says—not accusingly, but

half-excusingly—" thou broughtest great calamities and sorrows upon us; may God assoil thy soul!"—Gentle René, good and gentle prince, God, we doubt not, hath pardoned many a fault of thine for those tender thoughts, those charitable tears, in the hour of thy great triumph beside the corpse of thy stern foe!—A quarter of an hour he remains, praying before the altar; then retires to give orders for the burial. Let him who for a twelvemonth was Duke of Lorraine be laid in the Church of Saint George, in front of the High Altar, on the spot where he stood when invested with the sovereignty won by conquest, to be so lost.—*History of Charles the Bold.*

KIRKLAND, CAROLINE MATILDA (STANSBURY), an American author, born at New York in 1801; died there in 1864. After the death of her father, a publisher of books, the family removed to Clinton, N. Y., where in 1827 she married Mr. William Kirkland. About 1838 they emigrated to Michigan, which was their home for nearly three years; and this residence in what was then a "new country," furnished material for several books. Returning to New York, she established a successful school for young ladies; and wrote much for various periodicals, becoming in 1848, editor of the *Union Magazine*, afterwards issued at Philadelphia as *Sartain's Magazine*. At the beginning of the civil war she entered warmly into the philanthropic measures growing out of that struggle. Her sudden death was the result of overwork in behalf of the "Sanitary Fair." Her principal works are: *A New Home: Who'll Follow* (1839), *Forest Life* (1842), *Western Clearings* (1846), *Holidays Abroad* (1849), *The Evening Book* (1852), *A Book for the Home Circle* (1853), *The Book of Home Beauty*, and *Personal Memoirs of George Washington* (1858.)

Her husband, WILLIAM KIRKLAND (1800–1846) was for some time a Professor in Hamilton College; and after returning from Michigan, embarked in journalism, being one of the founders of the *Christian Inquirer*. Their son, JOSEPH KIRKLAND, is a lawyer of Illinois. He served in the army during the civil war, and has written *Zury, the meanest Man in Spring County* (1887.) His sister, ELIZABETH STANSBURY KIRKLAND, Principal of a Female Seminary in

Chicago, has written: *Six little Cooks* (1875), *Dora's Housekeeping* (1877), *A Short History of France* (1878), and *Speech and Manners* (1885.)

MEETING OF THE FEMALE BENEFICENT SOCIETY.

At length came the much desired Tuesday, whose destined event was the first meeting of the Society. I had made preparations for such plain and simple fare as is usual at such feminine gatherings, and began to think of arranging my dress with the decorum required by the occasion, when about one hour before the appointed time came Mrs. Nippers and Miss Clinch, and ere they were unshawled and unhooded, Mrs. Flyter and her three children—the eldest four years, and the youngest six months. Then Mrs. Muggles and her crimson baby, four weeks old. Close on her heels, Mrs. Briggs and her little boy of about three years' standing, in a long-tailed coat, with vest and decencies of scarlet circassian. And there I stood in my gingham wrapper and kitchen apron, much to my discomfiture and the undisguised surprise of the Female Beneficent Society.

"I always calculate to be ready to begin at the time appointed," remarked the gristle-lipped widow.

"So do I," responded Mrs. Flyter and Mrs. Muggles, both of whom sat the whole afternoon, and did not sew a stitch.

"What! isn't there any work ready?" continued Mrs. Nippers, with an astonished aspect; "well, I *did* suppose that such smart officers as we have would have prepared all beforehand We always used to at the East."

Mrs. Skinner, who is really quite a pattern-woman in all that makes woman indispensable—cookery and sewing—took up the matter quite warmly, just as I slipped away in disgrace to make the requisite reform in my costume. When I returned, the work was distributed, and

the company broken up into little knots or coteries, every head bowed, and every tongue in full play.

I took my seat at as great a distance from the sharp widow as might be; though it is vain to think of eluding a person of her ubiquity—and reconnoitred the company who were "done off" in first-rate style for this important occasion. There were nineteen women, with thirteen babies, or at least "young 'uns," who were not above ginger-bread. Of these thirteen, nine held large chunks of ginger-bread or doughnuts, in trust for the benefit of the gowns of the Society, the remaining four were supplied with lumps of maple-sugar, tied up in bits of rag, and pinned to their shoulders, or held dripping in the hands of their mammas.

Mrs. Flyter was "slicked up" for the occasion in the snuff-colored silk she was married in, curiously enlarged in the back, and not as voluminous in the floating part as is the wasteful custom of the present day. Her three immense children, white-haired and blubber-lipped like their amiable parent, were in pink ginghams and blue glass-beads. Mrs. Nippers wore her unfailing brown merino and black apron; Miss Clinch her inevitable scarlet calico; Mrs. Skinner her red merino, with baby of the same; Mrs. Daker shone out in her very choicest city finery; and a dozen other Mistresses shone in their "'tother gowns" and their tamboured collars. Mrs. Philo Doubleday's pretty black-eyed Dolly was neatly stowed in a small willow basket, where it lay looking about with eyes of sweet wonder, behaving itself with marvelous quietness and discretion—as did most of the other little torments, to do them justice.

Much consultation, deep and solemn, was held as to the most profitable kinds of work to be undertaken by the Society. Many were in favor of making up linen—cotton-linen of course—but Mrs. Nippers assured the company that

shirts never used to sell well at the East, and therefore she was perfectly certain that they would not do here. Pincushions and such like feminalities were then proposed; but at these Mrs. Nippers held up both hands, and showed a double share of blue-white around her eyes. Nobody about her needed pincushions; and, besides, where should we get materials? Aprons, capes, caps, collars were all proposed with the same ill-success. At length Mrs. Doubleday, with an air of great deference, inquired what Mrs. Nippers would recommend. The good lady hesitated a little at this. It was more her forte to object to other peoples' plans than to suggest better; but, after a moment's consideration, she said she should think fancy boxes, watch-cases, and alum-baskets would be very pretty.

A dead silence fell on the assembly; but of course it did not last long. Mrs. Skinner went on quietly cutting out shirts, and in a very short time furnished each member with a good supply of work, stating that any lady might take work home to finish if she liked.

Mrs. Nippers took her work, and edged herself into a coterie of which Mrs. Flyter had seemed till then the magnate. Very soon I heard—"I declare it's a shame!"—"I don't know what'll be done about it!"—"She told me so with her own mouth!"—"Oh, but I was there myself!" etc., etc., in many different voices; the interstices filled with undistinguishable whispers, "not loud but deep." It was not long before the active widow transferred her seat to another corner; Miss Clinch plying her tongue—not her needle—in a third. The whispers and exclamations seemed to be gaining ground. The few silent members were inquiring for more work.

"Mrs. Nippers has the sleeve! Mrs. Nippers, have you finished that sleeve?" Mrs. Nippers colored, said "No," and sewed four stitches.

At length the storm grew loud apace: "It will break up the Society—"

"What is that?" asked Mrs. Doubleday in her sharp treble. "What is it, Mrs. Nippers? *You* know all about it."

Mrs. Nippers replied that she only knew what she had heard, etc., etc. But after a little urging consented to inform the company in general that there was great dissatisfaction in the neighborhood; that those who lived in *log-houses* at a little distance from the village had not been invited to join the Society; and also that many people thought twenty-five cents quite too high for a yearly subscription.

Many looked quite aghast at this. Public opinion is nowhere so strongly felt as in the country, among new settlers; and as many of the present company still lived in log-houses, a tender string was touched. At length an old lady, who had sat quietly in a corner all the afternoon, looked up from behind the great woolen sock she was knitting:

"Well, now! that's queer!" said she, addressing Mrs. Nippers with an air of simplicity simplified. "Miss Turner told me you went round her neighborhood last Friday, and told that Miss Clavers and Miss Skinner despised everybody that lived in log-houses. And you know you told Miss Briggs that you thought twenty-five cents was too much; didn't she, Miss Briggs?"

Mrs. Briggs nodded. The widow blushed to the very centre of her pale eyes; but "e'en though vanquished," she lost not her assurance: "Why, I am sure I only said that we only paid twelve-and-a-half cents at the East; and as to log-houses, I don't know—I can't just recollect—but I didn't say more than the others did."

But human nature could not bear up against the mortification; and it had, after all, the scarce credible effect of making Mrs. Nippers sew in silence for some time, and carry her

colors at half-mast the remainder of the afternoon.

At tea each lady took one or more of her babies on her lap, and much grabbing ensued. Those who wore calicoes seemed in good spirits and appetite—for green tea, at least; but those who had unwarily sported silks and other unwashables looked acid and uncomfortable. Cake flew about at a great rate, and the milk-and-water which ought to have quietly gone down sundry juvenile throats was spirted without mercy into sundry wry faces. But we got through. The astringent refreshment produced its usual crisping effect upon the vivacity of the company. Talk ran high upon all Montacutian themes:—

"Do you raise any butter now?"—"When are you going to raise your barn?"—"Is your man a-going to kill this week?"—"I ha'n't seen a bit of meat these six weeks."—"Was you to meetin' last Sabbath?"—"Has Miss White got any wool to sell?"—"Do tell if you've been to Detroit?"—"Are you out of candles?"—"Well, I *should* think Sarah Teals wanted a new gown!"—"I hope we shall have milk in a week or two." And so on; for, be it known that in a state of society like ours the bare necessaries of life are subjects of sufficient interest for a good deal of conversation.

"Is your daughter Isabella well?" asked Mrs. Nippers of me, solemnly, pointing to little Bell, who sat munching her bread-and-butter, half asleep at the fragmentious table.

"Yes, I believe so; look at her cheeks."

"Ah, yes! it was her cheeks I was looking at. They are so *very* rosy. I have a little niece who is the very image of her. I never see Isabella without thinking of Jerusha; and Jerusha is most dreadfully scrofulous."

Satisfied at having made me uncomfortable, Mrs. Nippers turned to Mrs. Doubleday, who

was trotting her pretty babe with her usual proud fondness.

"Don't you think your baby breathes rather strangely?" said the tormentor.

"Breathes! how!" said the poor thing, off her guard in an instant.

"Why, rather croupish, I think, if *I* am any judge. I have never had any children of my own, to be sure; but I was with Miss Green's baby when it died, and——"

"Come, we'll be off," said Mr. Doubleday, who had come for his spouse. "Don't mind that envious vixen"—aside to his Polly. Just then somebody on the opposite side of the room happened to say, speaking of some cloth affair, "Mrs. Nippers says it ought to be sponged." "Well, sponge it then by all means," said Mr. Doubleday; "nobody else knows half as much about sponging." And with wife and baby in tow, off set the laughing Philo, leaving the widow absolutely transfixed.

"What *could* Mr. Doubleday mean by that!" was at length her indignant exclamation. Nobody spoke. "I am sure," continued the crestfallen widow, with an attempt at a scornful giggle, "I am sure, if anybody understood him, I would be glad to know what he *did* mean."

"Well now, I can tell you," said the same simple old lady in the corner, who had let out the secret of Mrs. Nipper's morning walks; "Some folks call that *sponging* when you go about getting your dinner here, and your tea there, and sich-like—as you know you and Meesy there does. That was what he meant, I guess."

And the old lady quietly put up her knitting and prepared to go home. Mrs. Nipper's claret cloak and green bonnet, and Miss Clinch's ditto, ditto, were in earnest requisition; and I do not think that either of them spent an out that week. —*A New Home.*

KITTO, John, an English scholar, born at Plymouth in 1804; died at Canstadt, Germany, in 1854. At the age of twelve he was rendered incurably deaf in consequence of a fall from the roof of a house. He was placed in the work-house, and subsequently apprenticed to a shoemaker who treated him so cruelly that his indentures were cancelled, and he went back to the work-house. His fondness for study, procured for him admission to the Dissenting College at Islington, soon after which he published by subscription a small volume of miscellaneous writings. After three or four years he went to Bagdad as a private tutor, remaining there three years, during which time he acquired an intimate acquaintance with Oriental life. Returning to England, he was engaged by Charles Knight who employed him in the compilation of various books for the "Library of Useful Knowledge." In 1854 he was seized with paralysis, and went to Germany, where he died. Among his numerous compilations are: *The Pictorial Bible* (1835–38), *Uncle Oliver's Travels* (1838), *Pictorical History of Palestine* (1839–40), *Cyclopædia of Biblical Literature* (1839–40), *Physical Geography of the Holy Land* (1848), *Daily Bible Illustrations* (8 vols., 1849–53.) In 1848 he established the *Journal of Sacred Literature*, which he edited until 1853. In 1845 he published *The Lost Senses: Deafness and Blindness*, in which he gives a touching account of his own deprivation of hearing.

ORIGIN OF HIS DEAFNESS.

I became deaf on my father's birthday, early in the year 1817, when I had lately completed the twelfth year of my age. The commence-

ment of this condition is too clearly connected with my circumstances in life to allow me to refrain from relating some particulars which I should have been otherwise willing to withhold.

My father, at the expiration of his apprenticeship, was enabled by the support of his elder brother, an engineer, to commence life as a master-builder, with advantageous connections and the most favorable prospects. But both brothers seem to have belonged to that class of men whom prosperity ruins; for after some years they became neglectful of their business, and were eventually reduced to great distress. At the time I have specified, my father had become a jobbing mason, of precarious employment, and in such circumstances that it had for some time been necessary that I should lend my small assistance to his labors. This early demand upon my services, joined to much previous inability or reluctance to stand the cost of my schooling, and to frequent headache, which kept me much from school, even when in nominal attendance, made my education very backward. I could read well, but was an indifferent writer and worse cipherer, when the day arrived which was to alter so materially my condition and hopes in life.

The circumstances of that day—the last of twelve years of hearing, and the first (as I write) of twenty-eight years of deafness—have left a more distinct impression upon my mind than those of any previous, or almost of any subsequent day of my life. It was a day to be remembered. The last day on which any customary labor ceases the last day on which any customary privilege is enjoyed—the last day on which we do the things we have done daily—are always marked days in the calendar of life. How much more, therefore must the mind linger on the memories of a day which was the last of many blessed things, and in which one stroke of action and suffering—one moment of time—

wrought a greater change of condition than any sudden loss of wealth or honors ever made in the state of man.

On the day in question my father and another man, attended by myself, were engaged in new-slating the roof of a house, the ladder ascending to which was fixed in a small court paved with flag-stones. The access to this court from the street was by a paved passage through which ran a gutter whereby waste water was conducted from the yard into the street.

Three things occupied my mind that day. One was that the town-crier, who occupied part of the house in which we lived, had been the previous evening prevailed upon to intrust me with a book for which I had long been worrying him, and with the contents of which I was most eager to become acquainted. I think it was "*Kirby's Wonderful Magazine*"—and I now dwell the rather upon this circumstance as, with other facts of the same kind, it helps to satisfy me that I was already a most voracious reader, and that the calamity which befell me did not create in me the literary appetite, but only threw me more entirely upon the resources which it offered.

The second circumstance was that my grandmother had finished—all but the buttons—a new smock-frock which I had hoped to have assumed that very day, but which was faithfully promised for the morrow. As this was the first time I should have worn that article of attire, the event was contemplated with something of that interest and solicitude with which the assumption of the *toga virilis* may be supposed to have been contemplated by the Roman youth.

The last circumstance—and the one, perhaps, which had some effect upon what ensued—was this: In one of the apartments of the house upon which we were at work, a young sailor, of whom I had some knowledge, had died after a lingering illness which had been attended with

circumstances which the doctors could not well understand. It was therefore concluded that the body should be opened to ascertain the cause of his death. I knew that this was to be done, but not the time appointed for the operation. But in passing from the street into the yard, with a load of slate which I was to take to the house-top, my attention was drawn to a stream of blood—or rather, I suppose—bloody water—flowing through the gutter by which the passage was traversed.

The idea that this was the blood of the dead youth whom I had so lately seen alive, and that the doctors were then at work cutting him up and groping at his insides, made me shudder, and gave what I should now call a shock to my nerves—although I was very innocent of all knowledge about nerves at that time. I cannot but think that it was owing to this that I lost much of the presence of mind and collectedness so important to me at that moment; for when I had ascended to the top of the ladder, and was in the critical act of stepping from it on to the roof, I lost my footing, and fell backward, from a height of about thirty-five feet, into the paved court below.

Of what followed I know nothing; and as this is the record of my own sensations, I can here report nothing but that which I myself know. For one moment, indeed, I awoke from that death-like state, and then found that my father, attended by a crowd of people, was bearing me homeward in his arms; but I had then no recollection of what had happened, and at once relapsed into a state of unconsciousness.

In this state I remained for a fortnight, as I afterwards learned. These days were a blank in my life; I could never bring any recollections to bear upon them; and when I awoke one morning to consciousness, it was as from a night of sleep. I saw that it was at least two hours later than my usual time of rising, and marveled

that I had been suffered to sleep so late. I attempted to spring up in bed, and was astonished to find that I could not even move. The utter prostration of my strength subdued all curiosity within me. I experienced no pain, but felt that I was weak. I saw that I was treated as an invalid, and acquiesced in my condition, though some time passed before I could piece together my broken recollections so as to comprehend it.

I was very slow in learning that my hearing was entirely gone. The unusual stillness of all things was grateful to me in my utter exhaustion; and if, in this half-awakened state, a thought of the matter entered my mind, I ascribed it to the unusual care and success of my friends in preserving silence around me. I saw them talking, indeed, to one another, and thought that, out of regard to my feeble condition, they spoke in whispers, because I heard them not. The truth was revealed to me in consequence of my solicitude about the book which had so much interested me on the day of my fall. It had, it seems, been reclaimed by the good old man who had lent it to me, and who doubtless concluded that I should have no more need of books in this life. He was wrong; for there has been nothing in this life which I have needed more. I asked for this book with much earnestness, and was answered by signs which I could not comprehend. "Why do you not speak?" I cried. "Pray let me have the book."

This seemed to create much confusion, and at length some one, more clever than the rest, hit upon the happy expedient of writing upon a slate that the book had been reclaimed by the owner, and that I could not in my weak state be allowed to read it. "But," I said in great astonishment, "why do you write to me? Why not speak? Speak, speak!" Those who stood around the bed exchanged significant looks of concern, and the writer soon displayed upon his slate the awful words—"*You are Deaf!*"

Did not this utterly crush me? By no means. In my then weakened condition nothing like this could affect me. Besides, I was a child, and to a child the full extent of such a calamity could not be at once apparent. However, I knew not the future—it was well I did not; and there was nothing to show me that I suffered under more than a temporary deafness which in a few days might pass away. It was left for time to show me the sad realities of the condition to which I was reduced.—*The Lost Senses.*

KLOPSTOCK, FRIEDRICH GOTTLIEB, a German poet, born at Quedlinburg in 1724; died at Hamburg in 1803. At an early age, while a student at the Seminary of Schulpforte, he conceived the idea of writing an epic poem upon the story of Henry the Fowler. He entered the University of Jena, where he studied until 1745, and his enthusiasm took a religious turn, and he chose "The Messiah" as the theme of his proposed epic. In 1746 he went to Leipsic, where a literary association had been gathered together, the aim of which was an entire renovation of the form and spirit of German poetry. This association established at Bremen a literary journal, the *Literarische Zeitung*. The first three cantos of Klopstock's *Messiah* were published in this journal in 1748; the remainder of the poem appeared at intervals, the last part as late as 1773. From the outset Klopstock was recognized in certain circles of Germany as a great epic poet, worthy to rank with Dante and Milton. Later generations have failed to accord to him any such place.

The external life of Klopstock was a fortunate one. After the publication of the first three cantos of *The Messiah* he acted as a private tutor for a couple of years. In 1750 the Danish Prime Minister invited him to Copenhagen, offering him a pension of $300, so that he might be able to devote himself wholly to the composition of his epic. He was received at Copenhagen with marked distinction; became a favorite of the King, by whom he was employed in honorable official posts, ending in 1771 with that of Councillor of the Danish Legation at Hamburg, which thereafter became

his residence. Another pension was granted him by the Prince of Baden, and the French Revolutionary Government made him an honorary citizen of the Republic. He died at the age of nearly four-score, and his funeral was celebrated with a pomp almost regal.

Klopstock's works cover a great variety of topics. Among them are grammatical and philological treatises; several patriotic dramas in commemoration of the national hero Hermann, or Arminius; and numerous odes. Most of his works, however, are dramatic poems based upon Scriptural themes. The most important of these are *The Messiah*, *The Death of Adam*, *Solomon*, and *David*. Of his works, taken in mass, Novalis says that "they resemble translations from some unknown poet, prepared by a skillful but unpoetical philologist." Some of his odes, however, are worthy of less guarded commendation. Perhaps the best of them is the Ode to God, which we give in the translation contained in the *Foreign Review*.

ODE TO GOD.

Thou Jehovah
Art named, but I am dust of dust
Dust, yet eternal: for the immortal Soul
Thou gaved'st me, gaved'st Thou for eternity;
Breathed'st into her, to form thy maze,
Sublime desires for peace and bliss,
A thronging host! but one, more beautiful
Than all the rest, is as the Queen of all,
Of Thee the last divinest image,
The fairest, most attractive—Love!
Thou feelest it, though as the Eternal One:
It feel, rejoicing, the high angels whom
Thou mad'st celestial—Thy last image.
The fairest and divinest Love!

Deep within Adam's heart Thou planted'st it,
In his idea of perfection made,
For him create, to him thou broughtest
The Mother of the Human Race.
Deep also in my heart thou planted'st it:
In my idea of perfection made,
For me create, from me Thou leadest
Her whom my soul entirely loves.
Towards her my soul is all outshed in tears—
My full soul weeps, to stream itself away
Wholly in tears! From me Thou leadest
Her whom I love, O God! from me—
For so Thy destiny, invisibly,
Ever in darkness works—far, far away
From my fond arms in vain extended—
But not away from my sad heart!
And yet Thou knowest why Thou didst conceive,
And to reality creating, call
Souls so susceptible of feeling,
And for each other fitted so.
Thou knowest, Creator! But Thy destiny
Those souls—thus born for each other—parts:
High destiny impenetrable—
How dark, yet how adorable!
But Life, when with Eternity compared,
Is like the swift breath by the dying breathed,
The last breath, wherewith flees the spirit
That age to endless life aspired.
What once was labyrinth in glory melts
Away—and destiny is then no more.
Ah, then, with rapturous re-beholding,
Thou givest soul to soul again!
Thought of the Soul and of Eternity,
Worthy and meet to soothe the saddest pain:
My soul conceives it in its greatness;
But, Oh, I feel too much the life
That here I live! Like immortality,
What seemed a breath fearfully wide extends!
I see, I see my bosom's anguish
In boundless darkness magnified.
God! let this life pass like a fleeting breath!

Ah, no! But her, who seems designed for me,
Give—easy for Thee to accord me—
Give to my trembling, tearful heart!
The pleasing awe that thrills me, meeting her!
The suppressed stammer of the dying soul,
That has no words to say its feelings
And save by tears is wholly mute!
Give her into my arms, which, innocent
In childhood, oft to Thee in heaven,
When with the fervor of devotion
I prayed of Thee eternal peace!
With the same effort dost Thou grant and take
From the poor worm, whose hours are centuries,
This brief felicity—the worm, man,
Who blooms his season, droops and dies!
By her beloved, I beautiful and blest
Will Virtue call, and on her heavenly form
With fixèd will gaze, and only
Own that for peace and happiness
Which she prescribes for me. But, Holier One,
Thee too, who dwell'st afar in higher state
Than human virture—Thee I'll honor,
Only by God observed, more pure.
By her beloved, will I more zealously,
Rejoicing, meet before Thee, and pour forth
My fuller heart, Eternal Father.
In hallelujas ferventer.
Then, when she with me, she Thine exalted praise
Weeps up to heaven in prayer, with eyes that swim
In ecstacy, shall I already
With her that higher life enjoy.
The song of the Messiah, in her arms
Quaffing enjoyment pure, I nobler may
Sing to the Good, who love as deeply
And, being Christians, feel as we!

KNAPP, Francis, an Anglo-American poet, born in Berkshire, England, in 1672; died at Watertown, Mass., about 1712. He matriculated at St. John's College, Oxford, and came to New England to take possession of some land, which had been acquired by his grandfather at Watertown, near Boston, where he passed the remainder of his life in the quiet pursuits of a scholar. A poem relating to "Fresh Pond," in Watertown, which appeared in the *New England Weekly Journal*, in 1731, has a distinctively New England character.

A NEW ENGLAND POND.

Of ancient streams presume no more to tell—
The famed Castalian or Pierian well.
Fresh Pond superior must these rolls confess,
As much as Cambridge yields to Rome or Greece.
More limpid water can no fountain show,
A fairer bottom or a smoother brow.
On this side willows hem the basin round;
There graceful trees the promontory crown.
No noxious snake disperses poison here,
Nor screams of night-bird rend the twilight air,
Excepting him who, when the groves are still,
Hums amorous tunes, and whispers whip-poor-will.
Hither, ye bards, for inspiration come;
Let every other fount but this be dumb.
Which way soe'er your airy genius leads,
Receive your model from these vocal shades.
Would you in homely pastoral excel,
Take pattern from the merry piping quail;
Observe the blue-bird for a roundelay,
The chattering pye or ever-babbling jay;
The plaintive dove the soft love-verse can teach,
And mimic thrush to imitators preach;
In Pindar's strain the lark salutes the dawn,
The lyric robin chirps the evening on.
For poignant satire mark the mavis well,

And hear the sparrow for a madrigal
For every sense a pattern here you have
From strains heroic down to humble stave.
Not Phœbus's self, although the God of Verse,
Could hit such fine and entertaining airs;
Nor the fair maids who round the fountain sate,
Such artless heavenly music modulate.
Each thicket seems a Paradise renewed;
The soft vibrations fire the moving blood.
Each sense its part of sweet delusion shares,
The scenes bewitch the eye, the song the ears.
Pregnant with scent, each wind regales the smell,
Like cooling sheets the enwrapping breezes feel.

During the dark, if poets eyes we trust,
These lawns are haunted by some swarthy ghost.
Some Indian prince who, fond of former joys,
With bow and quiver through the shadow plies;
He can't in death his native grove forget,
But leaves Elysium for his native seat.
O happy pond! had'st thou in Grecia flowed,
The bounteous blessing of some watery god,
Or had some Ovid sung this liquid rise,
Distilled perhaps from slighted Virgil's eyes!

Well is thy worth in Indian story known,
Thy living lymph and fertile border strown;
Thy various flocks the covered shore can shun,
Drove by the fowler and the fatal gun;
The shining roach and yellow bristly bream;
The pick'rel, rav'nous monarch of the stream;
The perch, whose back a ring of colors shows;
The horny pout, who courts the slimy ooze;
The eel serpentine, some of dubious race;
The tortoise with his golden-spotted case;
The hairy muskrat, whose perfume defies
The balmy odor of Arabian skies.
The throngs of Harvard know thy pleasures well—
Joys too extravagant, perhaps, to tell;
Hither oftimes the learned tribe repair,
When Sol returning warms the glowing year.

KNAUST, HEINRICH, a German poet, born in 1541; died in 1557. Among the best of his quaint verses are the following:

DIGNITY OF THE CLERKS.

Paper dóth make a rustle, and it can rustle well;
To find it is no puzzle, sith aye it rustle will.

In every place 'twill rustle, where'er 's a little bit;
So too the Scholars rustle withouten all deceit.

Of tag and rag they make the noble writer's stuff;
One might with laughter shake, I tell you true enough.

Old tatters, cleanly worked, thereto they do prepare;
Lift many from the ashen, that erst sore want did bear.

The pen behind the ear, all pointed for to write,
Doth hidden anger stir. Forevermore the Clerk doth sit.

Before all other wights; since him a Clerk they call;
The princes he delights—they love him most of all.

The Clerk full well they name a treasure of much cost;
Thou he's begrudged the same, nathless he keeps his post.

Before the Clerk must bend oft many a warrior grim,
And to the corner wend, although it pleased not him.

Transl. of C. C. FELTON.

KNEBEL, KARL LUDWIG VON, a German poet, born in Bavaria in 1744: died at Jena in 1834. His progenitors were Protestant refugees from the Netherlands. He became an officer in the regiment of the Crown Prince of Prussia, and at the age of thirty was appointed tutor to Prince Constantine of Wiemar. At the court of Wiemar he lived for many years in close intimacy with Goethe, Herder, and Wieland. He wrote much original poetry, and made various translations from other languages into German. Among these translations are the *De Rerum Naturâ* of Lucretius, the *Elegies* of Propertius, and the *Saul* of Albieri.

ADRASTEA.

Ween ye that Law and Right and the Rule of Life are uncertain—
Wild as the wandering wind, loose as the drift of sand?
Fools! look round and perceive an order and a measure in all things!
Look at the herb as it grows, look at the life of the brute:
Everything lives by a law, a central balance sustains all;
Water, and fire, and air, wavy and wild as they be,
Own an inherent power that binds their rage, and without it
Earth would burst every bond, ocean would yawn into hell.
Life and breath, what are they? The system of laws that sustains thee
Ceases: and, mortal, say whither thy being hath fled!
What thou art in thyself is a type of the common creation;
For in the Universe, Life, Order, Existence are one.

Look to the world of Mind: Hath soul no law
that controls it?
Elements may in one build up the temple of
Thought;
And when the building is just, the feeling of
Truth is the offspring:
Truth, how great is thy might, e'en in the breast
of the child!
Constant swayeth within us a living balance
that weighs all.
Truth, order and right measures and ponders,
and feels
Passions arouse the breast; the tongue, swift-
seized by the impulse,
Wisely (if wisdom there be) follows the laws of
the soul;
Thus, too, ruleth a Law—a sure Law, deep in
the bosom,
Blessing us when we obey, punishing when we
offend.

Far by the sacred stream where goddess Ganga
is worshipped,
Dwell a race of mankind pure in heart and in
life:
From the stars of the welkin they have their
birth; and the ancient
Earth—more ancient than they—knoweth no
older people that lives.
Simple and sweet is their food; they eat no
flesh of the living,
And from the blood of the brute shrinks the
pure spirit away;
For in the shape of another it sees itself meta-
morphosed,
And in the kindred of form owneth a nature
the same.

Children of happier climes, of suns and moons
that benignly
Shine, hath dew from above watered your sensi-
tive souls?
To the delicate flowers, gentle and lovely as
they?

Say, what power of gods hath joined your spirits in wedlock
Under blooming groves, and sweet and pregnant with ambra,
Gaugeth the Spirit Divine purer the measure of Right?
Pure is the being of God they teach, His nature is goodness:
Passions and stormy wrath stir not the bosom of Brahm.
But by the fate of the wrecked the wicked are punished unfading;
Sorrow and anguish of soul follow the doers of sin;
In their bosom is hell, the sleepless voice of accusing
Speaks; and gnaweth a worm, never, oh! never to die!

KNIGHT, CHARLES, an English publisher and author, born in 1791; died in 1873. In 1823 he commenced the publication of *Knight's Quarterly Magazine* in which appeared Macaulay's earliest writings; the title was changed in 1827 to *The London Magazine*, and in it appeared Carlyle's *Life of Schiller* and De Quincey's *Confessions of an English Opium-Eater*. About 1830 he became connected with the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge, as publisher and agent. Among the works, issued mainly at his own risk, were the *Penny Magazine*, which at one time had a circulation of 200,000 copies. In 1856–1862 was published *The Popular History of England*, written mainly by himself. Among his numerous compilations are *Half Hours with the Best Authors* (1848), and *Half Hours with the Best Letter-Writers* (1866.) His *Life of Caxton*, published in 1844, was in 1854 greatly enlarged, and issued under the title, *The Old Printer and the Modern Press*. Mr. Knight's publishing enterprises were not ultimately successful; but about 1860 he received from the Government the appointment of publisher of the *London Gazette*, the duties being merely nominal, and the salary £1,200 a year. Soon after his death a statue of him was erected at Windsor, where he was born, and where he first entered upon business as a bookseller and publisher.

A PROPHECY OF PRINTING.

It was evensong time when, after a day of listlessness, the printers in the Almonry of Westminster prepared to close the doors of their workshop. This was a tolerably spacious room,

with a carved oaken roof. The setting sun shone brightly into the chamber, and lighted up such furniture as no other room in London could then exhibit. Between the columns which supported the roof stood two presses—ponderous machines. A "form" of types lay unread upon the "table" of one of these presses; the other was empty. There were "cases" ranged between the opposite columns; but there was no "copy" suspended ready for the compositors to proceed with in the morning. No heap of wet paper was piled upon the floor. The "balls," removed from the presses, were rotting in a corner. The "ink-blocks" were dusty, and a thin film had formed over the oily pigment. William Caxton, he who had set these machines in motion and filled the whole space with the activity of his mind, was dead. His daily work was ended.

Three grave-looking men, decently clothed in black, were girding on their swords. Their caps were in their hands. The door opened, and the chief of the workmen came in. It was Wynkyn de Worde. With short speech, but looks of deep significance, he called a "Chapel"—the printers' Parliament—a conclave as solemn and as omnipotent as the Saxons' Wittenagemot. Wynkyn was the "Father of the Chapel."

The four drew their high stools round the "imposing-stone." Upon the stone lay two uncorrected folio pages—a portion of the *Lives of the Fathers*. The "proof" was not returned. He that they had followed a few days before to his grave in Saint Margaret's Church, had lifted it once to his failing eyes—and then they closed in night.

"Companions," said Wynkyn—surely that word "companion" tells of the antiquity of printing, and of the old love and fellowship that subsisted amongst its craft—"Companions, the good work will not stop."

"Wynkyn," said Richard Pynson, "who is to carry on the work?"

"I am ready," answered Wynkyn.

A faint expression of joy arose to the lips of these honest men; but it was dampened by the remembrance of him they had lost.

"He died," said Wynkyn, "as he lived. The *Lives of the Holy Fathers* is finished, as far as the translator's labor. There is the rest of the the copy. Read the words of the last page which *I* have written: '*Thus endeth the most virtuous history of the devout and right-renowned lives of the Holy Fathers living in the desert, worthy of remembrance to all well-disposed persons, which has been translated out of French into English by William Caxton, of Westminster, late dead, and finished at the last day of his life.*'"

The tears were in all their eyes; and "God rest his soul!" was whispered around.

"Companion," said William Machlinia, "is not this a hazardous enterprise?"

"I have encouragements," replied Wynkyn; "the Lady Margaret, his Highness's mother, gives me aid. So droop not, fear not. We will carry on the work briskly in our good master's house.—So fill the case."

A shout almost mounted to the roof.

"But why should we fear? You, Machlinia, you, Letton, and you, dear Richard Pynson, if you choose not to abide with your old companion here, there is work for you all in these good towns of Westminster, London, and Southwark. You have money; you know where to buy types. Printing *must* go forward."

"Always full of heart," said Pynson. "But have you forgot the statute of King Richard? We cannot say, 'God rest his soul!' for our old master scarcely ever forgave him putting Lord Rivers to death. You forget the statute. We ought to know it, for we printed it. I can turn to the file in a moment. It is the Act touching the merchants of Italy, which forbids them sell-

ing their wares in this realm. Here it is—'Provided always that this Act, or any part thereof, in no wise extend or be prejudicial of any let, hurt, or impediment to any artificer or merchant stranger, of what nation or country he be or shall be of, for bringing into this realm, or selling by retail or otherwise, of any manner of books written or imprinted.'—Can we stand up against that, if we have more presses than the old press of the Abbey of Westminster?"

"Aye, truly, we can, good friend," briskly answered Wynkyn. "Have we any books in our store? Could we ever print books fast enough? Are there not readers rising up on all sides? Do we depend upon the Court? The mercers and the drapers, the grocers and the spicers of the city crowd here for our books. The rude uplandish men even take our books—they that our master rather vilipended. The tapsters and taverners have our books. The whole country-side cries out for our ballads and our Robin Hood stories; and, to say the truth, the citizen's wife is as much taken with our King Arthurs and King Blanchardines as the most noble knight that Master Caxton ever desired to look upon in his green days of jousts in Burgundy. So fill the case!"

"But if foreigners bring books into England," said the cautious William Machlinia, "there will be more books than readers."

"Books make readers," rejoined Wynkyn. "Do you not remember how timidly our bold master went on before he was safe in his sell? Do you forget how he asked this lord to take a copy, and that knight to give him something in fee; and how he bargained for his summer venison and his winter venison as an encouragement in his ventures? But he found a larger market than he ever counted upon; and so shall we all. Go ye forth, my brave fellows. Stay not to work for me, if you can work better for yourselves. I fear no rivals."

"Why, Wynkyn," interposed Pynson; "you talk as if printing were as necessary as air; books as food, clothing, or fire."

"And so they will be some day. What is to stop the wish for books? Will one man have the command of books, and another man desire them not? The time may come when every man shall require books."

"Perhaps," said Letton, who had an eye to printing the Statutes, "the time may come when every man shall want to read an Act of Parliament, instead of the few lawyers who buy our Acts now."

"Hardly so," grunted Wynkyn.

"Or perchance you think that when our Sovereign Liege meets his Peers and Commons in Parliament, it were well to print a book, some month or two after, to tell what the Parliament said, as well as ordained."

"Nay, nay, you run me hard," said Wynkyn.

"And if within a month, why not within a day? Why shouldn't we print the words as fast as spoken? We only want fairys fingers to pick up our types, and presses that Doctor Faustus and his devils may some day make, to tell all London to-morrow morning what is done this morning in the palace at Westminster."

"Prithee, be serious," ejaculated Wynkyn. "I was speaking of possible things; and I really think the day may come when one person in a thousand may read books and buy books, and we shall have a trade almost as good as that of armorers and fletchers."

"The Bible!" exclaimed Pynson; "Oh that we might print the Bible! I know of a copy of Wickliffe's Bible. That were indeed a book to print!"

"I have no doubt, Richard, that the happy time may come when a Bible shall be chained in every church, for every Christian man to look upon. You remember when our brother Hunte showed us the chained books in the Library at

Oxford. So, a century or two hence, a Bible may be found in every parish. Twelve thousand parishes in England! We should want more paper in that good day, Master Richard."

"You had better fancy," said Letton, "that every housekeeper will want a Bible! Heaven save the mark, how some men's imaginations run away with them!"

"I cannot see," interposed Machlinia, "how we can venture upon more presses in London. Here are two. They have been worked well since the day when they were shipped at Cologne. Here are five founts of type—as much as a thousand weight. They have been well worked; they are pretty nigh worn out. What man would risk such an adventure after our good old master? He was a favorite at court and in cloister. He was well patronized. Who is to patronize us?"

"The people, I tell you," exclaimed Wynkyn. "The babe in the cradle wants an Abseybook; the maid at her distaff a Ballad; the priest wants his Pié; the young lover wants a Romance of Chivalry to read to his mistress; the lawyer wants his Statutes; the scholar wants his Virgil and Cicero. They will all want more, the more they are supplied. How many in England have a book at all, think you? Let us make books cheaper by printing more of them at a time. The church-wardens of Saint Margaret's School asked me six-and-eight pence yesterday for the volume that our master left the parish; for not a copy can I get, if we should want to print again. Six-and-eightpence! That was exactly what he charged his customers for the volume. Print five hundred instead of two hundred, and we could sell it for three-and-fourpence."

"And ruin ourselves," said Machlinia. "Master Wynkyn, I shall fear to work for you if you go on so madly. What has turned your head?"—*William Caxton, a Biography.*

KNOWLES, HERBERT, an English poet, born at Canterbury in 1798; died in 1817, at the age of nineteen. There are in our language few poems by one who died so young equal to the following, which was written in the Churchyard of Richmond, Yorkshire.

BUILDING OUR TABERNACLES.

"Lord, it is good for us to be here; if thou wilt, let us make here three tabernacles; one for Thee, and one for Moses, and one for Elias."

Methinks it is good to be here.
If thou wilt, let us build—but for whom?
Nor Elias nor Moses appear;
But the shadows of eve that encompass with gloom
The abode of the dead and the place of the tomb.

Shall we build to Ambition? Ah no!
Affrighted, he shrinketh away;
For see, they would pin him below
In a small narrow cave; and, begirt with cold clay,
To the meanest of reptiles a peer and a prey.

To Beauty? Ah no! she forgets
The charms which she wielded before;
Nor knows the foul worm that he frets
The skin which but yesterday fools could adore.
For the smoothness it held or the tint which it wore.

Shall we build to the purple of Pride,
The trappings which dizen the proud?
Alas, they are all laid aside,
And here's neither dress nor adornments allowed,
But the long winding-sheet and the fringe of the shroud.

To Riches? Alas! 'tis in vain;
Who hid, in their turns have been hid;
The treasures are squandered again;
And here in the grave are all metals forbid
But the tinsel that shines on the dark coffin-lid.

To the pleasures which Mirth can afford,
The revel, the laugh, and the jeer?
Ah! here is a plentiful board!
But the guests are all mute as their pitiful cheer,
And none but the worm is a reveller here.

Shall we build to Affection and Love?
Ah no! they have withered and died,
Or fled with the spirit above.
Friends, brothers, and sisters are laid side by side,
Yet none have saluted, and none have replied.

Unto Sorrow?—the dead cannot grieve;
Not a sob, not a sigh meets mine ear,
Which Compassion itself could relieve.
Ah, sweetly they slumber, nor love, hope, or fear
Peace! peace is the watchword, the only one here.

Unto Death, to whom monarchs must bow?
Ah no! for his empire is known,
And here there are trophies enow!
Beneath the cold dead, and around the dark stone,
Are the signs of a sceptre that none may disown.

The first tabernacle to Hope we will build,
And look for the sleepers around us to rise!
The second to Faith, which insures it fulfilled;
And the third to the Lamb of the great Sacrifice,
Who bequeathed us them both when He rose to the skies.

KNOWLES, JAMES SHERIDAN, a British dramatist, born at Cork, Ireland, in 1784: died at Torquay, Devonshire, in 1862. He was removed to London in 1793, and not long after produced a play and a popular ballad. In 1806 he appeared on the stage at Dublin, and for some years joined to the labors of an actor those of dramatic author and teacher. His first important success was attained at Belfast by *Caius Gracchus* in 1815. *Virginius*, produced in 1820, established his reputation. *William Tell* followed in 1825. His other plays are *The Beggar's Daughter of Bethnal Green* (1828), *Alfred the Great* (1831.) *The Hunchback* (1832), *The Wife* (1833), *The Daughter* (1836), *The Love Chase* (1837), *Woman's Wit* (1838), *The Maid of Mariendorpt* (1838), *Love* (1839) *John of Procida* (1840), *Old Maids* (1841), *The Rose of Aragon* (1842), and *The Secretary* (1843.) These were gathered into three volumes as his *Dramatic Works* (1843:) revised edition in two volumes, 1856.) Knowles abandoned the stage from conscientious scruples in 1845, wrote two novels, *Fortescue* and *George Lovell* (1847), received a pension of £200 in 1849, became a Baptist preacher in 1852, and published *The Rock of Rome* (1849) and *The Idol demolished by its own Priests* (1851.)

DEATH OF VIRGINIA.

Appius.—Virginius,
I feel for you; but though you were my father,
The majesty of justice should be sacred—
Claudius must take Virginia home with him!

Virginius.—And if he must, I should advise him, Appius,
To take her home in time, before his guardian
Complete the violation which his eyes

Already have begun.—Friends! fellow-citizens:
Look not on Claudius—look on your Decemvir!
He is the master claims Virginia!
The tongues that told him she was not my child
Are these:—the costly charms he cannot purchase,
Except by making her the slave of Claudius,
His client, his purveyor, that caters for
His pleasure—markets for him, picks and scents,
And tastes, that he may banquet—serves him up
His sensual feast, and is not now ashamed,
In the open, common street, before your eyes—
Frighting your daughters' and your matrons' cheeks
With blushes they ne'er thought to meet—to help him
To the honor of a Roman maid! my child!
Who now clings to me, as you see, as if
This second Tarquin had already coiled
His arms around her. Look upon her, Romans!
Befriend her! succor her! see her not polluted
Before her father's eyes!—He is but one.
Tear her from Appius and his lictors while
She is unstained!—Your hands! your hands! your hands!

Citizens.—They are yours, Virginius.

App.—Keep the people back!
Support my lictors, soldiers! Seize the girl,
And drive the people back.

Icilius.—Down with the slaves!

[The people make a show of resistance; but, upon the advance of the soldiers, retreat, and leave ICILIUS, VIRGINIUS, and his daughter in the hands of APPIUS and his party.]

Deserted! Cowards! traitors!—Let me free
But for a moment!—I relied on you:
Had I relied upon myself alone,
I had kept them still at bay.—I kneel to you:
Let me but loose a moment, if 'tis only
To rush upon your swords.

Vir.—Icilius, peace!

You see how 'tis: we are deserted, left
Alone by our friends, surrounded by our enemies,
Nerveless and helpless.
App.—Separate them, lictors!
Vir.—Let them forbear awhile, I pray you, Appius:
It is not very easy. Though her arms
Are tender, yet the hold is strong by which
She grasps me, Appius—forcing them will hurt them:
They'll soon unclasp themselves. Wait but a little;
You know you're sure of her.
App.—I have not time
To idle with thee: give her to my lictors.
Vir.—Appius, I pray you wait! If she is not
My child, she hath been like a child to me
For fifteen years. If I am not her father,
I have been like a father to her, Appius,
For even such a time. They that have lived
So long a time together, in so near
And dear society, may be allowed
A little time for parting. Let me take
The maid aside, I pray you, and confer
A moment with her nurse; perhaps she'll give me
Some token will unloose a tie so twined
And knotted round my heart, that, if you break it,
My heart breaks with it.
App.—Have your wish. Be brief!—
Lictors, look to them.
Virginia.—Do you go from me?
Do you leave me? Father! Father!
Vir.—No, my child.
No, my Virginia. Come along with me.
Virginia.—Will you not leave me? Will you take me with you?
Will you take me home again? O, bless you, bless you!

My father! my dear father! Art thou not
My father?

[VIRGINIUS, perfectly at a loss what to do, looks anxiously around the Forum: at length his eye falls on a butcher's stall, with a knife upon it.]

Vir.—This way, my child.—No, no; I'm not going
To leave thee, my Virginia! I'll not leave thee.

App.—Keep back the people, soldiers! Let them not
Approach Virginius! Keep the people back!—

[VIRGINIUS *secures the knife.*]

Well, have you done?

Vir.—Short time for converse, Appius,
But I have.

App.—I hope you are satisfied.

Vir.—I am—
I am—that she is my daughter!

App.—Take her, lictors!

[VIRGINIA shrieks, and falls half-dead upon her father's shoulder.]

Vir.—Another moment, pray you. Bear with me
A little: 'tis my last embrace. 'Twon't try
Your patience beyond bearing, if you're a man!
Lengthen it as I may, I cannot make it
Long.—My dear child! My dear Virginia!
[*Kissing her.*]
There is one only way to save thine honor—
'Tis this.

[VIRGINIUS stabs her, and draws out the knife. ICILIUS breaks from the soldiers that held him, and catches her.]

Lo, Appius, with this innocent blood
I do devote thee to the infernal gods!
Make way there!

App.—Stop him! seize him!

Vir.—If they dare
To tempt the desperate weapon that is maddened

With drinking of my daughter's blood, why, let
them : thus
It rushes in amongst them. Way there! way!
Virginius.

TELL AMONG THE MOUNTAINS.

Ye crags and peaks, I'm with you once again!
I hold to you the hands you first beheld,
To show they still are free! Methinks I hear
A spirit in your echoes answer me,
And bid your tenant welcome to his home
Again! O sacred forms, how proud you look!
How high you lift your heads into the sky!
How huge you are! how mighty and how free!
How do you look, for all your barèd brows,
More gorgeously majestical than kings
Whose loaded coronets exhaust the mine!
Ye are the things that tower, that shine, whose
smile
Makes glad, whose frown is terrible; whose forms,
Robed or unrobed, do all the impress wear
Of awe divine; whose subject never kneels
In mockery, because it is your boast
To keep him free! Ye guards of liberty,
I'm with you once again!—I call to you,
With all my voice! I hold my hands to you
To show they still are free! I rush to you
As though I could embrace you!
William Tell.

KNOX, Thomas Wallace, an American traveller and author, born at Pembroke, N. H., in 1835. He studied at neighboring academies, and opened one of his own at Kingston, N. H. His work as a newspaper correspondent began in Colorado in 1860, was transferred to the U. S. Army in the south-west 1860–61, and continued in a journey round the world in 1866–67, and another in 1877–78. The intervals have been usually spent in New York city, in labors of journalism and authorship. He has invented a system of topographical telegraphy, which was adopted by the U. S. government for the transmission of weather maps. In 1880 he received the order of the White Elephant from the King of Siam. He has published *Camp-fire and Cotton-field* (1865), *Overland through Asia* (1870), *Underground Life* (1873), *Backsheesh* (1875), *How to Travel* (1880), *Pocket-Guide for Europe* (1881), *Around the World* (1882), *Voyage of the "Vivian" to the North Pole* (1884), *Lives of Blaine and Logan* (1884), *Marco Polo for Boys and Girls* (1885), *Robert Fulton and Steam Navigation* (1886), *Life of Henry Ward Beecher* (1887), *Decisive Battles since Waterloo* (1887), and *Dog Stories and Dog Lore* (1887). He is perhaps best known by his series of *Boy Travellers*, who since 1878 have been conducted through *China and Japan*, *Siam and Java*, *Ceylon and India*, *Egypt and the Holy Land*, *Africa*, *South America*, and *On the Congo*. Of similar character are *The Young Nimrods in North America* and *in Europe*, *Asia*, *and Africa*.

FUTURE MODES OF TRAVEL.

We may yet come to the speed of a railway train on the water, and more than one inventor

believes that he can do so. The prediction that we will yet cross the Atlantic in three days is no wilder than would have been the prediction, at the beginning of this century, that we could travel on land or sea at our present rate, and that intelligence could be flashed along a wire in a few seconds of time from one end of the world to the other. The railway, the ocean steamer, the telegraph, the telephone, and many other things that seem almost commonplace to us, would have been regarded as the emanations of a crazy brain a hundred years ago. We, or our descendants, may be able to go through the air at will, and show the birds that we can do as much as they can. Not long ago, I was reading a sketch supposed to be written a thousand years hence. The writer describes his travels, and gives a picture of the public highway. An omnibus supported by balloons, and drawn by a pair of them—harnessed as we would harness horses—is represented on its way through the air. The driver is on his box, and the conductor at the door, while the passengers are looking out of the windows. A bird, who has doubtless become thoroughly familiar with the aërial craft, has seized the hat of a passenger and flies away with it, and the victim of the theft is vainly stretching his hands towards his property. Balloons are sailing through the air, and in one a man is seated, who is evidently out for a day's sport. He has a rod and line, and is industriously occupied in birding, just as one might engage in fishing from the side of a boat. A string of birds hangs from the seat of his conveyance, and he is in the act of taking a fresh prize at the end of his line. There is another picture representing the ferry of the future. It consists of an enormous mortar, from which a couple of bombs have been fired; they are connected by a chain, and each bomb is large enough to contain several persons.—*The Boy Travellers in the Far East.*

KNOX, WILLIAM, a Scottish poet, born in 1789; died in 1825. The following poem, of which only a part is here given, was a special favorite of Abraham Lincoln.

WHY SHOULD THE SPIRIT OF MORTAL BE PROUD?

Oh, why should the spirit of mortal be proud?
Like a swift-fleeting meteor, a fast-flying cloud,
A flash of the lightning, a break of the wave,
He passes from life to his rest in the grave.

The leaves of the oak and the willow shall fade,
Be scattered around, and together be laid;
And the young and the old, and the low and the high,
Shall moulder to dust, and together shall lie.

The infant a mother attended and loved,
The mother that infant's affection who proved,
The husband that mother and infant who blest,
Each, all, are away to their dwelling of rest.

The hand of the king that the sceptre hath borne,
The brow of the priest that the mitre hath worn,
The eye of the sage, and the heart of the brave,
Are hidden and lost in the depths of the grave.

The maid on whose cheek, on whose brow, in whose eye,
Shone beauty and pleasure—her triumphs are by;
And the memory of those that beloved her and praised
Are alike from the minds of the living erased.

The saint who enjoyed the communion of heaven,
The sinner who dared to remain unforgiven,
The wise and the foolish, the guilty and just
Have quietly mingled their bones in the dust.

So the multitude goes, like the flower and the weed
That wither away to let others succeed;
So the multitude comes, even those we behold,
To repeat every tale that hath often been told.

For we are the same that our fathers have been ;
We see the same sights, our fathers have seen ;
We drink the same stream, and we feel the same sun,
And run the same course that our fathers have run.

The thoughts we are thinking our fathers would think ;
From the death we are shrinking our fathers would shrink ;
To the life we are clinging they also would cling ;
But it speeds from the earth like a bird on the wing.

Yea ! hope and despondency, pleasure and pain,
Are mingled together like sunshine and rain ;
And the smile and the tear, the song and the dirge
Still follow each other, like surge upon surge.

'Tis the twink of an eye, 'tis the draught of a breath,
From the blossom of health to the paleness of death,
From the gilded saloon to the bier and the shroud :—
Oh, why should the spirit of mortal be proud ?

KOCK, CHARLES PAUL DE, a French novelist, born at Passy in 1794; died at Paris in 1871. His father, a banker of Dutch family, perished during the Reign of Terror. The son's life was wholly uneventful, and was passed chiefly in Paris. His first novel, published at eighteen, was not successful. He then, with much assistance from others, produced a quantity of melodramas, comic operas, and vaudevilles, which brought him reputation and money, but are of small literary value. His prose fictions, which number about 100, had for some time a wide though somewhat unsavory popularity, though rather abroad than in France. They had little of style, seriousness, or elevation; but they were amusing, and as pictures of middle class Parisian life in the eighteenth century some historical value is claimed for them. De Kock was "the Charles de Bernard of low life," and no less the favorite novelist of Thackeray's Major Pendennis. His most famous story is *Le Barbier de Paris*, and the purest and most meritorious of them is *André le Savoyard*.

CHILDREN OF NATURE.

Usages, customs, language, fashions change, but the world remains ever the same; for I mean by "world" not only the brilliant circles of a capital, but also the inhabitants of the smallest hamlet, the savages of Florida or the native, of Java. You affirm that in society one is neither frank nor loyal. But is the countryman very frank, who, with his simple language, his naïve air, tries to sell you a bad piece of land, to dupe you in all the markets he visits with you, to set you astray even when you inquire your way of him? Is that Javanese very

loyal, who, hidden in the environs of Batavia waits in the darkness for the passing of a traveller, to let fly an arrow at him, which he has taken care to dip in a poison that renders the wound mortal? Nevertheless these people are the children of nature. Society has not corrupted them, but you see that nature has not caused them to be born free of vice. Believe me, my brother, there is something of human nature everywhere, and we are not born any better on the banks of the Ganges than on those of the Seine. What renders us better is instruction, for this enlightens us.—*L'Homme de la Nature et l'Homme Policé.*

KOHL, JOHANN GEORG, a German traveler and author, born in Bremen in 1808; died there in 1878. He studied at Göttingen, Heidelberg, and Munich, and for six years was a tutor in Courland. His Russian travels were described in volumes whose success determined his vocation. Journeys throughout Europe and America were taken, and similarly utilized in works on Austria (1842), the British Islands (1844), Denmark, etc. (1846–47), the Alps (1849–51), the Netherlands (1850), Istria, etc. (1851), South-eastern Germany (1852), the Danube (1854), Canada and New England (1857), and the North-west (1859). The years 1854–58 were spent in the United States and Canada. In 1858 he returned to Bremen, and became city librarian 1863. Some of his books appeared in English versions, as *Kitchi-Gami, Wanderings round Lake Superior* (1857), *Travels in Canada and through New York and Pennsylvania* (1861), *and a Popular History of the Discovery of America* (1862.)

OJIBBEWAY MARRIAGES.

A well-known writer on the Indians is of opinion that it is not considered exactly honorable and respectable among the Ojibbeways to have several wives. This view my people here contradict point-blank. They assert that, on the contrary, it is considered highly honorable to be in a position to support several wives. The cleverer and more fortunate a hunter is, the more wives does he have. A distinguished hunter has no occasion to look after wives—he can scarcely keep them at bay. A man who can support several squaws gains influence; he is regarded as a man of great gifts and powerful character, and parents offer him their daughters.

Usually they take their wives from one family —frequently a whole row of sisters. The first wife, however, always remains at the head of affairs. Her place in the lodge is usually by her husband's side. The hunter also entrusts the game he has killed to her for distribution.—*Kitchi-Gami, Transl. of* WRAXALL.

NATIVE HELP TO EXPLORERS.

Down to the latest times all the successors of Columbus have acted as he did. In almost every instance the first intimations of new countries and of their natural capabilities have been derived from natives. The reports of the Cuban Indians of land in the west led the Spanish colonists of that island to Mexico. The inhabitants of the Isthmus of Darien spread the first news of the great ocean in the south. The road through the valleys of the Andes had been prepared for the Spaniards by the old Incas of Peru. Pizarro and Almagro, the conquerors of that realm, in all their enterprises marched in the same directions as the generals of the Incas had marched before them. Even the travellers and discoverers of modern times, when they have come to a new part of America, have above all things made inquiries of the natives, and got them to draw with a piece of chalk or charcoal on paper, on the bark of trees, or on the skins of buffaloes, the form of the land, an outline of the coast, or the course of the rivers, and they have shaped their plans and directed their courses according to the information thus obtained.—*Discovery of America, Transl. of* R. R. NOEL.

KORAN, The (Arab. *al Qŭrân*, "the Reading,") the sacred book of the Mohammedans. For Islam the Koran is all, and more than all, that the Bible is for Christianity. It is not only the ultimate authority in all matters of faith, but is the basis of all jurisprudence, and the foundation of all right civil and domestic life. It is, moreover, in the estimation of the Moslems a model of composition so absolutely perfect that it could have only a divine origin. If the Caliph Omar, as is said, ordered all the books in the library at Alexandria to be burned, because if they contained only what was in the Koran they were useless, and if they contained anything not in the Koran they were false, he only gave voice to what has ever been the current belief of Islam. The Koran everywhere claims to be a direct revelation from the Most High to Mohammed his Prophet. The mode of this revelation is over and over again declared. In heaven, we are told, is "the mother of the book, a concealed book, a well-guarded tablet." The revelation was made piecemeal, as occasion required. The mediator was an angel, who is sometimes called simply "the spirit," sometimes "the holy spirit," and sometimes "Gabriel," that is, "the Mighty one of God." This angel dictated the revelations to Mohammed, who repeated them aloud to amanuenses, who wrote down the words as they fell from the lips of the Prophet. The period during which these revelations were vouchsafed may be approximately placed as covering the last twenty-three years of Mohammed's life, beginning when he was about forty years old.

According to legends, which may be accepted as trustworthy, no collection of these revelations was made until A. D. 633, the year after the death of Mohammed. Abubekr, his immediate successor, deputed a young man named Zaid, who had acted as the amanuensis of the Prophet to collect these revelations from copies written on flat stones, on bits of leather, on the ribs of palm-leaves, but chiefly from his own memory. He wrote out a fair copy and presented it to Abubekr, who gave it to Omar who succeeded him, who bequeathed it to Hassa, one of the widows of the Prophet. This original copy was somehow lost. Some seventeen years later (about A.D. 650), the Caliph Othman perceived the necessity of an authorized text of the Koran. The task of preparing this was confided to Zaid, with whom three other learned men were associated. They collected all the codices which they could find, collated them, and prepared a text, and then burned all the previous codices. Four copies of this Koran were made, one of which was deposited at Medina, and one was sent to each of the great metropolitan cities, Cufa, Basra, and Damascus. It is admitted that these four copies were essentially identical, and that all later manuscripts are derived from this original, and fairly represent it.

The Koran contains somewhat less matter than the New Testament. It is divided into 114 *Suras*, or sections, of very unequal length; and there is no apparent principle regulating the order of the arrangement, except that the longer Suras are placed at the beginning of the volume. To

this, however, there is one notable exception. The first Sura is one of the shortest of all. It forms at once the *Credo* and the *Pater Noster* of Islam, and is recited on all solemn occasions. It is commonly designated as the *Fatihat*, or "Exordium," but is also called "The Mother of the Koran," "The Pearl," and "The All-sufficient." It runs thus:

SURA I.—"AL-FATIHAT," OR THE EXORDIUM.

In the name of God, the compassionate Compassioner: Praise be to God, the Lord of the worlds, the compassionate Compassioner, the Sovereign of the day of judgment. Thee do we worship, and of Thee do we beg assistance. Direct us in the right way; in the way of those to whom Thou hast been gracious, on whom there is no wrath, and who go not astray.

The second Sura, the longest of all, contains, in the English version, about 12,000 words; there are some half dozen of half that length; many with about 1,000 words, and several with less than 100. The cardinal idea pervading the entire Koran is the being of one God—the Most High—the Creator of all things, the Ruler of the Universe, and its final Judge, to the absolute exclusion of any other divinity. It is written in a sort of rhythmical prose. Not infrequently the sentences run into long-continued rhyming passages. These graces of style, so pleasing to an Oriental ear, can hardly be reproduced in any version. In reciting the Koran the sentences are invariably intoned or chanted, as we may presume was the case with the Greek and probably the Hebrew poems. No small part of the Koran is a paraphrastic reproduction of portions of the Pentateuch, with

which Mohammed must have been fairly conversant. Other passages evince some acquaintance, if not with the New Testament itself, with several of what are designated as "the Apocryphal Gospels."

There are few things more strongly insisted upon in the Koran than the duty of almsgiving, the abstaining from usury, and the performance of the strictest justice between man and man. The following passages are from near the close of the second Sura as translated by Sale:

CONCERNING ALMSGIVING.

If ye make your alms to appear, it is well; but if ye conceal them, and give to the poor, this will be better for you, and will atone for your sins; and God is well-informed of that which ye do. The direction of them belongeth not unto thee; but God directeth whom he pleaseth. The good that ye shall give in alms shall redound unto yourselves; and ye shall not give unless out of desire of seeing the face of God. And what good things ye shall give in alms, it shall be repaid you. They who distribute alms of their substance night and day, in private and in public, shall have their reward with their Lord; on them shall no fear come, neither shall they be grieved.

CONCERNING USURY.

They who devour usury shall not arise from the dead, but as he ariseth whom Satan hath infected by a touch. This shall happen to them because they say, "Truly selling is but as usury;" and yet God hath permitted selling and forbidden usury. He therefore who when there cometh unto him an admonition from his Lord abstaineth from usury for the future shall have what is past forgiven him; and his affair belongeth unto God. But whoever returneth to usury

they shall be the companions of hell-fire, they shall continue therein for ever.

CONCERNING CONTRACTS.

Deal not unjustly with others, and ye shall not be dealt with unjustly. If there be any debtor under a difficulty of paying his debt, let his creditor wait till it be easy for him to do it; but if ye remit it as alms, it will be better for you, if ye knew it. And fear the day when ye shall return unto God; then shall every soul be paid what it hath gained, and they shall not be treated unjustly.

O true believers, when ye bind yourselves one to the other in a debt for a certain time, write it down; and let a writer write between you according to justice; and let not the writer refuse writing according to what God hath taught him; but let him write, and let him who oweth the debt dictate, and let him fear God his Lord, and not diminish aught thereof. But if he who oweth the debt be foolish or weak, or be not able to dictate himself, let his agent dictate according to equity; and call to witness two witnesses of your neighboring men; but if there be not two men, let there be a man and two women of those whom ye shall choose for witnesses; if one of these women should mistake, the other of them shall cause her to recollect. And the witnesses shall not refuse, whensoever they shall be called. And disdain not to write it down, be it a large debt, or be it a small one, until its time of payment. This will be more just in the sight of God, and more right for bearing witness, and more easy, that ye may not doubt. And take witnesses when ye sell one to the other, and let no harm be done to the writer nor to the witness, which if ye do it will surely be injustice in you; and fear God, and God will instruct you, for God knoweth all things.

This long Sura which was revealed at different times and places, concludes with the following prayer:—

A GENERAL SUPPLICATION.

We implore Thy mercy, O Lord, for unto Thee must we return. God will not force any soul beyond its capacity. It shall have the good which it gaineth, and it shall suffer the evil which it gaineth. O Lord, punish us not, if we forget, or act sinfully. O Lord, lay not on us a burthen like that which Thou hast laid on those who have gone before us.* Neither make us, O Lord, to bear what we have not strength to bear; but be favorable unto us, and spare us, and be merciful unto us. Thou art our Patron: help us therefore against the unbelieving nations.

One of the most striking of the Suras is the thirty-second, which we quote entire. It is entitled "Adoration," simply because that word occurs near the middle of it.

SURA XXXII.—ENTITLED ADORATION.

The revelation of this book—there is no doubt thereof—is from the Lord of all creatures. Will they say, "Mohammed hath forged it?" Nay, it is the truth from thy Lord, that thou mayest preach to a people unto whom no preacher hath come before thee; peradventure they will be directed. It is God who hath created the heavens and the earth, and whatever is between them, in six days; and then ascended his throne. Ye have no Patron or Intercessor besides Him. Will ye not therefore consider? He governeth all things from heaven even to the earth. Hereafter shall they return unto him, on the day whose length shall be a thousand years of those which ye compute.

This is He who knoweth the future and the present: the Mighty, the Merciful. It is He who made everything which He hath created

* Referring, according to the commentators, to various observances and prohibitions in the Mosaic law.

exceeding good; and first created man of clay, and afterwards made his posterity of an extract of despicable water; and formed him into proper shape, and breathed of His spirit into him; and hath given you the senses of hearing and seeing, and hearts to understand. How small thanks do ye return!

And they say, "When we shall lie hidden in the earth, shall we be raised thence a new creature?" Yea, they deny the meeting of their Lord at the resurrection. Say: The Angel of Death, who is set over you, shall cause you to die: then shall ye be brought back unto your Lord. If thou couldest see, when the wicked shall bow down their heads before their Lord, saying, "O Lord, we have seen and heard: suffer us therefore to return into the world, and we will work that which is right, since we are now certain of the truth of what hath been preached unto us," thou wouldest see an amazing sight. If we had pleased, we had certainly given unto every soul its direction; but the word which hath proceeded from Me must necessarily be fulfilled, when I said, "Newly I will fill hell with genii and men altogether. Taste, therefore, the torments prepared for you; because ye have forgotten the coming of this your day, we also have forgotten you. Taste therefore a punishment of eternal duration for that which ye have wrought.

Verily they only believe in our signs who, when they are warned thereby, fall down in *adoration* and celebrate the praises of their Lord, and are not elated with pride. Their sides are raised from their beds, calling on the Lord with fear and with hope, and they distribute alms out of what We have bestowed on them. No soul knoweth the complete satisfaction which is secretly prepared for them as a reward for that which they have wrought. Shall he, therefore, who is a true believer be as he who is an im-

pious transgressor? They shall not be held equal.

As to those who believe and do what is right, they shall have gardens of perpetual abode, an ample recompense for that which they shall have wrought. But as for those who impiously transgress, their abode shall be hell-fire; so often as they shall endeavor to get thereout they shall be dragged back into the same, and it shall be said unto them, "Taste ye the torment of hell-fire, which ye rejected as a falsehood. And We will cause them to taste the nearer punishment of this world, besides the more grievous punishment of the next. Peradventure they will repent. Who is more unjust than he who is warned by the signs of his Lord, and then turneth aside from the same? We will surely take vengeance upon the wicked.

We heretofore delivered the Book of the Law unto Moses: wherefore be not thou in doubt as to the revelation thereof. And we ordained the same to be a direction unto the children of Israel; and we appointed teachers from among them, who should direct the people at Our command, when they had persevered with patience, and had firmly believed in Our signs. Verily the Lord will judge between them, on the day of the resurrection, concerning that wherein they have disagreed. Is it not known unto them how many generations we have destroyed before them, through whose dwellings they walk? Verily herein are signs: Will they not therefore hearken? Do they not see that We drive rain into a land bare of grass and parched up, and thereby produce corn, of which their cattle eat, and themselves also? Will they not therefore regard?

The infidels say to the true believers, "When will this decision be made between us, if ye speak the truth?" Answer: "On the day of that decision the faith of those who shall have disbelieved shall not avail them; neither shall

they be respited any longer. Wherefore, avoid them, and expect the issue. Verily they expect to obtain some advantage over thee.

The teachings of the Koran are often couched in the form of an apologue. One of the most neatly turned of these is the following, which constitutes a portion of the eighteenth Sura :—

MOSES AND THE DIVINE MESSENGER.

Moses and Joshua, the son of Nun, found one of Our servants unto whom We had granted mercy from Us, and whom We had taught wisdom before Us. And Moses said unto him, "Shall I follow thee that thou mayest teach me part of that which thou hast taught, for a direction unto me?" He answered, "Verily thou canst not bear with me; for how canst thou patiently suffer those things the knowledge whereof thou dost not comprehend?" Moses replied, "Thou shalt find me patient, if God please; neither will I be disobedient unto thee in anything." He said, "If thou follow me therefore ask me not concerning anything until I shall declare the meaning thereof unto thee."

So they both went on unto the sea shore until they went up into a ship; and he made a hole therein. And Moses said unto him, "Hast thou made a hole therein that thou mightest drown those who are on board? now hast thou done a strange thing." He answered, "Did I not tell thee that thou couldest not bear with me?" Moses said, "Rebuke me not, because I did forget; and impose on me not a difficulty in which I am commanded."

Wherefore they left the ship, and proceeded until they met with a youth; and he slew him. Moses said, "Hast thou slain an innocent person, without his having killed another? Now hast thou committed an unjust action." He answered, "Did I not tell thee that thou couldest

not bear with me?" Moses said, "If I ask thee concerning anything hereafter, suffer me not to accompany thee. Now thou hast received an excuse from me."

They went forward therefore until they came to the inhabitants of a certain city. And they asked food of the inhabitants thereof; but they refused to receive them. And they found there a wall which was ready to fall down, and he set it upright. Whereupon Moses said unto him, "If thou wouldest thou mightest doubtless have received a reward for it." He answered, "This shall be a separation between me and thee; but I will first declare unto thee the signification of that which thou couldest not bear with patience:—

"The vessel belonged to certain poor men, who did their business in the sea; and I was minded to render it unserviceable, because there was a king behind them who took every sound ship by force. As to the youth, his parents were true believers, and we feared lest he, being an unbeliever, should oblige them to suffer his perverseness and ingratitude; wherefore we desired that their Lord might give them a more righteous child in exchange for him, and one more affectionate towards them. And the wall belonged to two orphan youths in the city, and under it was a treasure hidden which belonged to them; and their father was a righteous man; and thy Lord was pleased that they should attain their full age, and take forth their treasure through the mercy of thy Lord. And I did not what thou hast seen of mine own will, but by God's direction. This is the interpretation of that which thou couldest not bear with patience."

The closing twenty Suras are very brief, consisting usually of but a single sentence. The place and time of the delivery of most of them is not stated. It may be presumed that they are among those which Zeid wrote down from memory after the death of the Prophet.

SURA CXII.—ENTITLED "THE DECLARATION OF GOD'S UNITY."

Say: "God is one God; the eternal God. He begetteth not, neither is he begotten; and there is not any one like unto Him."

SURA CXIII.—ENTITLED "THE DAYBREAK."

Say: "I fly for refuge unto the Lord of the daybreak, that he may deliver me from the mischief of those things which He hath created; and from the mischief of the night when it cometh on; and from the mischief of women blowing on knots; and from the mischief of the envious when he envieth."

SURA CXIV.—THE CONCLUSION.

Say: "I fly for refuge unto the Lord of men, the King of men, the God of men, that He may deliver me from the mischief of the whisperer who slily withdraweth, who whispereth evil suggestions into the breasts of men; from genii and men."

KÖRNER. Karl Theodor, a German patriot and poet, born at Dresden in 1791; killed in a skirmish at Wöbbelin in 1813. He published a volume of poems in 1810, wrote several plays at Vienna, of which *Zriny* is the best, and was appointed poet to the City Theatre, but is chiefly remembered for his passionate war-songs. Full of ardor for German freedom, he joined the Black Huntsmen of Lützow in March, 1813, and marched with them into Saxony. While waiting in a wood to attack the French on the night (Aug. 25) before his death, he wrote his famous *Schwertlied*. An iron monument marks the spot where he fell. His father published some of his lyrics as *Leier und Schwert* (1814). His complete Works appeared in 1834, and his Life by his father in an English version in 1845. Our extracts are taken from an Edinburgh translation, *Lyre und Sword*, (1841), and from Professor John Stuart Blackie's *War Songs of the Germans* (1870.)

ON THE SOLEMN BENEDICTION OF THE PRUSSIAN FREE-CORPS IN THE CHURCH OF ROGAU IN SILESIA.

Nigh to God's altars while we draw,
Bent on a pious aim,
Our duty summons us to war,
Our hearts are kindling flame.
For Fight and Victory we fire:
'Twas God who gave the fierce desire—
To God alone be glory!

Yes, God is our unfailing trust,
Dread though the fight be found.
For Right and Duty strive we must,
And for our holy ground.
We'll rise and rescue Fatherland;

God will achieve it by our hand.
To God alone be glory.

The plot of Pride and Tyranny
Explodes with demon start;
Thy hallowed torches, Liberty,
Shall blaze in every heart!
Then sweep to the battle-flurry grim!
God is with us, and we with Him!
To God alone be glory!

He cheers us now to victory's goal,
For truth, for justice's sake;
He whispered in our inmost soul,
"Wake! German People, wake!"
He'll land us, death and doom despite,
Where Freedom's day is dawning bright:—
To God alone be glory!

PRAYER DURING THE FIGHT.

Father, I call on Thee!
Clouds from the thunder-voiced cannon enveil me,
Lightnings are flashing, death's thick darts assail me:
Ruler of battles, I call on Thee!
Father, O lead Thou me!

Father, O lead Thou me!
Lead me to victory, or to death lead me;
With joy I accept what Thou hast decreed me.
God, as Thou wilt, so lead Thou me!
God, I acknowledge Thee!

God, I acknowledge Thee!
Where, in still autumn, the sear leaf is falling,
Where peals the battle, its thunder appalling;
Fount of all grace, I acknowledge Thee!
Father, O bless Thou me!

Father, O bless Thou me!
Into Thy hand my soul I resign, Lord;
Deal as Thou wilt with the life that is Thine, Lord.

Living or dying, O bless Thou me!
Father, I praise Thy name!

Father, I praise Thy name!
Not for Earth's wealth or dominion contend we;
The holiest rights of the freeman defend we.
Victor or vanquished, praise I Thee!
God, in Thy name I trust!

God, in Thy name I trust!
When in loud thunder my death-note is knelling,
When from my veins the red blood is welling,
God, in Thy holy name I trust!
Father, I call on Thee!

Transl. of J. S. BLACKIE.

A PRAYER.

Hear us, Almighty One!
Hear us, All-gracious One!
Lord God of battles, give ear!
Father, we praise Thee!
Father, we thank Thee!
The dawn of our freedom is here.

'Spite all the rage of hell,
God, Thy strong hand shall quell
Devils who falter and juggle.
Lead, Lord of Sabaoth!
Lead us, O triune God!
Onward to victory's struggle.

Lead! though our lot should hap
In the grave's bloody lap:
"Laus Deo" sit nostrum carmen!
Kingdom, power, and glory
Are Thine! we adore Thee!
Lead us, Almighty One! Amen.

ADIEU TO LIFE.

[Written when I lay sore wounded and helpless, and thought to die.]

The parched wound burns! the lips all bloodless quiver:
The laboring heart, and pulse which feebly plays,
They warn me it is here, my last of days.
God, as Thou wilt! or slay me, or deliver!
Bright forms swept by on Fancy's flowing river;
Now the dull death-dirge quells those dreamy lays.
Yet, cheerly! One heart-anchored treasure stays,
Will live with me in yonder skies forever!
And what could here my holiest raptures move,
What still I prized all youthful joys above—
Or name it Liberty, or call it Love—
It stands before me now, a seraph bright,
And ere these faltering senses fail me quite,
Wafts me on gentle breath to heaven's own rosy light.

SWORD-SONG.

Thou sword so cheerly shining,
What are thy gleams divining?
Look'st like a friend on me;
Triumphs my soul in thee.
Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!

"I love my brave knight dearly,
Therefore I shine so clearly,
Borne by a gallant knight,
Triumphs the sword so bright."

Yes, trusty sword, I love thee;
A true knight thou shalt prove me.
Thee, my beloved, my bride,
I'll lead thee forth in pride.

"My iron-life, clear-raying,
I give it to thy swaying.
O come and fetch thy bride!
Lead, lead me forth in pride!"

The festal trump is blaring,
The bridal dance preparing.
When cannon shakes the glen,
I'll come and fetch thee then.

"O blest embrace that frees me!
My hope impatient sees thee.
Come, bridegroom, fetch thou me;
Waits the bright wreath for thee!"

Why in thy sheath art ringing,
Thou iron-soul, fire-flinging?
So wild with battle's glee,
Why ray'st thou eagerly?

"I in my sheath am ringing;
I from my sheath am springing:
Wild, wild with battle's glee,
Ray I so eagerly."

Remain, remain within, love;
Why court the dust and din, love?
Wait in thy chamber small,
Wait till thy true knight call.

"Then speed thee, true knight, speed thee!
To love's fair garden lead me.
Show me the roses red,
Death's crimson-blooming bed."

Then, from thy sheath come free thee!
Come, feed mine eye to see thee!
Come, come, my sword, my bride;
I lead thee forth in pride!

"How glorious is the free air!
How whirls the dance with glee there!
Glorious, in sun arrayed,
Gleams, bridal-bright, the blade."

Then up, true Ritter German,
Ye gallant sons of Herman!
Beats the knight's heart so warm,
With 's true love in his arm.

With stolen looks divining,
Those on my left wert shining.
Now on my right, my bride,
God leads thee forth in pride.

Then press a kiss of fire on
The bridal mouth of iron.
Woe now or weal betide,
Curst whoso leaves his bride!

Then break thou forth in singing,
Thou iron-bride, fire-flinging!
Walk forth in joy and pride!
Hurrah, thou iron-bride!
Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!

KOSEGARTEN, Ludwig Theobul, a German ecclesiastic and poet, born in 1758; died in 1818. From 1792 to 1807 he was preacher in the island of Rugen, and in the latter year became Professor of History at Griefswald. He wrote dramas, novels, and poems, and published several translations from the English. His son, Johann Gottfried Kosegarten (1792–1860) was an accomplished Oriental scholar; and published translations from Arabic, Persian, and Sanskrit, holding the Professorship of Oriental Literature at Jena and Griefswald from 1817 to his death.

THE AMEN OF THE STONES.

Blind with old age, the Venerable Bede
Ceased not, for that, to preach and publish forth
The news from Heaven—the tidings of great joy.
From town to town—through all the villages—
With trusty guidance roamed the aged Saint,
And preached the word with all the fire of youth.
One day his boy had led him to a vale
That lay all thickly sown with rugged rocks:
In mischief, more than malice, spake the boy:—
"Most reverend father, there are many men
Assembled here, who wait to hear thy voice."
The blind old man, so bowed, straightway rose up,
Chose him his text, expounded, then applied;
Exhorted, warned, rebuked, and comforted,
So fervently that soon the gushing tears
Streamed thick and fast down to his hoary beard.
When, at the close, as seemeth always meet,
He prayed, "Our Father," and pronounced aloud,

"Thine is the kingdom and the power; Thine
The glory now, and through eternity!"
At once there rang through all that echoing vale
A sound of many voices crying
"Amen! most reverend Sire, Amen! Amen!"
Trembling with terror and remorse, the boy
Knelt down before the Saint, and owned his sin.
"Son," said the old man, "hast thou ne'er read,
'When men are dumb, the stones shall cry aloud?'
Henceforward mock not, son; the word of God
Living it is, and mighty, cutting sharp,
Like a two-edged sword. And when the heart
Of flesh grows hard and stubborn as the stone,
A heart of flesh shall stir in stones themselves."

Transl. of CHARLES T. BROOKS.

KRAUTH, CHARLES PORTERFIELD, an American theologian, born at Martinsburg, Va., in 1823; died in Philadelphia in 1883. He graduated at the College and Seminary at Gettysburg, Pa., entered the Lutheran ministry, and was pastor at Baltimore 1841–47, Shepherdstown, Va., 1847–48, Winchester, Va., 1848–55, Pittsburgh, 1855–59, and of St. Mark's in Philadelphia 1859–61. He edited the *Lutheran and Missionary* 1861–67, was Professor of Systematic Theology in the Luthern Seminary at Philadelphia from its organization in 1864, and of Mental and Moral Science in the University of Penn. from 1868, holding also the vice provostship from 1873. He was chairman of the Old Testament Company of the American Bible Revision Committee, and President of the Lutheran General Council for ten years. He wrote extensively for reviews, translated Tholuck's *Commentary on John* (1850), and Ulrici's *Review of Strauss* (1874), and edited Berkeley's *Principles of Human Knowledge* (1874), and Fleming's *Vocabulary of Philosophy* (1860), which he greatly enlarged in 1877. His most important work is *The Conservative Reformation and its Theology* (1872.)

THE WORD AND SACRAMENTS.

If Christ must die to make our redemption, He must live to apply it. If the Lord's Supper is a sacrament of the redemption made by His death, it is also a sacrament of the same redemption applied by His life. If it tells us that His body and blood were necessary to make our redemption, it tells us also that they are still necessary to apply the redemption they then made. He made the sacrifice once for all—He applies it constantly, we live by Him, we must

hang on Him—the vine does not send up one gush of its noble sap and then remain inert. It receives the totality of life, once for all, but the sap which sustains it must flow on—its one unchanging and abiding life puts itself forth into the new offshoots, and by constant application of itself maintains the old branches. If the sap-life ceases, the seed-life cannot save. Cut the branch off, and the memory of the life will not keep it from withering; it must have the life itself—and this it must derive successively from the vine. It could not exist without the original life of the vine, nor can it exist without the present life of the vine, be its past what it may. Faith cannot feed on itself, as many seem to imagine it can—it must have its object. The ordinances, the Word, and the sacraments give to it that by which it lives. Faith in the nutritious power of bread does not nourish—the bread itself is necessary."—*The Conservative Reformation.*

MARTIN LUTHER.

The greatness of some men only makes us feel that, though they did well, others in their place might have done just as they did. Luther had that exceptional greatness which convinces the world that he alone could have done the work. He was not a mere mountain-top, catching a little earlier the beams which, by their own course, would soon have found the valleys; but rather, by the divine ordination under which he rose, like the sun itself, without which the light on mountain and valley would have been but a starlight or moonlight. He was not a secondary orb, reflecting the light of another orb, as was Melanchthon, and even Calvin; still less like the moon of a planet, as Bucer or Brentius; but the centre of undulations which filled a system with glory.—*The Conservative Reformation.*

KRUMMACHER, FRIEDRICH ADOLF, a German author, born at Tecklenburg, Wesphalia, in 1768; died at Bremen in 1845. He studied theology at Lingen and Halle, and was Rector of the Grammar School at Mörs, Professor of Theology at Duisburg, Reformed pastor at Krefeld and Kettwich, Superintendent at Bernberg, and lastly pastor at Bremen. He wrote *Cornelius the Centurion*, a *Life of St. John*, (both published in an English translation in 1840), and many other books, of which the *Parabeln* (1805) is the most popular: this appeared in an English version in 1858. His life was written by Moller (2 vols., 1849.)

DAVID'S HARP.

One day David the King of Israel sat on Mount Sion. His harp was before him, and he leaned his head upon it. Then the prophet Gad came to him, and said, "Whereon muses my lord the king?"

David answered: "On the continual changes of my destiny. How many songs of gratitude and joy have I sung to this harp! but how many songs also of mourning and sorrow!"

"Be thou like unto the harp," said the prophet.

"What meanest thou?" asked the king.

"Behold," answered the man of God, "both thy sorrow and thy joy drew heavenly sounds from the harp, and animated its strings. Thus let joy and sorrow form thy heart and life to a celestial harp."

Then David arose and touched the strings.

THE SHEEP-SHEARING.

A mother once took her little daughter Ida to see the shearing of the sheep. Then the little girl complained, and said, "Ah, how cruel men are to torment the poor animals!"

"O no," answered the mother; "God has ordered it so, that men might clothe themselves, for they are born naked."

"But," said Ida, "now the poor sheep will be so cold."

"O no," answered the mother. "He gives the warm raiment to man, and tempers the wind to the shorn lamb."

KRUMMACHER, Friedrich Wilhelm, a German religious writer, son of Friedrich Adolph Krummacher, born at Mörs in 1796; died at Potsdam in 1868. He studied at Halle and Jena, and was pastor at Ruhrort and Gemarke. In 1843 he was called to a chair at Mercersburg, Pa., but declined. He was appointed chaplain of the Russian court at Potsdam in 1853. He was an eloquent preacher. Of his numerous books *Elijah the Tishbite* (1828), *Elisha* (1837), *Solomon and the Shulamite*, *David the King of Israel* (1868), and others have appeared in English versions, as well as an *Autobiography* (1869.) The first-named is his most popular book.

THE PSALMS.

Who that is somewhat intimately acquainted with the Psalms is not forced, as he reads them, to pause and consider whether it be true that between him, the reader, and the birthdays of these songs, almost three thousand years intervene? Do they not all breathe the same freshness of life as if they had been composed but yesterday? It seems to us with them as if we dwelt in our *own* houses and beside our *own* altars, and this thought rests on no delusion. How strange the songs of other nations sound to us, while in the Psalms of Israel we everywhere meet with *our own* God, and with the whole range of our own personal feelings and experiences. Is it not clear from this that it was He who knows the hearts, whose throne is in the heavens, who himself loosed the tongue of the sacred singer that he might sing his songs *for all ages*, and give expression to all the diverse moods of feeling which move ever and anon in the world of hallowed human thought? —*David, the King of Israel.*

 1768-1844

KRYLOFF, or KRILOFF, *Ivan Andreevitch;* a Russian fabulist, born at Moscow in 1768; died at St. Petersburg in 1844. In boyhood he held a post under government, and wrote *Philomela*, *Cleopatra*, and other plays. He was engaged in journalism at the capital for some years, and from 1797 to 1801 lived as tutor at the country seat of Prince Galitzin, whom he then accompanied to Livonia as secretary. A passion for cards led him for a time into a wandering life. His first fables, numbering twenty-three, appeared in 1809; their success was so rapid that he gave his mind to this species of composition. Beginning with translations and imitations of La Fontaine, he soon became original and national: before his death 77,000 copies had been sold in Russia, and his fame had reached other lands. He became a member of the Academy of Sciences in 1811, held a post in the imperial library 1812–41, and was made councillor 1840: in 1838 a festival was held in his honor. His works were collected at St. Petersburg in 1844, and his statue erected in the summer garden. His life was written by three different Russians. His *Fables*, which are the first of their kind in modern literature, have been translated into English by W. R. S. Ralston (1868), into French by Einerling (1845) and others, and into German by Löwe (1874.) A version in French and Italian was published by Count Orloff as early as 1825.

THE ELEPHANT AND THE PUG-DOG.

An Elephant was being taken through the streets, probably as a sight. It is well known that Elephants are a wonder among us; so crowds

of gaping idlers followed the Elephant. From some cause or other, a Pug-dog comes to meet him. It looks at the Elephant, and then begins to run at it, to bark, to squeal, to try to get at it, just as if it wanted to fight it.

"Neighbor, cease to bring shame on yourself," says another Dog. "Are you capable of fighting an Elephant? Just see now, you are already hoarse; but it keeps straight on, and pays you not the slightest attention."

"Aye, aye," replies the Pug-dug, "that's just what gives me courage. In this way, you see, without fighting at all, I may get reckoned among the greatest bullies. Just let the dogs say, 'Ah, look at Puggy! He must be strong, indeed, that's clear, or he would never bark at an Elephant."

THE HORSE AND THE DOG.

A Dog and a Horse, which served the same peasant, began to discuss each other's merits one day.

"How grand we are, to be sure," says the Dog. "I shouldn't be sorry if they were to turn you out of the farmyard. A noble service, indeed, to plough or draw a cart! And I've never heard of any other proof of your merit. How can you possibly compare yourself with me? I rest neither by day or by night. In the daytime I watch the cattle in the meadows; by night I guard the house."

"Quite true," replied the Horse. "What you say is perfectly correct. Only remember that, if it weren't for my ploughing, you wouldn't have anything at all to guard here."

LABOULAYE, ÉDOUARD RENÉ LEFEBORE DE, a French publicist and author, born in 1811; died in 1883. He began life as a type-founder, then studied law, and in 1839 published a *History of Landed Property in Europe*. This was followed by an *Essay on the Life and Doctrines of De Savigny* (1840), *Researches into the Civil and Political Condition of Women* (1843), and an *Essay on the Criminal Laws of the Romans, concerning the Responsibility of Magistrates* (1845.)

In 1849 he was appointed to the Chair of Comparative Legislation in the College of France.

During the Second Empire he took an active part in the efforts of the Liberal party, and was consequently regarded with disfavor by the government. He was an admirer of American institutions, and both before and during the war of secession, threw his influences on the side of the Union, to which he rendered good service by his work entitled *The United States and France* (1862.) Among his works not already mentioned are, *Contemporary Studies on Germany and the Slavic States* (1855), *Religious Liberty* (1856), *Studies upon Literary Property in France and England* (1858), *Abdallah, an Arabian Romance* (1859), *Moral and Political Studies* (1862), *The State and its Limits* (1863), *Paris in America* (1863), *Prince Caniche* (1868.)

THE DEPARTURE OF THE VOLUNTEERS.

The roll of a drum, followed by the flourish of resounding trumpets, drowned my voice. Two Zouaves entered the school: one of them

—it was Alfred—ran to Susanna, and tenderly took her hand. The other, my son Henry, threw himself upon my neck. "Father," said he, "the Southerners have crossed the Potomac; Washington is threatened. There is a call for volunteers, and we set out to-night. Come quickly. Mother is waiting."

Followed by my children, I left the peaceful retreat where, at last, I had surprised the secret of American greatness. The aspect of the city had changed; houses were decorated with flags, from every window the Federal standard, tossed by the wind, displayed its stripes of crimson and azure, and its thirty-four stars, a mute protest in favor of the Union. Large handbills announced the disaster to the Federal army, and summoned the citizens to their country's aid. Armed battalions were marching to the sound of trumpets and drums. The churches were crowded with volunteers invoking the God of their fathers before they marched to battle. War-songs and religious hymns came mingled to the ear; fathers, mothers, sisters, accompanied the young recruits, encouraging them, shaking hands, weeping, embracing, lifting their hands to heaven. It was the fervor of a crusade.

I reached home greatly agitated. A Parisian, I had grown up in the midst of disturbances and of civil war; the remembrance of these things saddened me. But in this departure for the frontier, in this enthusiasm impelling a whole nation to arms, there was something so noble, so grand, that I felt myself lifted up. Even the perils that lay before Henry and Alfred did not affright me; I felt a secret impulse to accompany them. Had not I a fireside, a family to defend? Was not America, where I possessed these treasures, my country also?

At my door I found a whole regiment of Zouaves, volunteers from that ward, the aged Colonel St. John mounted on a white horse. Forgetful of his rheumatism and his wounds, the

gallant veteran was eager to lead the young men to conflict. Beside the Colonel marched Rose in a captain's uniform, accompanied by his eight sons, and four other fine young men, Green's sons. Fox, turned into a lieutenant, and the centre of a group, was holding forth, gesticulating and breathing blood and slaughter. His false collar and his snuff-box did not accord very well with his uniform, and might have made me laugh at another time, but he spoke with so much fire that he had to me a martial air. He was different from a professional soldier: he was a man resolved to die for his country.

"Neighbor," said Rose to me, "we count on you; the old should set an example. We need a surgeon for our regiment of Zouaves; you have been unanimously chosen; nothing is wanting but your consent."

"You have it," cried I; "yes, my good friends, I will go with you. We shall be there to watch over the boys, and, if need be, to fire a shot with them. Hurrah for the Union! Our country for ever!"

The cry was repeated through all the ranks, mingled with that of "Hurrah for Daniel! Hurrah for the Major!" I felt the very depths of my heart stirred by the acclamations of these brave young fellows. I entered the house with head erect and sparkling eyes. A new life was awakening in my soul. I was happy!

A few hours sufficed to procure me a surgeon's uniform. Rose presented me with a fine case of instruments; I bought revolvers, a sabre, a horse; in three hours I was ready; we were to set out on the same evening.

Up to this time I had not reflected on what I was doing; my French ardor had carried me away. But at the moment of quitting the house in which I had passed so many happy and useful days, I felt an indescribable sadness, as if once gone, I should never return. And if I did return, would it be with my son and Alfred

whom I had begun to love as if he were my son?

I shook off these sad thoughts which nevertheless returned ceaselessly to the assault, when the old Colonel entered my house. The sight of him did me good. He was one of those brave soldiers prodigal of their blood, sparing of the blood of others. We could not have had a more honorable and trustworthy leader.

"Colonel," said I, when his congratulations were ended, "we are alone and I can speak freely. Between ourselves, what do you make of these new recruits? Enthusiasm is a good thing, but what is it beside military drill and discipline? Notwithstanding the courage of these well-meaning young men, there are battalions that break up at the first fire."

"Patience, Major," replied the veteran. "I am less severe than you; and, besides, I have been a soldier all my life. Two months behind the redoubts at Washington will turn these volunteers into soldiers. Discipline is much, it is true, but it is an attainment within reach of the most ignorant. What cannot be given is courage, faith, patriotism. There is the final spring, if we talk of swordsmen; to handle the bayonet a quick and rigorous arm is needed; but it is the soul that gives strength to the arm. A few years of war and endurance suffice to educate a nation and make two enemies equal. There remains, then, moral force; that always has the last word; and this is why the best armies are those composed of citizens."

"Excuse me, Colonel, I think nothing equals experienced troops."

"You are mistaken," said St. John. "In a review, or a parade, that is possible; war is another thing. Good officers, young soldiers, old generals, are necessary. There is nothing like youth for marching without complaint, obeying without murmur, meeting danger fearlessly, and death unmoved and smiling. The more in-

telligent, pious, and patriotic it is, the more it can be depended upon. They have other ideas in the Old World: there precedent and the worship of brute force still reign. Here civilization has opened our eyes. No doubt, victory always belongs to the general who at the critical moment can throw against a given point the greatest number of battalions. But other conditions being equal, the young and patriotic soldier is worth more than an old one who follows war as a trade."

"You have no generals," said I. "Up to the present time yours has been a peaceful country, begetting farmers and merchants rather than Cæsars."

"Be tranquil," replied the Colonel. "You will have generals, and more than enough of them. War is like the chase, a profession in which certain men excel from the first. Such an one—to-day a blacksmith, an engineer, a lawyer, perhaps a doctor—will awake to-morrow a general. History shows that there are sterile epochs when letters, art, and industry are dead, but in none of them have soldiers been wanting. Man has the hunter's sanguinary instinct; peace may restrain, but cannot destroy it. With the coming of war you will have heroes. Heaven grant that the people may esteem them aright, and not sacrifice liberty to them!" . . . .

The sound of bugles announced the time of departure. I went down holding the hands of Henry and Alfred. Jenny embraced us all with the courage of a woman and a Christian mother. Susanna, silent and agitated, gave us each a Bible to carry with us everywhere. Martha had prepared a prophetic sermon, but at the first word the poor girl gave a terrible sob, and taking Henry in her arms, as if he had been a child, covered him with tears and kisses. I wrung her hand; she threw herself on my neck, and half-strangled me before I could mount my horse.

At the same instant Sambo came running out,

ludicrously accoutred, with a red and blue sash, a plumed hat, and a sabre that dragged on the ground. "Massa," cried he, "take me with you; I am brave. If my skin is black, my blood is red. If they don't kill me first I will beat them all." I could hardly get rid of the poor boy, though I gave the sagest reasons to convince him that his courage was ridiculous.

As long as I was near the house I dared not look back; there were tears in my eyes, and I feared they would overflow; but at a turn in the street I looked back. The three women were waving their handkerchiefs and following us with their eyes. My heart beat tumultuously. "O God!" cried I, "to thee I confide my loved ones!" For the first time I wept, I prayed, and was comforted.

At four o'clock we were drawn up in battle array before the Mayor's office. Green reviewed us, and spoke to us of the country with an emotion that bordered on eloquence. His voice was drowned by our cheers. Then all became silent, self-controlled. Perhaps I alone of the whole regiment was restless. Strange thing! I longed to be under fire. In a moment of rest I passed before my companions, laughing, talking, gesticulating, with a word for every one, rallying those who were moved, encouraging those who tried to smile, promising my aid in time of danger. I had already the war-fever. . . .

The night was fine: the early-risen moon shone far and wide on fields bordered with poplars and divided by willows. On the horizon a river rolled its silvered waters. There was a certain charm in letting myself be carried by my horse; and in giving myself up to reverie in the midst of that beautiful country. It is the soldier's good-fortune that he can enjoy the present hour without disquieting himself about the morrow.

The camping-place was not far distant. At eight o'clock we halted. The Colonel had wished us to learn to march. The lesson was not need-

less; the regiment had the air of a flock of sheep in disorder. But the brave St. John congratulated all the recruits, accustoming them little by little to look upon him as a father, and put confidence in him.

"Major," said he to me, "do not laugh. In a month we shall be worth as much as the Prussians. When a man believes himself a soldier, he is half one already; you shall see what an army of citizens can be."

The bivouac was in the midst of the fields. The fires lighted and the horses picketed, we supped cheerfully on the provisions that each one had brought with him. For the conscripts this first repast in the open air was a feast: war had not yet made them regret the comfort and affection of the fireside.

When supper was over, and it did not last long, the soldiers, instead of laughing and shouting, seated themselves in silence upon their blankets to listen to the ministers. The officers formed the circle. Truth advanced in the midst of us, and opening the Bible, read with inspired voice the song of David when God had delivered him from the hand of his enemies.

While Truth recited this lofty poem, I looked about me. All the officers listened, praying, their eyes flashing with ardor and faith. The last flames of our dying fires illuminated their noble faces and cast upon them an indescribable, mysterious brightness. I could almost have believed myself carried back into the middle of the seventeenth century, and set down in a camp of Round-heads. "And these," thought I, "are the men to whom our Parisian newspapers deny all patriotism and all religion! No; military despotism can never obtain a foot-hold in this generous land. The soil upturned and made fruitful by the Puritans can bring forth only liberty."

The reading over, I wrung the hand of Truth, and taking advantage of my privilege, I in-

spected all the companies, in search of my son and Alfred. I found them both lying on the ground, wrapped in their blankets, and talking in low tones, I well knew of whom.

"Boys," said I, "a soldier must husband his strength; the first requisite is sleep. Make a place for me between you, and dream with your eyes shut."

So saying I embraced my two sons, wrapped my cloak carefully about me, drew the hood over my face, and went to sleep with a heart as light as if I were at home."—*Paris in America.*

LACOSTE, MARIE R., an American poet, of whose life we know nothing beyond a brief sketch in Epes Sargent's *Cyclopædia of British and American Poetry*. This biographical sketch reads thus: "Miss Lacoste was born about the year 1842, was a resident of Savannah, Georgia, at the time (1863) she wrote the poem, *Somebody's Darling*. Without her consent it was published, with her name attached, in the *Southern Churchman*. Her residence in 1886 was Baltimore, and her occupation that of a teacher. In a letter of that year she writes: 'I am thoroughly French, and desire always to be identified with France; to be known and considered ever as a Frenchwoman. I cannot be considered an authoress at all, and resign all claim to the title.'" But, comments Mr. Sargent, "if she did not wish to be regarded as an authoress, and a much esteemed one, she ought never to have written *Somebody's Darling*. The marvel is that the vein from which came the felicitous little poem has not been more productively worked."

SOMEBODY'S DARLING.

Into a ward of the whitewashed walls,
Where the dead and dying lay,
Wounded by bayonets, shells, and balls,
Somebody's Darling was borne one day:—
Somebody's Darling, so young and so brave,
Wearing yet on his pale, sweet face,
Soon to be hid by the dust of the grave,
The lingering light of his boyhood's grace.

Matted and damp are the curls of gold,
Kissing the snow of that fair young brow;
Pale are the lips of delicate mould:—
Somebody's Darling is dying now.

Back from his beautiful blue-veined brow
Brush all the wandering waves of gold,
Cross his hands on his bosom now:—
Somebody's Darling is still and cold.

Kiss him once more for somebody's sake;
Murmur a prayer soft and low;
One bright curl from its fair mates take—
They were somebody's pride, you know;
Somebody's hand had rested there:—
Was it a mother's soft and white?
And have the lips of a sister fair
Been baptized in those waves of light?

God knows best. He has somebody's love;
Somebody's heart enshrined him there;
Somebody wafted his name above,
Night and morn, on the wings of prayer;
Somebody wept when he marched away,
Looking so handsome, brave, and grand;
Somebody's kiss on his forehead lay;
Somebody clung to his parting hand.

Somebody's waiting and watching for him,
Yearning to hold him again to the heart;
And there he lies, with his blue eyes dim,
And the smiling childlike lips apart.
Tenderly bury the fair young dead,
Pausing to drop on his grave a tear;
Carve on the wooden slab at his head,
"Somebody's Darling slumbers here."

LAIGHTON, ALBERT, an American poet, born in Portsmouth, N. H., in 1829: died there in 1887. He was for many years connected with a banking institution in his native town. His poems, which originally appeared in various periodicals, were published collectively in 1859, and subsequently in 1878. In connection with Mr. A. M. Payson he compiled a volume of *Poets of Portsmouth* (1865.)

UNDER THE LEAVES.

Oft have I walked these woodland paths,
  Without the blest foreknowing
That underneath the withered leaves
  The faintest buds were growing.

To-day the south-wind sweeps away
  The types of Autumn's splendor,
And shows the sweet arbutus flowers—
  Spring's children, pure and tender.

O prophet flowers! with lips of bloom,
  Outvying you in beauty,
The pearly tints of ocean shells,
  Ye teach me faith and duty.

Walk life's dark ways, ye seem to say,
  With Love's divine foreknowing,
That where man sees but withered leaves,
  God sees the sweet flowers growing.

THE DEAD.

I cannot tell you if the dead,
  That loved us fondly when on earth,
  Walk by our side, sit at our hearth,
By ties of old affection led:—

Or, looking earnestly within,
  Know all our joys, hear all our sighs,
  And watch us with their holy eyes
Whene'er we tread the paths of sin:—

Or if, with mystic love and sign,
They speak to us, or press our hand,
And strive to make us understand
The nearness of their forms divine.

But this I know:—In many dreams
They come to us from realms afar,
And leave the golden gates ajar,
Through which immortal glory streams.

TO MY SOUL.

Guests from a holier world,
Oh, tell me where the peaceful valleys lie!
Dove in the ark of life, when thou shalt fly,
Where will thy wings be furled?

Where is thy native nest?
Where the green pastures that the blessed roam?
Impatient dweller in thy clay-built home,
Where is thy heavenly rest?

On some immortal shore,
Some realm away from earth and time, I know,
A land of bloom where living waters flow,
And grief comes never more.

Faith turns my eyes above;
Day fills with floods of light the boundless skies;
Night watches calmly with her starry eyes,
All tremulous with love.

And, as entranced I gaze,
Sweet music floats to me from distant lyres;
I see a temple round whose golden spires
Unearthly glory plays.

Beyond those azure deeps
I fix thy home—a mansion kept for thee
Within the Father's house, whose noiseless key
Kind Death, the warder keeps.

LAMARTINE, Alphonse Marie Louis de, a French poet, historian, and statesman, born near Mâcon, in 1790; died at Paris in 1869. He was educated chiefly by his mother, and was sent to the College at Belley, where he remained until his nineteenth year. In 1811 he went to Italy, where he spent two years. His family had suffered for their adherence to the Royalist cause, and when Napoleon was sent to Elba, Lamartine returned to France and entered the service of Louis XVIII. On the return of Napoleon he took refuge in Switzerland. In 1818–19 he traveled in Savoy, Switzerland, and Italy, writing poetry, of which his first volume, *Méditations Poétiques* was published in 1820. He now entered the diplomatic service. In 1823 he married an English lady of fortune, and the same year published *Nouvelles Méditations*.

After the accession of Louis Philippe he travelled with his family in Turkey, Egypt, and Syria. During his absence he was elected to the Chamber of Deputies, and took his place about the beginning of 1834. He was re-elected in 1837. In 1841 he opposed Thiers's project of fortifying the capital. In 1843 he advocated the extension of the franchise, and the foundation of a constitutional monarchy.

The Revolution of February, 1848, gave him a foremost place among the men of France. He was made Minister of Foreign Affairs, was elected for the Constitutional Assembly in ten departments, and was chosen one of the five members of the Executive Committee. For four months he held the reins of government. But in

June his influence succumbed that of Cavaignac.

The remainder of his life was spent in literary labor. His private fortune was gone, and the Government in 1867 granted him $100,000. In 1860 he supervised an edition of his works in forty-one volumes. Among them are, *Harmonies Politiques et Religieuse* (1830), *Souvenirs, Impressions, Pensées et Paysages pendant un Voyage en Orient* (1835), *Jocelyn, Journal trouvé chez un Curé de Village* (1836), *La Chute d'un Ange* (1838), *Récueillements Poétiques* (1839), *Histoire des Girondins* (1847), *History of the Revolution of* 1848, and *Histories of Turkey and Russia.* The entire list of his writings, in prose and verses, is very long.

THE CEDARS OF LEBANON.

Eagles, that wheel above our crests,
Say to the storms that round us blow,
They cannot harm our gnarled breasts,
Firm-rooted as we are below.
Their utmost efforts we defy.
They lift the sea-waves to the sky;
But when they wrestle with our arms,
Nervous and gaunt, or lift our hair,
Balanced within its cradle fair
The tiniest bird has no alarms.

Sons of the rock, no mortal hand
Here planted us: God-sown we grew.
We are the diadem green and grand
On Eden's summit that He threw.
When waters in a deluge rose,
Our hollow flanks could well enclose
Awhile the whole of Adam's race;
And children of the Patriarch
Within our forest built the Ark
Of Covenant, foreshadowing Grace.

We saw the Tribes as captives led,
We saw them back return anon;
As rafters have our branches dead
Covered the porch of Solomon;
And later, when the Word, made man,
Came down in God's salvation-plan
To pay for sin the ransom-price,
The beams that form'd the Cross we gave:
These, red in blood of power to save,
Were altars of that Sacrifice.

In memory of such great events,
Men come to worship our remains;
Kneel down in prayer within our tents,
And kiss our old trunks' weather-stains.
The saint, the poet, and the sage,
Hear and shall hear from age to age
Sounds in our foliage like the voice
Of many waters; in these shades
Their burning words are forged like blades,
While their uplifted souls rejoice.

Transl. of TORU DUTT.

THE GULF OF BAYA.

Mark you how the peaceful wave
Gently dies upon the shore!—
Breezes sweet with pilfered store
Fan, and dip, and splash and lave
The laughing waters evermore!
Sit we in this faëry skiff,
Lazily adown we'll row
Round the Gulf and past the cliff,
Winding with the river's flow.
Now far behind us glides the river
And on we go as if for ever;
And brushing o'er the creamy foam
With trembling hands our oars we ply,
While in the distance seems to die
The silvery track that tells of home.

What freshness in a dying day!
Plunged into Thetis's bosom white

The Sun has yielded up his sway
To the pale Queen of Night.
The bosoms of the half-closed flowers
Open, to give their choicest dowers
Of love, to Zephyr's balmy kisses—
Ne'er a tiny plant he misses,
But carries, and spreads, for my mirth,
Over the waves the scents of earth.

What sweet songs! and what sweet laughter!
On the waves and on the sea,
While we hear a moment after
Echo hailing them with glee.
Mistrustful of the rising moon,
And whistling some old Roman tune,
The fisher takes his angle home;
While tender youths, and dark-eyed maids,
By babbling rills, and myrtle glades,
Gather life's blisses as they roam.

But already darkness falls,
Black and fearsome grows the sea,
Gone are all those merry calls,
Dread silence where those calls should be!
Now croaks the frog; the night-owl flits,
And deep-brow'd Melancholy sits
Brooding o'er the ruin'd scene,
For every stone and statue fair,
Each half-wall'd Temple crumbling there,
Can tell of what has been.
For crush'd beneath the weight of some fell despot's sway,
Naught is there left of freedom—naught of the olden time.
Where, in Italia's borders, can we find to-day
Men to hail as heroes, and deeds to term sublime?
Each grass-grown stone—each ruin hoary
Should call up burning thoughts of liberty and glory;
Just as in some old temple, tho' of its charms bereft,

We feel the influence still the former god has left—
Yet Brutus's shade and Cato's, still fondly call in vain
For manly hearts to build the old world up again—
Go ask these ruin'd walls, and crumbling as they are,
They'll give you happier thoughts, and mem'ries sweeter far!

Here Horace had his country seat;
And here in solitude he wrought;
Here quiet ease, and graceful thought,
And leisure found a last retreat;
Propertius met his Cynthia here,
And to his Delia's glances clear
Tibullus breathed in tuneful notes his tender strain;
And further down behold where hapless Tasso sung—
The glorious thoughts that flashed across a poet's brain,
Could not shield from penury—could not save from pain,
But drove him forth an exile reviled by every tongue!

And back to these same borders at last he came—to die,
He came, when glory call'd him, and perish'd in her womb,
The boys he madly yearned for again appeared to fly—
The tardy laurel ripened but to darken o'er his tomb!
O Hill of Baya!—Home of bards sublime!
Beneath thy greensward, and thy scented thyme,
All that is noblest in us lies!
For Love and Glory now are thine no more.
Thy only answers to my cries

Are the dull ocean's sullen sighs,
And my own voice re-echoed from the shore!

Thus all is changed, and all is past,
Thus we ourselves must pass away!
For nothing in this world can last,
But Life and Love are gone as fast
As the bright track that marked our way!

Transl. of HARRY CURWEN.

THE TEMPLE.

We left Louis XVI. at the threshold of the Temple, where Pétion had conducted him, without his being able to know as yet whether he entered there as suspended from the throne or as a prisoner. This uncertainty lasted some days.

The Temple was an ancient and dismal fortress, built by the monastic Order of Templars, at the time when sacerdotal and military theocracies, uniting in revolt against princes with tyranny towards the people, constructed for themselves forts for monasteries, and marched to dominion by the double power of the cross and the sword. After their fall their fortified dwelling had remained standing, as a wreck of past times neglected by the present. The chateau of the Temple was situated near the faubourg St. Antoine, not far from the Bastile; it enclosed with its buildings, its palace, its towers, and its gardens, a vast space of solitude and silence, in the centre of a most densely populated quarter. The buildings were composed of a *prieuré*, or palace of the Order, the apartments of which served as an occasional dwelling for the Comte d'Artois, when that prince came from Versailles to Paris. This dilapidated palace contained apartments furnished with ancient movables, beds, and linen for the suite of the prince. A porter and his family were its only hosts. A garden surrounded it, as empty and neglected as the palace. At some steps from this dwelling

was the donjon of the chateau, once the fortification of the Temple. Its abrupt dark mass rose on a simple spot of ground towards the sky; two square towers, the one larger, the other smaller, were united to each other like a mass of walls, each one having at its flank other small suspended towers, in former days crowned with battlements at their extremity, and these formed the principal group of this construction. Some low and more modern buildings abutted upon it, and served, by disappearing in its shade, to raise its height. This donjon and tower were constructed of large stones, cut in Paris, the excoriations and cicatrices of which marbled the walls with yellow livid spots, upon the black ground which the rain and snow incrust upon the large buildings of the north of France. The large tower, almost as high as the towers of a cathedral, was not less than sixty feet from the base to the top. It enclosed within its four walls a space of thirty square feet. An enormous pile of masonry occupied the centre of the tower, and rose almost to the point of the edifice. This pile, larger and wider at each story, leaned its arches upon the exterior walls, and formed four successive arched roofs, which contained four guard-rooms. These halls communicated with other hidden and more narrow places cut in the towers. The walls of the edifice were nine feet thick. The embrasures of the few windows which lighted it, very large at the entrance of the hall, sunk, as they became narrow, even to the crosswork of stone, and left only a feeble and remote light to penetrate into the interior. Bars of iron darkened these apartments still further. Two doors, the one of doubled oak-wood very thick, and studded with large diamond-headed nails; the other plated with iron, and fortified with bars of the same metal, divided each hall from the stair by which one ascended to it.

This staircase rose in a spiral to the platform

of the edifice. Seven successive wickets, or seven solid doors, shut by bolt and key, were ranged from landing to landing, from the base to the terrace. At each one of these wickets a sentinel and a key-bearer were on guard. An exterior gallery crowned the summit of the donjon. One made here ten steps at each turn. The least breath of air howled there like a tempest. The noises of Paris mounted there, weakening as they came. Thence the eye ranged freely over the low roofs of the quarter Saint Antoine, or the streets of the Temple, upon the dome of the Pantheon, upon the towers of the cathedral, upon the roofs of the pavilions of the Tuileries, or upon the green hills of Issy, or of Choisy-le-Roi, descending with their villages, their parks, and their meadows towards the course of the Seine.

The small tower stood with its back to the large one. It had also two little towers upon each of its flanks. It was equally square, and divided into four stories. No interior communication existed between these two contiguous edifices; each had its separate staircase; an open platform crowned this tower in place of a roof, as on the donjon. The first story enclosed an antechamber, an eating-hall, and a library of old books collected by the ancient priors of the Temple, or serving as a depot for the refuse of the libraries of the Comte d'Artois; the second, third, and fourth stories offered to the eye the same disposition of apartments, the same nakedness of wall, and the same dilapidation of furniture. The wind whistled there, the rain fell across the broken panes, the swallow flew in there at pleasure; no beds, sofas, or hangings were there. One or two couches for the assistant jailers, some broken straw-bottom chairs, and earthen vessels in an abandoned kitchen, formed the whole of the furniture. Two low arched doors, whose freestone mouldings represented a bundle of pillars, surmounted by

broken escutcheons of the Temple, led to the vestibule of these two towers.

Large alleys paved with flagstones surrounded the building; these were separated by barriers of planks. The garden was overgrown with vegetation—thick with coarse herbs, and choked by heaps of stones and gravel, the relics of demolished buildings. A high and dull wall, like that of a cloister, made the place still more gloomy. This wall had only one outlet, at the extremity of a long alley on the Vieille Rue du Temple.

Such were the exterior aspect and interior disposition of this abode, when the owners of the Tuileries, Versailles, and Fontainebleau arrived at nightfall. These deserted halls no longer expected tenants since the Templars had left them, to go to the funeral pile of Jacques Molay. These pyramidal towers, empty, cold, and mute for so many ages, more resembled the chambers of a pyramid in the sepulchre of a Pharaoh of the West than a residence.—*History of the Girondists.*—*Transl. of* H. T. Ryde.

LAMB, CHARLES, an English author, born at London in 1775; died at Edmonton, a suburb of London, in 1834. He was educated at Christ's Hospital, Coleridge being one of his schoolfellows. At the age of fourteen he was employed as a clerk in the South Sea House; and three years later he received an appointment in the accountant's office of the East India Company, a position which he held for more than thirty years, until 1825, when he was suffered to retire with a life annuity of £450. His sister MARY ANN LAMB (born in 1765, died in 1847) was most intimately connected with the entire life of her brother. In 1796, in a sudden paroxysm of insanity, she stabbed her mother to the heart, killing her instantly; and for the remaining half-century of her life she underwent not unfrequent attacks of her mental malady. Charles Lamb, then barely one-and-twenty, devoted himself to the care of his afflicted sister; and in the intervals of her mental malady she shared in his literary tastes and labors. She wrote *Mrs. Leicester's School*, a collection of juvenile tales, and was joint-author with him of *Tales from Shakespeare*, and of a small volume of *Poetry for Children*.

Charles Lamb commenced his literary career by putting forth, in conjunction with Coleridge and Lloyd, a volume of poems (1797); the next year he wrote *Rosamond Gray*, a prose tale, and still later *John Woodville*, a drama. In 1808 he published *Specimens of English Dramatic Poets*, who flourished nearly contemporary with Shakespeare. But by far the most notable of his writings are the *Essays of Elia*, begun in 1820, and continued until 1833. His

sister survived him for thirteen years and the annuity which the East India Company had settled upon him was continued to her during the remainder of her life, which was passed in retirement.

A QUAKERS' MEETING.

Reader, would'st thou know what true peace and quiet mean; would'st thou find a refuge from the noises and clamors of the multitude; would'st thou enjoy at once solitude and society; would'st thou possess the depth of thine own spirit in stillness, without being shut out from the consolatory faces of thy species; would'st thou be alone, and yet accompanied; solitary, yet not desolate; singular, yet not without some to keep thee in countenance; a unit in aggregate; a simple in composite:—Come with me into a Quakers' Meeting. Dost thou love silence deep as that "before the winds were made?" Go not out into the wilderness; descend not into the profundities of the earth; shut not up thy casements; nor pour wax into the little cells of thy ears, with little-faithed self-mistrusting Ulysses. Retire with me into a Quakers' Meeting.

For a man to refrain even from good words, and to hold his peace, it is commendable; but for a multitude it is a great mastery. What is the stillness of the desert compared with this peace? what the uncommunicating muteness of the fishes? Here the goddess reigns and revels. "Boreas and Cesias and Argestes loud," do not with their inter-confounding uproars more augment the brawl, nor the waves of the blown Baltic with their clubbed sounds, than their opposite (Silence, her sacred self) is multiplied and rendered more intense by numbers and by sympathy. She too hath her deeps that call unto deeps. Negation itself hath a positive more and less; and closed eyes would seem to obscure the great obscurity of midnight.

There are wounds which an imperfect soli-

tude cannot heal. By imperfect I mean that which a man enjoyeth by himself. The perfect is that which he can sometimes attain in crowds, but nowhere so absolutely as in a Quakers' meeting. These first hermits did certainly understand this principle when they retired into Egyptian solitudes, not singly, but in shoals, to enjoy one another's want of conversation. The Carthusian is bound to his brethren by this agreeing spirit of incommunicativeness. In secular occasions what's so pleasant as to be reading a book through a long winter evening, with a friend sitting by—say a wife—he or she too (if that be probable) reading another, without interruption or oral communication?—can there be no sympathy without the gabble of words? Away with this inhuman, shy, single, shade-and-cavern-haunting solitariness. Give me, Master Zimmermann, a sympathetic solitude.

To pace alone by the cloister, or side-aisles of some cathedral, time-stricken; "or under hanging mountains, or by the fall of fountains," is but a vulgar luxury compared with that which those enjoy who come together for the purposes of more complete abstracted solitude. This is the loneliness "to be felt." The Abbey Church of Westminster hath nothing so solemn, so spirit-soothing, as the naked walls and benches of a Quakers' Meeting. There are no tombs, no inscriptions—"Sands, ignoble things, dropped from the ruined sides of Kings;" but here is something which throws Antiquity herself into the foreground—Silence—eldest of things—language of old Night—primitive Discourse—to which the insolent decays of mouldering grandeur have but arrived by a violent, and, as we may say, unnatural progression.

"How reverend is the view of these hushed heads, looking tranquillity." Nothing-plotting, nought-caballing, unmischievous Synod! Convocation without intrigue! Parliament without

debate! What a lesson dost thou read to Council and to Consistory! If my pen treat you lightly—as haply it will wander—yet my spirit hath gravely felt the wisdom of your custom, when sitting with you in deepest peace, which some out-welling tears would rather confine than disturb.

More frequently the Meeting is broken up without a word having been spoken. But the mind has been fed. You go away with a sermon not made with hands. You have been in the milder caverns of Trophonius; or as in some den where that fiercest and savagest of all wild creatures—the Tongue—that unruly member—has strangely lain tied up and captive. You have bathed with stillness. Oh, when the spirit is sore-fretted, even tired to sickness of the janglings and nonsense-noises of the world, what a balm and a solace it is to go and seat yourself for a quiet half-hour upon some undisputed corner of a bench, among the gentle Quakers.

Their garb and stillness conjoined, present a uniformity and stillness conjoined, present a uniformity, tranquil and herd-like—as in the pasture—"forty feeding like one." The very garments of a Quaker seem incapable of receiving a soil; and cleanliness in them to be something more than the absence of its contrary. Every Quakeress is a lily; and when they come up in bands to their Whitsun-conferences, whitening the easterly streets of the metropolis, from all parts of the United Kingdom, they show like troops of the Shining Ones.—*Elia.*

MODERN GALLANTRY.

In comparing modern with ancient manners, we are pleased to compliment ourselves upon the point of gallantry: a certain obsequiousness, or deferential respect, which we are supposed to pay to females, as females. I shall believe that this principle actuates our conduct when I can

forget that in the nineteenth century of the era from which we date our civility, we are just beginning to leave off the very frequent practice of whipping females in public in common with the coarsest male offenders. I shall believe it when Dorimont hands a fishwife across the kennel, or assists the apple-woman to pick up her wandering fruit which some unlucky dray has just dissipated. Until that day comes I shall never believe this boasted point to be anything more than a conventional fiction; a pageant got up between the sexes, in a certain rank, and at a certain time of life, in which both find their account equally.

I shall be even disposed to rank it among the salutary fictions of life, when in polite circles I shall see the same attentions paid to age as to youth, to homely features as to handsome, to coarse complexions as to clear—to the woman, as she is a woman, not as she is a beauty, a fortune, or a title. I shall believe it to be something more than a name, when a well-dressed gentleman, in a well-dressed company, can advert to the topic of female old age without exciting, and intending to excite a sneer; when the phrases "antiquated virginity," and such a one has "overstood her market," pronounced in good company, shall raise immediate offense in man or woman that shall hear them spoken.

Joseph Paice, of Bread-Street Hill, Merchant, and one of the Directors of the South-Sea Company, was the only pattern of consistent gallantry that I have ever met with. He took me under his shelter at an early age, and bestowed some pains upon me. I owe to his precepts and example whatever there is of the man of business (and that is not much) in my composition. It was not his fault that I did not profit more.

Though bred a Presbyterian, and brought up a merchant, he was the finest gentleman of his time. He had not one system of attention to females in the drawing-room and another in the

shop or in the stall. I do not mean that he made no distinction. But he never lost sight of sex, or overlooked it in the casualties of a disadvantageous situation. I have seen him stand bare headed—smile if you please—to a poor servant-girl while she has been inquiring of him the way to some street—in such a posture of unforced civility as neither to embarrass her in the acceptance nor himself in the offer of it. He was no dangler in the common acceptation of the word; but he reverenced and upheld, in every form in which it came before him, womanhood. I have seen him—nay, smile not—tenderly escorting a market-woman, whom he had encountered in a shower, exalting his umbrella over her poor basket of fruit, that it might receive no damage, with as much carefulness as though she had been a countess.

He was never married, but in his youth he had paid his addresses to the beautiful Susan Winstanley, who dying in the early days of their courtship, confirmed him in the resolution of perpetual bachelorship. It was during their courtship, he told me, that he had been treating his mistress with a profusion of civil speeches—the common gallantries—to which kind of thing she had hitherto manifested no repugnance; but in this instance with no effect. She rather seemed to resent his compliments. He could not set it down to caprice, for the lady had always shown herself above that littleness. When he ventured on the following day—finding her a little better humored—to expostulate with her on her coldness of yesterday, she confessed, with her usual frankness, that she had no sort of dislike to his attentions; that she could even endure some high-flown compliments; that a young woman placed in her situation had a right to expect all sort of civil things to be said to her; that she hoped she could digest a dose of adulation, short of insincerity, with as little injury to her humility as most young women. But that,

a little before he had commenced his compliments, she had overheard him by accident, in rather rough language, rating a young woman, who had not brought home his cravats quite to the appointed time; and she thought to herself:

"As I am Miss Susan Winstanley, and a young lady—a reputed beauty, and known to be a fortune—I can have my choice of the finest speeches from the mouth of this very fine gentleman who is courting me; but if I had been poor Mary Such-a-one, and had failed in bringing home the cravats to the appointed hour—though perhaps I had sat up half the night to forward them—what sort of compliments should I have received then? And my woman's pride came to my assistance; and I thought that if it were only to do *me* honor, a female, like myself, might have received handsomer usage. And I was determined not to accept any fine speeches to the compromise of that sex, the belonging to which was after all my strongest claim and title to them."

I think the lady discovered both generosity and a just way of thinking in this rebuke which she gave her lover; and I have sometimes imagined that the uncommon strain of courtesy which through life regulated the actions and behavior of my friend towards all of womankind owed its happy origin to this seasonable lesson from the lips of his lamented mistress. I wish the whole female world would entertain the same notion of these things that Miss Winstanley showed. Then we should see something of the spirit of consistent gallantry, and no longer witness of the anomaly of the same man—a pattern of true politeness to a wife, of cold contempt or rudeness to a sister; the idolater of his female mistress; the despiser of his no less female aunt or unfortunate—still female—maiden cousin. Just so much respect as a woman derogates from her own sex, in whatever condition placed—her

handmaid or dependent—she deserves to have derogated from herself on that score.

What a woman should demand of a man in courtship, or after it, is first, respect for her as she is a woman; and next to that, to be respected by him above all other women. But let her stand upon her female character as upon a foundation; and let the attentions incident to individual preference be so many pretty additaments and ornaments—as many and as fanciful as you please—to the main structure. Let her first lesson be, with sweet Susan Winstanley, to reverence her sex.—*Elia.*

DISTANT CORRESPONDENTS.

(*In a Letter to B. F., Esq., at Sydney, New South Wales.*)

My Dear F—. When I think how welcome the sight of a letter from the world where you were born must be to you in that strange one to which you are transplanted, I feel some compunctious visitings at my long silence. But indeed it is no easy effort to set about a correspondence at our distance. The weary world of waters between us oppresses the imagination. It is difficult to conceive how a scrawl of mine should ever stretch across it. It is a sort of presumption to expect that one's thoughts should live so far. It is like writing for posterity; and reminds me of one of Mrs. Rowe's superscriptions, "Alexander to Strephon in the Shades."

Epistolary matter usually compriseth three topics: News, Sentiment, and Puns. In the latter I include all non-serious subjects; or subjects serious in themselves, but treated after my fashion, non-seriously. And first for News. In them the most desirable circumstance, I suppose, is that they shall be true. But what security can I have that what I send you for truth shall not before you get it unaccountably turn into a lie? For instance, our mutual friend P— is at this present writing—*my Now*—in good

health, and enjoys a fair share of worldly reputation. You are glad to hear of it. This is natural and friendly. But at this present reading—*your Now*—he may possibly be in the Bench, or going to be hanged, which in reason ought to abate something of your transport (*i. e.* at hearing he was well, etc.,) or at least considerably to modify it.

Not only does truth, in these long intervals, unessence herself, but (what is harder) one cannot venture a crude fiction for fear that it may ripen into a truth upon the voyage. What a wild, improbable banter I put upon you some three years since—of Will Weatherall having married a servant-maid! I remember gravely consulting you how we were to receive her (for Will's wife was in no case to be rejected); and your no less serious replication in the matter; how tenderly you advised an abstemious introduction of literary topics before the lady, with a caution not to be too forward in bringing on the carpet matters more within the sphere of her intelligence; your deliberate judgment—a rather wise suspension of sentence—how far jacks and spits and mops could be introduced as subjects; whether the conscious avoiding of all such matters in discourse would not have a worse look than the taking them casually in our way; and in what manner we should carry ourselves to our Maid Becky—Mrs. William Weatherall being by: whether we should show more delicacy and truer sense for Will's wife by treating Becky with our customary chiding before her, or by an unusual deferential civility paid to Becky as to a person of great worth, but thrown by the caprice of fate into a humble situation.

There were difficulties, I remember, on both sides, which you did me the favor to state with the precision of a lawyer, united to the tenderness of a friend. I laughed in my sleeve at your solemn pleadings, when lo! while I was valuing myself upon this flam put upon you in

New South Wales, the devil in England—jealous of any lie-children not his own, or working after my copy—has actually instigated our friend (not three days since) to the commission of a matrimony which I had only conjured up for your diversion. William Weatherall has married Mrs. Cotterel's maid. But to take it in its truest sense, you will see, my dear F—, that News from me must become History to you; which I neither profess to write, nor indeed care much for reading. No person, unless a diviner, can with any prospect of veraeity conduct a correspondence at such an arm's length.

Then as to Sentiment. It fares little better with that. This kind of dish above all requires to be served up hot, or sent off in water-plates, that your friend may have it almost as warm as yourself. If it have time to cool, it is the most tasteless of all cold meats. I have often smiled at a conceit of the late Lord C—. It seems that travelling somewhere about Geneva, he came to some pretty green spot or nook, where a willow or something hung so fantastically and invitingly over a stream—was it? or a rock?—no matter: but the stillness or the repose, after a weary journey, 'tis likely in a languid moment in his Lordship's not restless life, so took his fancy that he could imagine no place so proper, in the event of his death, to lay his bones in. This was all very natural and excusable as a sentiment, and shows his character in a very pleasing light. But when from a passing sentiment it came to be an act; and when by a positive testamentary disposal, his remains were actually carried all that way from England, who was there—some desperate sentimentalists excepted—that did not ask the question, Why could not his Lordship have found a spot as solitary, a nook as romantic, a tree as green and pendent, in Surrey, in Dorset, or in Devon? Conceive the sentiment boarded up, freighted, entered at the Custom House (startling the tide-

waiters with the novelty), hoisted into a ship. Conceive it passed about and handled between the rude jests of tarpaulin ruffians—a thing of its delicate texture—the salt bilge wetting it till it became as vapid as a damaged lustring. Trace it then to its lucky landing at Lyons, shall we say—I have not the map before me—jostled upon four men's shoulders—baiting at this town—stopping to refresh at t'other village—waiting a passport here, a license there—the sanction of the magistracy in this district—the concurrence of the ecclesiastics in that canton; till at length it arrives at its destination, tired out and jaded, from a brisk Sentiment into a feature of silly Pride or tawdry senseless Affectation. How few Sentiments, my dear F—, I am afraid we can set down, in the sailors' phrase, as quite seaworthy.

Lastly, as to the agreeable levities which though contemptible in bulk, are the twinkling corpuscula which should irradiate a right friendly epistle—your Puns and small Jests are, I apprehend, extremely circumscribed in their sphere of action. They are so far from a capacity of being packed up and sent beyond sea, that they will scarce endure to be transported by hand from this room to the next. Their vigor is at the instant of their birth. Their nutriment for their brief existence is the intellectual atmosphere of the by-standers. A Pun hath a hearty kind of present ear-kissing smack with it; you can no more transmit it in its pristine flavor than you can send a kiss. Have you not tried in some instances to palm off a yesterday's pun upon a gentleman, and has it answered? Not but it was new to his hearing, but it did not seem to come new from you. It did not seem to hitch in. It was like picking up at a village alehouse a two-days'-old newspaper. You have not seen it before, but you resent the stale thing as an affront. This sort of merchandise above all requires a quick return. A pun and its ...

cognitory laugh must be co-instantaneous. The one is the brisk lightning, the other the fierce thunder. A moment's interval, and the link is snapped. A pun is reflected from a friend's face as from a mirror. Who would consult his sweet visnomy were it two or three minutes (not to speak of twelve months) in giving back its copy?

I am insensibly chatting to you as familiarly as when we used to exchange good-morrow out of our old contiguous windows in pump-famed Hare-Court in the Temple. My heart is as dry as that spring sometimes turns in a thirsty August, when I revert to the space that is between us; a length of passage enough to render obsolete the phrases of our English letters before they can reach you. But while I talk, I think you hear me—thoughts dallying with vain surmise—

"Aye me! while thee the seas and sounding shores
Hold far away."

Come back before I am grown into a very old man, so as you shall hardly know me. Come before Bridget walks on crutches. Girls whom you left as children have become sage matrons while you are tarrying there. The blooming Miss W—r (you remember Sally W—r) called upon us yesterday, an aged crone. Folks whom you knew die off every year. If you do not make haste to return, there will be little left to greet you of me or mine.—*Elia.*

HESTER.

When maidens such as Hester die,
Their place ye may not well supply,
Though ye among a thousand try,
With vain endeavor.

A month or more hath she been dead;
Yet cannot I by force be led
To think upon the wormy bed
And her, together.

A springing motion in her gait
A rising step, did indicate
Of pride and joy no common rate,
That flushed her spirit.

I know not by what name beside
I shall it call:—if 'twas not pride,
It was a joy to that allied,
She did inherit.

Her parents held the Quaker rule,
Which doth the human feeling cool;
But she was trained in nature's school—
Nature had blest her.

A waking eye, a prying mind,
A heart that stirs, is hard to bind;
A hawk's keen sight ye cannot blind—
Ye could not Hester.

My sprightly neighbor, gone before
To that unknown and silent shore!
Shall we not meet, as heretofore,
Some summer morning,

When from thy cheerful eyes a ray
Hath struck a bliss upon the day
A bliss that would not go away—
A sweet forewarning?

CHARLES LAMB.

LINES WRITTEN IN MY OWN ALBUM.

Fresh clad from heaven in robes of white
A young probationer of light
Thou wert, my soul, an album bright,

A spotless leaf; but thought and care,
And friend and foe, in foul and fair,
Have written "strange defeatures" there.

And Time, with heaviest hand of all,
Like that fierce writing on the wall,
Hath stamped sad dates, he can't recall.

And error, gilding worse designs—
Like speckled snake that slays and shines—
Betrays his path by crooked lines.

And vice hath left his ugly blot;
And good resolves, a moment hot,
Fairly begun—but finished not

And fruitless late remorse doth trace—
Like Hebrew lore a backward pace—
Her irrecoverable race.

Disjointed numbers; sense unknit;
Huge reams of folly; shreds of wit;
Compose the mingled mass of it.

My scalding eyes no longer brook
Upon this ink-blurred thing too look:—
Go, shut the leaves, and clasp the book.

CHARLES LAMB.

CHOOSING A NAME.

I have got a new-born sister;
I was nigh the first that kissed her.
When the nursing-woman brought her
To papa, his infant daughter,
How papa's dear eyes did glisten!
She will shortly be to christen;
And papa has made the offer
I shall have the naming of her.
Now I wonder what would please her—
Charlotte, Julia, or Louisa?
Ann and Mary—they're too common;
Joan's too formal for a woman;
Jane's a prettier name beside;
But we had a Jane that died.
They would say if 'twas Rebecca,
That she was a little Quaker.
Edith's pretty, but that looks
Better in old English books;
Ellen's left off long ago;
Blanche is out of fashion now.
None that I have named as yet
Are as good as Margaret.

Emily is neat and fine;
What do you think of Caroline?
How I'm puzzled and perplexed,
What to choose or think of next!
I am in a little fever
Lest the name that I should give her
Should disgrace her or defame her:—
I will leave papa to name her.

MARY LAMB.

PARENTAL RECOLLECTIONS.

A child's a plaything for an hour; its pretty tricks we try
For that or for a longer space, then tire and lay it by.

But I know one that to itself all seasons could control;
That would have mocked the sense of pain out of a grieved soul.

Thou straggler into loving arms, young climber up of knees,
When I forget thy thousand ways, then life and all shall cease.

MARY LAMB

LAMB, MARTHA JOANNA READE (NASH), an American author, born at Plainfield, Massachusetts, in 1829. In 1852 she married Mr. Charles A. Lamb, of Ohio. For several years she lived in Chicago, where she was instrumental in founding a Home for the Friendless and a Half-Orphan Asylum. Since 1866 she has lived in New York. In 1883 she became the editor of the *Magazine of American History*. Among her works are several books for children (1869–70), *Spicy*, a novel (1872), *The Tombs of Old Trinity* (1876), *State and Society in Washington* (1878), *The Coast Survey* (1879), *The Life-Saving Service* (1881), *The Christmas Owl* (1881), *History of the City of New York* (1866–81), *Snow and Sunshine* (1882), and *Wall Street in History* (1883.) She has also written numerous short stories, and has contributed more than one hundred historical and other papers to magazines. In 1879 she edited *American Homes*, and in 1883 wrote the *Historical Sketch of New York*, for the tenth census.

MANHATTAN ISLAND.

Two hundred and sixty-five years ago the site of the city of New York was a rocky, wooded, canoe-shaped, thirteen-mile-long island, bounded by two salt rivers and a bay, and peopled by dusky skin-clad savages. A half-dozen portable wigwam villages, some patches of tobacco and corn, and a few bark canoes drawn up on the shore, gave little promise of our present four hundred and fifty miles of streets, vast property interests, and the encircling forest of shipping. . . .

To the right, the majestic North River, a mile wide, unbroken by an island; to the left, the deep East River, a third of a mile wide.

with a chain of slender islands abreast; ahead, a beautiful bay fifteen miles in circumference, at the foot of which the waters were cramped into a narrow strait with bold steeps on either side; and astern, a small channel dividing the island from the mainland to the north, and connecting the two salt rivers. Nature wore a hardy countenance, as wild and untamed as the savage landholders. Manhattan's twenty-two thousand acres of rock, lake, and rolling table-land, rising in places to an altitude of one hundred and thirty-eight feet, were covered with sombre forests, grassy knolls, and dismal swamps. The trees were lofty: and old, decayed, and withered limbs contrasted with the younger growth of branches, and wild-flowers wasted their sweetness among the dead leaves and uncut herbage at their roots. The wanton grape-vine swung carelessly from the topmost boughs of the oak and sycamore, and blackberry and raspberry bushes, like a picket guard, presented a bold front in all the possible avenues of approach. Strawberries struggled for a feeble existence in various places, sometimes under foliage through which no sunshine could penetrate, and wild rose-bushes and wild currant-bushes hobnobbed, and were often found clinging to frail footholds among the ledges and cliffs, while apple-trees pitifully beckoned with their dwarfed fruit, as if to be relieved from too intimate an association with the giant progeny of the crowded groves. The entire surface of the island was bold and granitic, and in profile resembled the cartilaginous back of the sturgeon. Where the Tombs prison now casts its grim shadow in Centre Street, was a fresh-water lake, supplied by springs from the high grounds about it, so deep that the largest ships might have floated upon its surface, and pure as the Croton which now flows through the reservoirs of the city. It had two outlets—small streams, one emptying into

the North, the other into the East River.—*History of the City of New York.*

GEORGE WASHINGTON IN NEW YORK.

The winter of 1790 opened auspiciously. New York City was in promising health and picturesque attire. The weather until February was remarkably mild and lovely. "I see the President has returned fragrant with the odor of incense," wrote Trumbull to Wolcott in December. "This tour has answered a good political purpose, and in a great measure stilled those who were clamoring about the wages of Congress." The community at large was full of pleasing anticipations. People flocked into the metropolis from all quarters, and the presence of so much dignity of character, statesmanship, legal learning, culture, and social elegance produced new sensations, aspirations, and ambitions.

Washington was the observed of all observers. His wonderful figure, which it has pleased the present age to clothe in cold and mythical disguises, was neither unreal nor marble. He stood six feet three inches in his slippers, well-proportioned, evenly developed, and straight as an arrow. He had a long muscular arm, and probably the largest hands of any man in New York. He was fifty-eight, with a character so firm and true, kindly and sweet, kingly and grand, as to remain unshaken as the air when a boy wings his arrow into it, through all subsequent history. His great will-power and gravity seem to have most attracted the attention of mankind. His abilities as a business man, the accuracy of his accounts, which through much of his life he kept with his own hand, and his boundless generosity should also be remembered. He took care of his money; at the same time he cast a fortune worth at least three quarters of a million into the scale—to be forfeited should the Revolution fail. But the greatest of

all his traits was a manly self-poise founded upon the most perfect self-control. He was withal essentially human, full of feeling, emotional, sympathetic, and sometimes passionate. He was fond of society, conversed well, enjoyed humor in a quiet way, and was sensible to the beauty and open to the appeal of a good story.

While loyal to every duty, and closeted with Jay, Hamilton, and Knox for hours each day in shaping the conduct of the departments, he found time for healthful recreation. The citizens of New York grew accustomed to his appearance upon the streets in one or another of his numerous equipages, or on horseback, and on foot. His diary throws many a domestic and private light upon the pleasing picture. He tells us, for instance, how after visiting the Vice-President and his wife one afternoon, at Richmond Hill, with Mrs. Washington, in the post-chaise, he walked to Rufus King's to make a social call, "and neither Mr. King nor his lady was at home to be seen." On another occasion he sent tickets to Mrs. Adams, Mrs. Greene, General Philip and Mrs. Schuyler, Secretary and Mrs. Hamilton, and Mr. and Mrs. Rufus King, inviting them to seats in his box at the little John Street theatre. Music commenced, and the audience rose the moment Washington and his friends entered the building. The play was *Darby's Return*, written by William Dunlap. Darby, an Irish lad, proceeded to recount his adventures in New York and elsewhere, to his friends in Ireland. Washington smiled at the humorous allusion to the change in the government:—

> "Here, too, I saw some mighty pretty shows—
> A revolution without blood or blows;
> For, as I understood, the cunning elves,
> The people, all revolted from themselves."

But at the lines:—

> "A man who fought to free the land from woe,
> *Like me*, had left his farm a soldiering to go,

Then, having gained his point, he had, *like me*,
Returned, his own potato-ground to see.
But there he could not rest. With one accord
He is called to be kind of—not a lord—
I don't know what; he's not a *great man*, sure,
For poor men love him just as he were poor;"

the eyes of the audience were fixed curiously upon the President, who changed color slightly and looked serious, when Kathleen asked,

"How looked he, Darby? Was he short or tall?" and Darby replied that he did not see him because he had mistaken a man "all lace and glitter, botherum and shine," for him, until the show was out of sight, Washington's features relaxed and he indulged in a rare and hearty laugh.—*History of the City of New York.*

LAMENNAIS, Hugues Félicité Robert de, a French ecclesiastic and author, born at St. Malo in 1782; died in Paris in 1854. He received the tonsure in 1811, and entered Holy Orders 1817. His first book, *Reflexions sur l'Etat de l'Eglise* (1808), was destroyed by the police. *Tradition de l'Eglise sur l'Institution des Evêques* (1814) took Ultramontane ground against the Gallican position. The first volume of *Essai sur l'Indifference en Matière de Religion* (1817) asserted the absolutism of faith;—but the author valued the State chiefly as an adjunct to the Church. The second volume (1820) gave less satisfaction, and the third and fourth (1824) were denounced by the Sorbonne and the bishops. He presented a defence to Pope Leo XII., who said that he would give trouble. *De la Religion considerée dans ses Rapports avec l'Ordre Civil et Catholique* (1825–26) claimed entire spiritual supremacy for the Pope; for it he was prosecuted in France. *Des Progrès de la Révolution et de la Guerre contre l'Église* (1829) gave the first signs of his leaning toward political liberty. In 1830 he founded *L'Avenir*, with the motto "*Dieu et Liberté—le Pape et le Peuple*," and was assisted by Lacordaire, Montalembert, and others. They sought the papal approbation in vain, and were condemned by a rescript of Aug. 15, 1832. They yielded, and *L'Avenir* was suspended; but Lamennais's greatest book, *Paroles d'un Croyant* (1834) made a breach with all authority, alike ecclesiastical and civil. This prose poem won instant fame, ran rapidly through a hundred editions, and was translated into nearly every European language; the Pope condemned it as

"small in size, but immense in its perversity." *Affaires de Rome* (1836), *Le Livre du Peuple* (1837), *Esquisse d'une Philosophie* (1840–46), *De La Religion* (1841), and *Du Passé et de l'Avenir du Peuple* (1842), maintained the position of pure theocratic democracy. For *Le Pays et le Gouvernement* (1840) he was imprisoned a year. In 1848 he was sent to the Assembly, and offered a Constitution, which was rejected as too radical. His last years were occupied in translating Dante. At his own direction, he was buried in Père la Chaise among the unknown poor.

JUSTICE AND LIBERTY.

He who asketh himself how much justice is worth, profaneth justice in his heart; and he who stops to calculate what liberty will cost, hath renounced liberty in his heart. Liberty and justice will weigh you in the same balance in which you have weighed them. Learn, then, to know their value.

There have been nations who have not known that value, and never misery equalled theirs.

If there be upon earth anything truly great, it is the resolute firmness of a people who march on, under the eye of God, to the conquest of those rights which they hold from him, without flagging for a moment; who think not of their wounds, their days of toil and sleepless nights, and say, "What are all these? Justice and liberty are well worthy of severer labors." Such a people may be tried by misfortunes, by reverses, by treachery; nay, may even be sold by some Judas: but let nothing discourage them. For in truth I say unto you that when, like the Saviour of the world, they shall go down into the tomb, like Him they shall come forth again, conquerors over death, and over the prince of this world and his servants.

The laborer beareth the burthen of the day, exposed to the rain and sun and winds, that he may by his labor prepare that harvest which shall enrich his granaries in autumn.

Justice is the harvest of nations.

The workman rises before the dawn, he lights his little lamp, and endures ceaseless fatigue, that he may gain a little bread with which to feed himself and his children.

Justice is the bread of nations.

The merchant shrinks from no labor, complains of no trouble, exhausts his body, and forgets repose, that he may amass wealth.

Liberty is the wealth of nations.

The mariner traverses seas, trusts himself to wave and tempest, risks his body amid the rocks, and endures heat and cold, that he may secure repose in his old age.

Liberty is the repose of nations.

The soldier submits to many hard privations, he watches, fights, and sheds his blood, for what he calls glory.

Liberty is the glory of nations.

If there be on earth a people who think less of justice and liberty than the laborer does of his harvest, or the workman of his daily bread, or the merchant of his wealth, or the mariner of his repose, or the soldier of his glory:—build around that people a high wall, that their breath may not infect the rest of the world.

When the great day of judgment for nations shall come, it will be said to that people, "What hast thou done with thy soul? There is neither sign nor trace of it to be seen. The enjoyments of the brute have been everything to thee. Thou hast loved the mire—go, wallow in the mire."

And that people who, rising above mere material good, have placed their affections on the true good; who, to obtain that true good, have spared no labor, no fatigue, no sacrifice; shall hear this word: "For those who have a soul,

there is the recompense of souls. Because thou hast loved justice and liberty before all things, come and possess forever liberty and justice."—*Words of a Believer.*

"LOYALTY."

The rulers of this world have opposed to the wisdom of God, which men understand not, the wisdom of the prince of this world, even of Satan.

Satan, who is the king of the oppressors of nations, suggested to them an infernal stratagem, by which to confirm their tyranny.

He said to them: "This is what ye should do. Take in each family the strongest of the young men, put arms in their hands and teach them to use them and they will fight for you against their fathers and their brethren; for I will persuade them that the action will be glorious. I will make for them two idols, which they shall call Honor and Loyalty, and a law which they shall call Passive Obedience; and they will worship these idols, and blindly submit themselves to that law, because I will seduce their understandings; and ye will then have nothing more to fear."

And the oppressors of nations did as Satan had advised them, and Satan accomplished what he had promised them.

Then might be seen the children of a nation raising their hands against that nation, to murder their brothers and to chain their fathers, forgetting even the mothers who bore them.

And when you showed them the altars of that God who made man, of that Christ who saved him, they would say, "This is the God of the country; but, as for us, we have no gods but those of our masters, Honor and Loyalty."

Since the seduction of the first woman by the serpent, there hath been no seduction more dreadful than this. But it approacheth its end.—*Words of a Believer.*

LANDON, Letitia Elizabeth, an English author born at Brompton, a suburb of London, in 1802; died at Cape Coast Castle in Western Africa, in 1838. At the age of eighteen she began to contribute to the *Literary Gazette*, with the editorship of which she soon became connected. In the summer of 1838 she married Mr. Maclean the Governor of Cape Coast Castle, and accompanied him to Africa. She had been accustomed to take minute doses of prussic acid for a nervous affection. Soon after her arrival at the Castle she was found dead in her chamber; as was supposed from an accidental overdose of the poison. She published several volumes of prose and verse. Her *Literary Remains*, with a *Life* by Laman Blanchard, were published in 1841. The following verses—the last which she ever wrote—were composed on the voyage to Africa, during which she had been wont to watch the Pole-star, as it nightly sunk below the horizon.

THE SETTING OF THE POLE-STAR.

A star has left the kindling sky—
  A lovely northern light:
How many planets are on high,
  But that has left the night.

I miss its bright familiar face;
  It was a friend to me—
Associate with my native place,
  And those beyond the sea.

It rose upon our English sky,
  Shone o'er our English land,
And brought back many a loving eye,
  And many a gentle hand.

It seemed to answer to my thought,
  It called the past to mind

And with its welcome presence brought
All I had left behind.

The voyage it lights no longer, ends
Soon on a foreign shore;
How can I but recall the friends
That I may see no more?

Fresh from the pain it was to part—
How could I bear the pain?—
Yet strong the omen in my heart
That says—We meet again.

Meet, with a deeper, dearer love:
For absence shows the worth
Of all from which we then remove—
Friends, home, and native earth.

Thou lovely Polar-Star, mine eyes
Still turned the first on thee,
Till I have felt a sad surprise,
That none looked up with me.

But thou hast sunk upon the wave,
Thy radiant place unknown;
I seem to stand beside a grave,
And stand by it alone.

Farewell! Ah, would to me were given
A power upon thy light!
What words upon our English heaven
Thy loving rays should write!

Kind messages of love and hope
Upon thy rays should be;
Thy shining orbit should have scope
Scarcely enough for me.

Oh, fancy vain, as it is fond,
And little needed too;
My friends! I need not look beyond
My heart to look for you.

LANDOR, Walter Savage, an English author born at Warwick in 1775; died at Florence, Italy, in 1864. His father was a practising physician, though a man of large private estate. The son was educated at Rugby, and afterwards entered the University of Oxford, but having been rusticated for a trifling breach of discipline, he did not return, and so never took his degree. He early manifested an uncontrollable temper, which at times bordered upon insanity. At the death of his father he succeeded to the family estates, and purchased Llanthony Abbey, a wild property in Wales, upon which he spent much money, and commenced the building of a mansion, upon which he laid out £8,000. He soon quarrelled with his tenants and neighbors, and abandoned Llanthony, ordering his unfinished mansion to be demolished. In 1815 he went to the Continent, and after spending some time in France proceeded to Italy, where he resided in several places until 1821, when he took up his abode at Florence, in the neighborhood of which he purchased the fine Gherardesca villa.

As early as 1811 he had married Julia Thuillier, a young woman of French extraction. Disagreements and quarrels arose, which culminated in 1835, when he finally broke with his family, and went back to England, settling himself at Bath, which was his residence until 1858. In that year he put forth a metrical miscellany, entitled *Dry Sticks fagoted by W. S. Landor;* this brochure contained some attacks upon a lady who had become obnoxious to him. A suit for libel was instituted, and Landor—now past fourscore—was cast in large dam-

ages. He at once put his remaining property out of his hands, and went back to Florence, where the remaining eight years of his life were passed. His property had all gone from him, and his last days would have been passed in poverty had not some of his friends settled upon him a moderate annuity.

Landor's English works were finally edited and arranged by John Forster (1869, second edition 1874.) They fill seven volumes, to which is prefixed a *Life of Landor*, in one volume. The principal of his prose works are: *Imaginary Conversations*, of which several series appeared (1824–46), *The Citation and Examination of William Shakespeare* (1834), *Pericles and Aspasia* (1834), *The Pentameron* (1837.) His poetical works fill something more than one volume. *Gebir*, is a narrative poem, as wild and fanciful as the *Arabian Nights* or Beckford's *Vathek* (1798), of which he put forth in 1803 a Latin version, which, says Swinburne, "for might and melody of line, for power and perfection of language, must always dispute the palm of precedence with the English version." There are several dramatic pieces, among which is *Count Julian* (1812), of which Swinburne says, "No comparable work is to be found in English poetry between the date of Milton's *Samson Agonistes* and the date of Shelley's *Prometheus Unbound*. The style, if somewhat deficient in dramatic ease, has such might and purity and majesty of speech, as elsewhere we find in Milton alone." The *Hellenics* (1847) contain some of the very noblest of Landor's poetry. *The Last Fruit of an Old Tree* (1853), "contains," says

Swinburne, "poems of various kinds and merit, closing with *Five Scenes* on the martyrdom of Beatrice Cenci, unsurpassed, even by the author himself for noble and heroic pathos, for subtle and genial, tragic and profound, ardent and compassionate insight into character, with consummate mastery of dramatic and spiritual truth."

The *Imaginary Conversations*, of which there are about 125, form about half the works of Landor, as they appear in the collection edited by John Forster. The interlocutors are men and women of all ages and countries. In most of them one of the speakers—and sometimes both—are represented as saying precisely what Landor would have said had he been in their place; in some of them, indeed, he presents himself by name as one of the colloquists.

ROGER ASCHAM AND LADY JANE GRAY.

Ascham.—Thou art going, my dear young lady into a most awful state; thou art passing into matrimony and great wealth. God hath willed it; submit in thankfulness. Thy affections are rightly placed and well distributed. Love is a secondary passion in those who love most; a primary in those who love least. He who is inspired by it in a high degree, is inspired by honor in a higher; it never reaches its plenitude of growth and perfection but in the most exalted minds. Alas! alas!

Lady Jane.—What aileth my virtuous Ascham? What is amiss? Why do I tremble?

Ascham.—I remember a sort of prophecy, made three years ago. It is a prophecy of thy condition and of my feelings upon it. Recollectest thou who wrote, sitting upon the sea-beach, the evening after an excursion to the Isle of Wight, these verses?—

" Invisibly bright water! so like air,
On looking down I fear'd thou couldst not bear
My little bark, of all light barks most light,
And look'd again, and drew me from the sight,
And hanging back, breathed each fresh gale aghast,
And held the bench, not to go on so fast.

Lady Jane.—I was very childish when I composed them; and if I had thought any more about the matter, I should have hoped you had been too generous to keep them in your memory as witnesses against me.

Ascham.—Nay, they are not so much amiss for so young a girl; and there being so few of them, I did not reprove thee. Half an hour, I thought, might have been spent more unprofitably; and I now shall believe it firmly, if thou wilt but be led by them to meditate a little on the similarity of the situation in which thou wert to what thou art now in.

Lady Jane.—I will do it and whatever else you command; for I am weak by nature, and very timorous unless where a strong sense of duty holdeth and supporteth me: there God acteth, and not his creature. Those were with me at sea who would have been attentive to me if I had seemed to be afraid, even though worshipful men and women were in the company; so that something more powerful threw my fear overboard. Yet I never will go again upon the water.

Ascham.—Exercise that beauteous couple—that mind and body—much and variously; but at home, at home, Jane! indoors, and about things indoors; for God is there too. We have rocks and quicksands on the banks of our Thames, O lady, such as ocean never heard of; and many (who knows how soon!) may be ingulfed in the current under their garden walls.

Lady Jane.—Thoroughly do I now understand you. Yes, indeed, I have read evil things of courts; but I think nobody can go out bad who

entereth good, if timely and true warning shall have been given.

Ascham.—I see perils on perils which thou dost not see, albeit thou art wiser than thy poor old master. And it is not because Love hath blinded thee, for that surpasseth his supposed omnipotence; but it is because thy tender heart, having always leaned affectionately upon good, hath felt and known nothing of evil. I once persuaded thee to reflect much: let me now persuade thee to avoid the habitude of reflection; to lay aside books, and to gaze carefully and steadfastly on what is under and before thee.

Lady Jane.—I have well bethought me of my duties. Oh, how extensive they are! what a goodly and fair inheritance! But tell me, would you command me never more to read Cicero, and Epictetus, and Plutarch, and Polybius? The others I do resign: they are good for the arbor and for the gravel-walk; yet leave unto me, I beseech you, my friend and father, leave unto me for my fireside and for my pillow, truth, eloquence, courage, constancy.

Ascham.—Read them on thy marriage-bed, on thy child-bed, on thy death-bed. Thou spotless, undrooping lily, they have fenced thee right well. These are the men for men; these are to fashion the bright and blessed creatures whom God one day shall smile upon in thy chaste bosom. Mind thou thy husband.

Lady Jane.—I sincerely love the youth who hath espoused me; I love him with the fondest, the most solicitous affection. I pray to the Almighty for his goodness and happiness; and do forget at times—unworthy supplicant!—the prayers I should have offered for myself. Never fear that I will disparage my kind religious teacher by disobedience to my husband in the most trying duties.

Ascham.—Gentle is he, gentle and virtuous; but time will harden him; time must harden even

thee, sweet Jane! Do thou, complacently and indirectly, lead him from ambition.

Lady Jane.—He is contented with me, and with home.

Ascham.—Ah, Jane! Jane! men of high estate grow tired of contentedness.

Lady Jane.—He told me he never liked books unless I read them to him. I will read them to him every evening; I will open new worlds to him richer than those discovered by the Spaniards; I will conduct him to treasures—Oh, what treasures!—on which he may sleep in innocence and peace.

Ascham.—Rather do thou walk with him, ride with him, play with him; be his fairy, his page, his everything that love and poetry have invented. But watch him well; sport with his fancies, turn them about like the ringlets upon his cheek; and if he ever meditate upon power, go toss thy baby to his brow, and bring back his thoughts into his heart by the music of thy discourse. Teach him to live unto God and unto thee; and he will discover that women, like the plants in woods, derive their softness and tenderness from the shade.—*Imaginary Conversations.*

The *Pentameron* ("Five Days") purports to be "Interviews of Messer Giovanni Boccacio and Messer Francesco Petrarca, when Messer Giovanni lay infirm at his villetta hard by Certaldo; after which they saw not each other any more on our side of Paradise: Showing how they discoursed upon that famous theologian, Messer Dante Alighieri, and sundry other matters." The subjoined is a part of one of these colloquies:

THE GERMANS AND THE FRENCH.

Boccacio.—The Germans, although as ignorant as the French, are less cruel, less insolent and rapacious. The French have a separate claw for every object of appetite or passion, and

a spring that enables them to seize it. The desires of the German are overlaid with food, and extinguished with drink, which to others are stimulants and incentives. The German loves to see everything about him orderly and entire, however coarse and common. The nature of the Frenchman is to derange and destroy everything. Sometimes when he has done so, he will construct and refit it in his own manner, slenderly and fantastically; oftener leaving it in the middle, and proposing to lay the foundation when he has pointed the pinnacles and gilt the weathercock.

Petrarca.—There is no danger that the French will have a durable footing in our Italy or any other country. Their levity is more intolerable than German pressure, their falsehood than German rudeness, and their vexation than German exaction.

Boccacio.—If I must be devoured, I have little choice between the bear and panther. May we always see the creatures at a distance and across the grating. The French will fondle us, to show how vastly it is our interest to fondle them; watching all the while their opportunity; seemingly mild and half asleep; making a dash at last, and laying bare and fleshless the arm we extend to them, from shoulder-blade to elbow.

Petrarca.—No nation grasping so much ever held so little, or lost so soon, what it had inveigled. Yet France is surrounded by smaller and apparently weaker states, which she never ceases to molest and invade. Whatever she has won, and whatever she has lost, has been alike won and lost by her perfidy—the characteristic of the people from the earliest ages, and recorded by a series of historians, Greek and Roman.

Boccacio.—My father spent many years among them, where also my education was completed; yet whatever I have seen, I must acknowledge, corresponds with whatever I have read, and corroborates in my mind the testi-

mony of tradition. Their ancient history is only a preface to their later. Deplorable as is the condition of Italy, I am more contented to share in her sufferings than in the frothy festivities of her frisky neighbor.—*The Pentameron.*

We are inclined to regard *Pericles and Aspasia*, written at the age of fifty-eight, as the best of Landor's works. It consists of a series of letters written mainly by Aspasia, an Ionian girl who had just come to Athens, to her friend Cleone, who remained at her Asiatic home. In her first letter Aspasia tells of her witnessing a representation on the stage of the *Prometheus Bound* of Æschylus.

THE PROMETHEUS OF ÆSCHYLUS.

How fortunate! To have arrived at Athens at dawn on the twelfth day of Elaphobolio. On this day began the festivals of Bacchus, and the theatre was thrown open at sunrise. What a theatre! What an elevation! what a prospect of city and port, of land and water, of porticoes and temples, of men and heroes, of demigods and gods! It was indeed my wish and intention when I left Ionia, to be present at the first of the Dionysiacs; but how rarely are wishes and intentions so accomplished, even when winds and waters do not interfere.

I will now tell you all. No time was to be lost; so I hastened on shore in the dress of an Athenian boy who came over with his mother from Lemnos. In the giddiness of youth he forgot to tell me that, not being eighteen years old he could not be admitted; and he left me on the steps. My heart sank within me; so many young men stared and whispered; yet never was stranger treated with more civility. Crowded as the theatre was (for the tragedy had begun) every one made room for me.

When they were seated, and I too, I looked

toward the stage; and behold, there lay before me, but afar off, bound upon a rock, a more majestic form, and bearing a countenance more heroic—I should rather say more divine—than ever my imagination had conceived! I know not how long it was before I discovered that as many eyes were directed toward me as toward the competitor of the gods.

Every wish, hope, sigh, sensation, was successively with the champion of the human race, with this antagonist of Zeus, and his creator, Æschylus. How often, O Cleone, have we throbbed with his injuries! how often has his vulture torn our breasts! how often have we thrown our arms round each other's neck, and half-renounced the religion of our fathers!

Even your image, inseparable at other times, came not across me then: Prometheus stood between us. He had resisted in silence and disdain the cruelest torments that Almightiness could inflict; and now arose the Nymphs of the Ocean, which heaved its vast waves before us; and now they descended with open arms and sweet benign countenances, and spake with pity; and the insurgent heart was mollified and quelled. I sobbed, I dropped. There is much to be told when Aspasia faints in a theatre—and Aspasia in disguise! Everything appeared to me an illusion but the tragedy. What was divine seemed human, and what was human seemed divine.—*Pericles and Aspasia.*

This fainting of Aspasia discloses her sex, and brings her into connection with Pericles, to whom she soon came to be just what Marian Evans was to George Lewes. Landor was perhaps more thoroughly permeated with the Homeric spirit than any other man of modern times, and running through *Pericles and Aspasia* are remarks upon Homer and his poems. These are put into the mouth of Pericles.

THE HOMER OF THE ODYSSEY.

The Ulysses of the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* is not the same, but the Homer is. Might not the poet have collected in his earlier voyages many wonderful tales about the chieftain of Ithaca; about his wanderings and return; about his wife and her suitors? Might not afterward the son or grandson have solicited his guest and friend to place the sagacious, the courageous, the enduring man among the others whom he was celebrating, in detached poems, as leaders against Troy? He describes with precision everything in Ithaca; it is evident he must have been on the spot. Of all other countries—of Sicily, of Italy, of Phrygia—he quite as undoubtedly writes from tradition and representation.—*Pericles and Aspasia.*

THE HOMER OF THE ILIAD.

Needless is it to remark that the *Iliad* is a work of much reflection and various knowledge; the *Odyssey* is the marvelous result of a vivid and wild imagination. Homer, in the nearly thirty years which I conceive to have intervened between the fanciful work and the graver, had totally lost his pleasantries. Polyphemus could amuse him no longer; Circe lighted up in vain her fires of cedar-wood; Calypso had lost her charms; her maidens were mute around her; the Læstrigons lay asleep; the Sirens sang, "Come hither, O passer by! Come hither, O glory of the Achaians!" and the smooth waves quivered with the sound, but the harp of the old man had no chord that vibrated. In the *Odyssey* he invokes the Muse; in the *Iliad* he invokes her as a goddess he had invoked before. He begins the *Odyssey* as the tale of a family, to which he would listen as she rehearsed it; the *Iliad* as a song of warriors and divinities, worthy of the goddess herself to sing before the world.—*Pericles and Aspasia.*

HOMER AN ASIATIC.

We claim Homer, but he is *yours*. Observe with what partiality he always dwells upon Asia. How infinitely more civilized are Glaucus and Sarpedon, than any of the Grecians he was called upon to celebrate. Priam, Paris, Hector, what polished men. Civilization has never made a step in advance, and never will, on those countries: she had gone so far in the days of Homer. He keeps Helen pretty vigorously out of sight, but he opens his heart to the virtues of Andromache. What a barbarian is Achilles, the son of a goddess! Pallas must seize him by the hair to arrest the murder of his leader; but at the eloquence of the Phrygian king the storm of the intractable homicide bursts in tears.

I cannot but think that Homer took from Sesostris the shield that he has given to Achilles. The Greeks never worked gold so skillfully as in this shield, until our own Phidias taught them; and even he possesses not the art of giving all the various colors to the metal which are represented as designating the fruitage and other things included in this stupendous work, and which the Egyptians in his time, and long earlier understood. How happened it that the Trojans had Greek names, and the leader of the Greeks an Egyptian one?—*Pericles and Aspasia.*

One passage at least in *Gebir* has become a household word. The Sea-nymph, Tamar, thus describes the chief treasures of her ocean home:

LANDOR'S SEA-SHELL.

But I have sinuous shells of pearly hue
Within, and they that lustre have imbibed
In the Sun's palace-porch where, when unyoked,
His chariot-wheel stands midway in the wave:
Shake one, and it awakens, then apply

Its polished lips to your attentive ear,
And it remembers its august abodes,
And murmurs as the ocean murmurs there.

Wordsworth in *The Excursion*, used the Sea-Shell.—Landor will have it, filched it from him, and spoiled it: an opinion in which we think no one will agree. It is worth while to compare the two Shells.

WORDSWORTH'S SEA-SHELL.

"I have seen
A curious child, who dwelt upon a tract
Of inland ground, applying to his ear
The convolutions of a smooth-lipped shell;
To which, in silence hushed, his very soul
Listened intensely; and his countenance soon
Brightened with joy; for from within were heard
Murmurings, whereby the monitor expressed
Mysterious union with its native sea.
Even such a shell the universe itself
Is to the ear of Faith; and there are times,
I doubt not, when to you it doth impart
Authentic tidings of invisible things;
Of ebb and flow, and ever-during power,
And central peace, subsisting at the heart
Of endless agitation."

Touching this alleged appropriation and deformation, Landor says:

THE TWO SEA-SHELLS.

Within these few months a wholesale dealer in the brittle crockery-ware of market criticism has picked up some shards of my *Gebir*, and stuck them on his shelves. Among them is my "Sea-Shell," which Wordsworth clapped in his pouch. There it became incrusted with a compost of mucus and shingle: there it lost its "pearly hue within," and its memory of where it had abided.

EFFICACY OF PRAYERS.

Ye men of Gades, armed with brazen shields,
And ye of near Tartessus, where the shore
Stoops to receive the tribute which all owe,
To Bætis and his banks for their attire,
Ye too whom Durius bore on level meads,
Inherent in your hearts is bravery:
For earth contains no nation where abounds
The generous horse and not the warlike man.
But neither soldier now nor steed avails;
Nor steed nor soldier can oppose the gods;
Nor is their aught above like Jove himself,
Nor weighs against his purpose when once fixed,
Aught but the supplicating knee, the Prayers.
Swifter than light are they, and every face,
Though different, glows with beauty; at the throne
Of mercy, when clouds shut it from mankind,
They fall bare-bosomed, and indignant Jove
Drops, at the soothing sweetness of their voice,
The thunder from his hand. Let us arise
On these high places daily, beat our breast,
Prostrate ourselves, and deprecate his wrath.

Gebir.

SPARING FLOWERS.

And 'tis and ever was my wish and way
To let all flowers live freely, and all die,
Whene'er their Genius bids their souls depart,
Among their kindred in their native place.
I never pluck the rose; the violet's head
Hath shaken with my breath upon its bank,
And not reproached me; the ever-sacred cup
Of the pure lily hath between my hands
Felt safe, unsoiled, nor lost one grain of gold.

Fæsulan Idyl.

IPHIGENEIA AND AGAMEMNON.

Iphigeneia, when she heard her doom
At Aulis, and when all beside the King
Had gone away, took his right hand, and said:
"O father! I am young and very happy.

I do not think the pious Calchas heard
Distinctly what the Goddess spake. Old-age
Obscures the senses. If my nurse, who knew
My voice so well, sometimes misunderstood,
While I was resting on her knee both arms,
And hitting it to make her mind my words,
And looking in her face, and she in mine,
Might not he also hear one word amiss,
Spoken from so far off, even from Olympus?"
The father placed his cheek upon her head.
And tears dropped down it, but the King of men
Replied not. Then the maiden spake once more:
"O father! say'st thou nothing? Hear'st thou not
Me whom thou ever hast, until this hour,
Listened to fondly, and awakened me
To hear my voice amid the voice of birds,
When it was inarticulate as theirs,
And the down deadened it within the nest."
He moved her gently from him, silent still;
And this, and this alone brought tears from her,
Although she saw fate nearer. Then with sighs:
"I thought to have laid down my hair before
Benignant Artemis, and not have dimmed
Her polished altar with my virgin blood;
I thought to have selected the white flowers
To please the Nymphs, and to have asked of each
By name, and with no sorrowful regret,
Whether, since both my parents willed the change,
I might at Hymen's feet bend my clipped brow;
And (after those who mind us girls the most)
Adore our own Athena, that she would
Regard me mildly with her azure eyes—
But, father! to see you no more, and see
Your love, O father! go ere I am gone—"
Gently he moved her off, and drew her back,
Bending his lofty head far over hers,
And the dark depths of nature heaved and burst.
He turned away; not far, but silent still.
She now first shuddered; for in him, so nigh,

So long a silence seemed the approach of death,
And like it. Once again she raised her voice:
"O father! if the ships are now detained,
And all your vows move not the Gods above,
When the knife strikes me there will be one
prayer
The less to them: and purer can there be
Any, or more fervent than the daughter's prayer
For her dear father's safety and success?"
A groan that shook him shook not his resolve.
An aged man now entered, and without
One word, stepped slowly on, and took the wrist
Of the pale maiden. She looked up, and saw
The fillet of the priest and calm cold eyes.
Then turned she where her parent stood, and
cried
"O father! grieve no more: the ships can sail!"
Hellenics.

ROSE AYLMER.

Ah! what avails the sceptred race!
Ah! what the form divine!
What every virtue, every grace!
Rose Aylmer, all were thine.

Rose Aylmer, whom these wakeful[1] eyes
May weep, but never see,
A night of memories and sighs
I consecrate to thee.

ON SOUTHEY'S DEATH, 1843.

Friends, hear the words my wandering thoughts
would say,
And cast them into shape some other day:
Southey, my friend of forty years, is gone,
And, shattered by the fall, I stand alone.

AN OLD POET TO SLEEP.

No god to mortals oftener descends
Than thou, O Sleep! yet thee the sad alone
Invoke, and gratefully thy gift receive.
Some thou invitest to explore the sands
Left by Pactolus; some to climb up higher,

Where points ambition to the pomps of war;
Others thou watchest while they tighten robes
Which law throws round them loose, and they meanwhile
Wink at the judge, and he the wink returns.
Apart sit fewer, whom thou lovest more,
And leadest where unruffled waters flow,
Or azure lakes 'neath azure skies expand.
These have no wider wishes, and no fears,
Unless a fear, in turning, to molest
The silent, solitary, stately swan,
Disdaining the garrulity of groves,
Nor seeking shelter there from sun or storm.
Me also hast thou led among such scenes,
Gentlest of gods! and age appeared far off,
While thou wast standing close above the couch,
And whisperd'st, in whisper not unheard,
"I now depart from thee, but leave behind
My own twin-brother, friendly as myself
Who soon shall take my place: men call him Death.
Thou hearest me, nor tremblest, as most do.
In sooth, why should'st thou? What man hast thou wronged
By deed or word. Few dare ask this within."
There was a pause; then suddenly said Sleep:
"He whom I named approacheth: so farewell!"

Last Fruits of an Old Tree.

LANG, ANDREW, a British author, born at Selkirk, Scotland, in 1844. He was educated at St. Andrews University and at Balliol College, Oxford. In 1868 he was elected a Fellow of Merton College, Oxford. He is a frequent contributor to periodical literature, writing sometimes light papers on current topics, and sometimes masterly essays on French literature, on scientific subjects, and on comparative mythology. He has published: *Ballads in Blue China* (1881), *Helen of Troy* (1882), *Rhymes à la Mode* (1883), *Custom and Myth* (1884), and *The Mark of Cain*, a novel (1886). He has translated the *Idyls* of Theocritus, and has, in conjunction with others, put forth a prose version of the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey*.

EGYPTIAN DIVINE MYTHS.

All forces, all powers, were finally recognized in Osiris. He was Sun and Moon, and the Maker of all things; he was the Truth and the Life; in him all men were justified. His functions as king over death and the dead find their scientific place among other myths of the homes of the departed. M. Lefébure recognizes in the name "Osiris" the meaning of "the infernal abode," or "the nocturnal residence of the sacred eye;" for in the duel of Set and Horus he sees a mythical account of the daily setting of the sun. "Osiris himself—the sun at his setting—became a centre round which the other incidents of the war of the gods gradually crystallized." Osiris is also the Earth. It would be difficult either to prove or disprove this contention, and the usual divergency of opinion as to the meaning and etymology of the word "Osiris" has always prevailed. Plutarch identifies Osiris with Hades; "both," says M. Lefébure, "originally meant the dwelling—and came to mean the god—of the dead."

In the same spirit Anubis, the jackal (a beast still degraded as a ghost by the Egyptians), is explained as "the circle of the horizon," or "the portal of the land of darkness," the gate kept—as Homer would say—by Hades, the mighty warden. Whether it is more natural that men should represent the circle of the horizon as a jackal, or that a jackal *totem* should survive as a god, mythologists will decide for themselves. The jackal, by a myth which cannot be called pious, was said to have eaten his father Osiris. Thus, throughout the whole realm of Egyptian myths, when we find beasts-gods, blasphemous fables, apparent nature-myths, such as are familiar in Australia, South Africa, or among the Eskimo, we may imagine that they are the symbols of noble ideas, deemed appropriate by priestly fancy. Thus the hieroglyphic name of Ptah, for example, shows a little figure carrying something on his head; and this denotes "Him who raised the heaven above the earth." But is this image derived from *un point de vue philosophique*, or is it borrowed from a tale like that of the Maori Tutenganahan, who first severed heaven and earth? The most enthusiastic anthropologist must admit that, among a race which constantly used a kind of picture-writing, symbols of noble ideas *might* be represented in the coarsest concrete forms—as of animals and monsters. The most devoted believer in symbolism, on the other hand, ought to be aware that most of the phenomena which he explains as symbolic are plain matters of fact, or supposed fact, among hundreds of the lower peoples. However, Egyptologists are seldom students of the lower races and their religions. The hypothesis maintained here is that most of the Egptian gods (theriomorphic in their earliest shapes), and that certain of the myths about these gods, are a heritage derived from the savage condition.

LANIER, SIDNEY, an American author, born at Macon, Georgia, in 1842; died at Lynn, N. C., in 1881. He studied at Oglethorpe College, Georgia: and at the breaking out of the civil war entered the Confederate service; took command of a blockade-runner; was captured, and held a prisoner for five months. After the conclusion of the war he was engaged in various pursuits. In 1873 he took up his residence at Baltimore, devoting himself to literature and music. In 1876 he was engaged to compose the Cantata for the Centennial Exposition at Philadelphia, and in 1877 was appointed Lecturer on English Literature at the Johns Hopkins University. He had for many years suffered from a pulmonary affection, which rendered him a confirmed invalid. His works are: *Tiger Lilies*, a novel (1867), *Florida; Its Scenery, Climate, and History* (1876), *Poems* (1877), *The Boys' Froissart* (1878), *The Science of English Verse* and *The Boys' King Arthur* (1880), *The Boys' Mabinogion* (1881.) After his death were published *The Boys' Percy*, and *The English Novel and the Principles of its Development.* An edition of his *Poems*, prepared by his wife, with a brief *Memorial* by W. H. Ward, was published in 1844.

THE MARSHES OF GLYNN.

Glooms of the live-oaks, beautiful-braided and
woven
With intricate shades of the vines that myriad-
cloven
Clamber the forks of the multiform boughs,
Emerald twilights,—
Virginal sky lights,

Wrought of the leaves to allure to the whisper
of vows,
When lovers pace timidly down through the
green colonnades
Of the dim sweet woods, of the dear dark
woods,
Of the heavenly woods and glades,
That run to the radiant marginal sand-beach
within
The wide sea-marshes of Glynn ;—

Beautiful glooms, soft dusks in the noon-day
fire—
Wild wood privacies, closets of lone desire,
Chamber from chamber parted with wavering
arras of leaves—
Cells for the passionate pleasure of prayer to
the soul that grieves,
Pure with a sense of the passing of saints
through the wood,
Cool for the dutiful weighing of ill with good ;—

O braided dusks of the oak and woven shades
of the vine,
While the riotous noon-day sun of the June-day
long did shine
Ye held me fast in your heart and I held you
fast in mine ;
But now when the noon is no more, and riot is
rest,
And the sun is a-wait at the ponderous gate of
the West,
And the slant yellow beam down the wood-aisle
doth seem
Like a lane into heaven that leads from a
dream—
Ay, now, when my soul all day hath drunken
the soul of the oak,
And my soul is at ease from men, and the weari-
some sound of the stroke
Of the scythe of time and the travel of trade is
low,

And belief o'ermasters doubt, and I know that I know,
And my spirit is grown to a lordly great compass within,
That the length and the breadth and the sweep of the marshes of Glynn
Will work me no fear like the fear they have wrought me of yore
When length was fatigue, and when breadth was but bitterness sore,
And when terror and shrinking and dreary unnamable pain.
Drew over me out of the merciless miles of the plain—

Oh, now unafraid, I am fain to face
The vast sweet visage of space.
To the edge of the wood I am drawn, I am drawn
Where the gray beach glimmering runs, as a belt of the dawn,
For a mete and a mark
To the forest-dark:—
So:
Affable live-oak, leaning low—
Thus—with your favor—soft, with a reverent hand,
(Not lightly touching your person, Lord of the land!)
Bending your beauty aside, with a step I stand
On the firm-packed sand,
Free
By a world of marsh that borders a world of sea.
Sinuous southward and sinuous northward the shimmering band
Of the sand-beach fastens the fringe of the marsh to the folds of the land.
Inward and outward to northward and southward the beach-lines linger and curl,
As a silver-wrought garment that clings to and follows the firm sweet limbs of a girl.
Vanishing, swerving, evermore curving again into sight,

Softly the sand-beach wavers away to a dim
gray looping of light.
And what if behind me to westward the wall of
the woods stands high?
The world lies east: how ample the marsh and
the sea and the sky!
A league and a league of marsh-grass, waist-high,
broad in the blade.
Green, and all of a height, and unflecked with a
light or a shade,
Stretch leisurely off in a pleasant plain,
To the terminal blue of the main.

Oh, what is abroad in the marsh and the terminal
sea?
Somehow my soul seems suddenly free
From the weighing of fate and the sad discus-
sion of sin,
By the length and the breadth and the sweep of
the marshes of Glynn.

Ye marshes, how candid and simple and nothing
withholding and free
Ye publish yourselves to the sky and offer your-
selves to the sea!
Tolerant plains, that suffer the sea and the rains
and the sun,
Ye spread and span like the catholic man who
hath mightily won
God out of knowledge, and good out out of infi-
nite pain
And sight out of blindness, and purity out of a
stain.

As the marsh-hen secretly builds on the watery
sod,
Behold I will build me a nest on the greatness
of God:
I will fly in the greatness of God as the marsh-
hen flies
In the freedom that fills all the space 'twixt the
marsh and the skies:

By so many roots as the marsh-grass sends in the sod
I will heartily lay me a-hold on the greatness of God:
Oh, like to the greatness of God is the greatness within
The range of the marshes, the liberal marshes of Glynn.

And the sea bends large as the marsh; Lo, out of his plenty the sea
Pours fast: full soon the time of the flood-tide must be:
Look how the grace of the sea doth go
About and about through the intricate channels that flow
Here and there,
Everywhere,
Till his waters have flooded the uttermost creeks and the low-lying lanes,
And the marsh is meshed with a million veins,
That like as with rosy and silvery essences flow
In the rose-and-silver evening glow.
Farewell, my lord Sun!
The creeks o'erflow; a thousand rivulets run
'Twixt the roots of the rod; the blades of the marsh-grass stir;
Passeth a hurrying sound of wings that westward whir;
Passeth, and all is still; and the currents cease to run;
And the sea and the marsh are one.
How still the plains of the waters be!
The tide is in his ecstasy.
The tide is at his highest height:
And it is night.

And now from the Vast of the Lord will the waters of sleep
Roll in on the souls of men,
But who will reveal to our waking ken
The forms that swim and the waves that creep

Under the waters of sleep?
And I would I could know what swimmeth
below when the tide comes in
On the length and the breadth of the marvelous
marshes of Glynn.

A ROSE-MORAL.

Soul, get thee to the heart
Of yonder tuberose; hide thee there,
There breathe the meditations of thine art
Suffused with prayer.

Of spirit grave yet light
How fervent fragrances uprise,
Pure-born from these most rich and pet most white
Virginities!

Mulched with unsavory death,
Reach soul! yon rose's white estate:
Give off thine art as she doth issue breath,
And wait—and wait.

LANMAN, CHARLES, an American author, born at Monroe, Michigan, in 1819. For about ten years he was engaged in mercantile business in New York, after which he engaged in journalism, first in Michigan, and subsequently in New York. He studied Art, and though only an amateur, was in 1849 elected an Associate of the National Academy of Design, and has from time to time exhibited several creditable paintings. In 1849 he was made Librarian of the War Department at Washington; in 1850 he became Private Secretary to Daniel Webster, whose *Private Life* he afterwards wrote (1852.) In 1853 he was made Examiner of Depositories for the Southern States; in 1855 Head of the Return Office in the Department of the Interior; and in 1866 Librarian of the House of Representatives. From 1871 till 1882 he was Secretary to the Japanese Legation.

He prepared the *Dictionary of Congress* which originally appeared in 1858, and, being published by order of Congress, was continued in successive editions until 1869. For many years he made excursions in various parts of North America, of which accounts were written for periodicals, and afterwards published in book form. Many of these were in 1856 brought together in two volumes, entitled *Adventures in the Wilds of the United States and the British American Provinces.* He has also written several works relating to Japan and the Japanese, the latest of which is *Leading Men of Japan* (1883.) Among his later works are *Farthest North* (1885), and *Haphazard Personalities* (1886.)

THE ACADIANS.

At the junction of the rivers Madawaska and St. John is a settlement of about 300 Acadians. How this people came by the name which they bear, I do not exactly understand; but of their history I remember the following particulars:—

In the year 1755, during the existence of the colonial difficulties between England and France, there existed in a remote section of Nova Scotia about 15,000 Acadians. Aristocratic French blood flowed in their veins, and they were a peaceful and industrious race of husbandmen. Even after the government of England had become established in Canada, they cherished a secret attachment for the laws of their native country; but this was only a feeling, and they continued in the peaceful cultivation of their lands.

In the process of time, however, three Englishmen, named Lawrence, Boscawen, and Moysten, held a council, and formed the hard-hearted determination of driving this people from their homes, and scattering them to the four quarters of the globe. Playing the part of friends, this brotherhood of conquerors and heroes sent word to the Acadians that they must all meet at a certain place, on business which deeply concerned their welfare. Not dreaming of their impending fate, the poor Acadians met at the appointed place, and were informed of the fact that their houses and lands were forfeited, and that they must leave the country to become wanderers in strange and distant lands. They sued for mercy; but the iron yoke of a Christian nation was laid more heavily upon their necks in answer to that prayer, and they were driven from home and country. As they sailed from shore, or entered the wilderness, they saw in the distance, ascending to heaven, the smoke of all they had loved and lost. Those who survived found an asylum in the United States and in the remote portions of the British empire;

and when after the war they were invited to return to their early homes only 1,300 were known to be in existence.

It is a remnant of this very people who, with their descendants, are now the owners of the Madawaska settlement; and it is in an Acadian dwelling that I am now [1847] penning this chapter. But through many misfortunes (I would speak it in charity), the Acadians have degenerated into a more ignorant and miserable class than are the Canadian French, whom they closely resemble in their appearance and customs.

They believe the people of Canada to be a nation of knaves; and the people of Canada know them to be a half-savage community. Worshipping a miserable priesthood is their principal business; drinking and cheating their neighbors their principal amusement. They live by tilling the soil, and are content if they can barely make the provision of one year take them to the entrance of another. They are at the same time passionate lovers of money, and have brought the science of fleecing strangers to perfection. Some of them, by a life of meanness, have succeeded in accumulating a respectable property; but all the money they obtain is systematically hoarded. It is reported of the principal man of this place that he has in his house at the present moment the sum of 10,000 dollars in silver and gold; and yet this man's children are as ignorant of the alphabet as the cattle upon the hills. But with all their ignorance, the Acadians are a happy people, though the happiness is of a mere animal nature.—*In the Wilds of America.*

LARCOM, Lucy, an American poet, born at Beverly, Mass., in 1826. While engaged as an operative in a cotton factory at Lowell, she began to write for the *Lowell Offering*. She has afterwards became a teacher in Massachusetts and Illinois, and from 1865 to 1874 was editor of *Our Young Folks* at Boston. She published *Ships in the Mist* (1859), *Poems* (1868), An *Idyl* of *Work* (1875), *Childhood Songs* (1877), *Wild Roses of Cape Ann* (1880), and has edited several volumes of collections of poetry.

HANNAH BINDING SHOES.

Poor lone Hannah,
Sitting at the window binding shoes,
Faded, wrinkled
Stiching, stitching in a mournful muse,
Bright-eyed beauty once was she,
When the bloom was on the tree!
Spring and winter,
Hannah's at the window binding shoes.

Not a neighbor
Passing nod or answer will refuse
To her whisper,
"Is there from the fishers any news?"
Oh, her heart's adrift with one
On an endless voyage gone!
Night and morning,
Hannah's at the window binding shoes.

Fair young Hannah,
Ben, the sunburnt fisher, gayly wooes;
Hale and clever,
For a willing heart and hand he sues.
May-day skies are all aglow
And the waves are laughing so!
For her wedding
Hannah leaves her window and her shoes.

May is passing;
Mid the apple-boughs a pigeon coos.
Hannah shudders,
For the mild south-wester mischief brews.
Round the rocks of Marblehead,
Outward bound a schooner sped!
Silent, lonesome,
Hannah's at the window binding shoes.

'Tis November;
Now no tear her wasted cheek bedews
From Newfoundland
Not a sail returning will she lose,
Whispering hoarsely; "Fisher men
Have you, have you heard of Ben?"
Old with watching,
Hannah's at the window binding shoes.

Twenty winters
Bleach and tear the ragged shore she views
Twenty seasons!
Never one has brought her any news;
Still her dim eyes silently
Chase the white sails o'er the sea!
Hopeless, faithful,
Hannah's at the window binding shoes

LARDNER, Dionysius, a British scientist, born at Dublin in 1793; died at Paris in 1859. He entered Trinity College, Dublin, in 1812, graduated in 1817, and was a resident member of the University until 1827. He took Orders, and was for some time chaplain of his college. It was during this period that he became the "guardian" of Dion Boucicaut. In 1828 he took up his residence in London; and in 1830 began to edit the *Cabinet Cyclopædia*, which was continued until 1844, making in all 132 volumes. His own writings upon physical and mathematical science were very numerous. In 1840 he eloped with the wife of a British officer (who recovered £8,000 damages), and came to the United States, where he remained about five years, and delivered several courses of lectures in the principal cities. The following extract is from one of these lectures:

THE STEAM-ENGINE PROPER.

In the Atmospheric Engine the piston was maintained steam-tight in the cylinder by supplying a stream of cold water above it, by which the small interstice between the piston and the cylinder would be stopped. It is evident that the effect of this wall, as the piston descended, would be to cool the cylinder; besides which, any portion of it which might pass below the piston would boil the moment it would fall into the cylinder, which itself would be maintained at the boiling-point. This water, therefore, would produce steam, the pressure of which would resist the descent of the piston.

Watt perceived that, even though this inconvenience were removed by the use of oil or tallow upon the piston, still that as the piston would descend in the cylinder, the cold atmos-

phere would follow it, and would to a certain extent lower the temperature of the cylinder. On the next ascent of the piston this temperature would have to be again raised to 212° by the steam coming from the boiler, and would entail upon the machine a proportionate waste of power. If the atmosphere of the engine-house could be kept heated to the temperature of boiling water, this inconvenience would be removed. The piston would then be pressed down by air as hot as the steam to be subsequently introduced into it.

On further consideration, however, it occurred to Watt that it would be still more advantageous if the cylinder itself could be worked in an atmosphere of steam, having only the same pressure as the atmosphere. Such steam would press the piston down as effectually as the air would, and it would have the further advantage over air that if any portion of it leaked through between the piston and the cylinder, it would be condensed—which would not be the case with atmospheric air.

He therefore determined on surrounding the cylinder by an external casing, the space between which and the cylinder he proposed to be filled with steam supplied from the boiler. The cylinder would thus be enclosed in an atmosphere of its own, independent of the external air; and the vessel so enclosing it would only require to be a little larger than the cylinder, and to have a close cover at the top, the centre of which might be perforated with a hole to admit the rod of the piston to pass through—the rod being smooth, and so fitted to the perforation that no steam could escape between them. This method would be attended also with the advantage of keeping the cylinder and piston always heated, not only inside but outside. And Watt saw that it would be further advantageous to employ the pressure of steam to drive the piston in its descent, instead of the atmosphere, as its in-

tensity, or force, would be much more manageable; for by increasing or diminishing the heat of the steam in which the cylinder was enclosed, its pressure might be regulated at pleasure, and might be made to urge the piston with any force that might required. The power of the engine would therefore be completely under control, and independent of all variations in the pressure of the atmosphere.

This was a step which totally changed the character of the machine, and which rendered it a Steam Engine instead of an Atmospheric Engine. Not only was the vacuum below the piston now produced by the property of steam in virtue of which it is re-converted into water by cold, but the pressure which urged the piston into this vacuum was due to the elasticity of steam. The external cylinder within which the working cylinder was enclosed was called the "Jacket," and is still in general use.—*Lectures on the Steam Engine.*

LARDNER, NATHANIEL, an English divine, a dissenter from the Established Church, born in 1684; died in 1768. He was a voluminous writer, his works in the latest edition (1828) filling ten octavo volumes. The most important of these is *The Credibility of the Gospel History*, which is still regarded as a work of standard value.

CREDIBILITY OF THE EVANGELISTS.

The history of the New Testament hath in an eminent degree all the marks and characters of credibility. The writers appear honest and impartial. They seem to have set down very fairly the exceptions and reflection of enemies, and to have recorded without reserve the weakness, mistakes, or even greater faults, which they themselves, or any of their own number, engaged in the same design with them, were guilty of. There is between the four evangelists an harmony hitherto unparalleled between so many persons who have all written of the same times or events. The lesser differences, or seeming contradictions, which are to be found in them, only demonstrate that they did not write in concert. The other parts of the New Testament concur with them in the same facts and principles. These things are obvious to all who read the books of the New Testament with attention; and the more they are read, the more conspicuous will the tokens of credibility appear.

But it must be an additional satisfaction to find that these writers are supported in their narration by other approved authors, of different characters, who lived at or near the time in which the facts related by the evangelists are said to have happened. . . .

If it appear from other writers that our sacred historians have mistaken the peoples and affairs of the time in which, according to their own account, the things which they relate happened, it

will be an argument that they did not write until some considerable time afterwards. But if upon inquiry there be found an agreement between them and other writers, of undoubted authority —not in some few but in many—in all the particulars of this kind which they have mentioned, it will be a very strong presumption that they wrote at or very near the time in which the things which they relate are said to have happened.

This will give credit to the other—the main parts of their narration; as history written and published near the time of any event is credible, unless there appear some particular views of interest—of which there is no evidence, but quite the contrary. . . .

I propose to give a long enumeration of particulars occasionally mentioned by the writers of the New Testament, in which they are supported by authors of the best note; and then, in answer to diverse objections, I shall endeavor to show that they are not contradicted in the rest. If I succeed in this attempt, here will be a good argument for the genuineness of these writings, and for the truth of the principal facts contained in them, distinct from the express and positive testimonies of the Christian writers, and the concessions of many others.—*The Credibility of the Gospel History.*

LATHROP, George Parsons, an American journalist and author, born at Honolulu, Hawaiian Islands, in 1851. He was educated at Dresden, Germany, and at New York. In 1871 he married Rose, the second daughter of Nathaniel Hawthorne, who has written several clever magazine stories. From 1875 he was assistant editor of the *Atlantic Monthly*. In 1879 he purchased the house at Concord, Mass., formerly the home of Hawthorne, where he resided until 1883, when he removed to New York. His principal works are: *Rose and Rooftree*, a volume of poems (1875), *A Study of Hawthorne* and *Afterglow*, a novel (1876), *An Echo of Passion* and *In the Distance* (1882), *Spanish Vistas* (1883), *Newport* and *True* (1884.)

MUSIC OF GROWTH.

Music is in all growing things;
And underneath the silky wings
  Of smallest insects there is stirred
  A pulse of air that must be heard;
Earth's silence lives, and throbs, and sings.

If poet from the vibrant strings
Of his poor heart a measure flings,
  Laugh not that he no trumpet blows:
  It may be that Heaven hears and knows
His language of low listenings.

THE SUNSHINE OF THINE EYES.

The sunshine of thine eyes (Oh still celestial beam!)
Whatever it touches it fills with the life of its lambent gleam.

The sunshine of thine eyes, Oh let it fall on me!
Though I be but a mote of the air, I could turn to gold for thee!

THE LOVER'S YEAR.

Thou art my Morning, Twilight, Noon, and Eve,
My Summer and my Winter, Spring and Fall;
For Nature left on thee a touch of all
The moods that come to gladden or to grieve
The heart of Time, with purpose to relieve
From lagging sameness. So do these fore-
stall
In thee such o'erheaped sweetnesses as pall
Too swiftly, and the taster tasteless leave.
Scenes that I love, to me always remain
Beautiful, whether under summer's sun
Beheld, or, storm-dark, stricken across with
rain.
So, through all humors thou 'rt the same, sweet
one:
Doubt not I love thee well in each, who see
Thy constant change is changeful constancy.

LATIMER, Hugh, an English ecclesiastic, born about 1485; burned at the stake at Oxford, October 16, 1555. He was the son of a small farmer; was sent to the University of Cambridge at fourteen years of age; received the degree of M.A. in 1514, and, the baccalaureateship of theology in consequence of a sharp disputation with Melanchthon. In about 1520 he embraced the doctrines of Protestantism, and was summoned before Cardinal Wolsey, the Archbishop of York, who, however, dismissed him with a mild admonition. He took some part in furthing the divorce of Henry VIII. from Catherine of Aragon. In 1535 he was consecrated Bishop of Worcester, but resigned his see in 1539, on the adoption of the Six Articles making it a penal offence to impugn the dogmas of transubstantiation, communion in one kind, celibacy of the clergy, monastic vows, private masses, and auricular confession. He lived in great privacy until 1541, when he was arrested and imprisoned until 1547. Shortly after the accession of Edward VI., in 1547, he received an offer of restoration to his bishopric, which he declined, but continued to be a popular preacher. Queen Mary ascended the throne in July, 1553, and in the next year Latimer was arrested, in company with Cranmer and Ridley, and conveyed to Oxford, where he was imprisoned for more than a year in the common jail; and upon his final refusal to recant, was brought to the stake. To Ridley, who was executed with him, Latimer said, while bound to the stake, "Be of good comfort, Master Ridley, and play the man: we shall this day light such a candle, by God's grace.

in England, as I trust shall never be put out." Many of Latimer's discourses were printed during his lifetime. A complete edition of his *Works*, in eight volumes, was put forth in 1845; and his *Biography*, by Rev. R. Demaus, was published in 1869.

The following is an extract from a sermon—Latimer's third preached before king Edward VI., March 22, 1549. The young king was then in his twelfth year. The orthography of the age has been carefully retained. If one will merely correct the spelling of many words so as to correspond to modern usage this sermon would pass as a good specimen of the English of our own day.

ON COVETOUSNESS.

Syr, what forme of preachinge woulde you have me for to preache before a kynge. Wold you have me to preache nothynge as concernynge a kynge in the kynge's sermon? Have you any commission to apoynt me what I shall preach? Besydes thys, I asked hym dyvers other questions and he wolde no answere to none of them all. He had nothynge to say. Then I turned me to the kynge, and submitted my selfe to his Grace, and sayed, I never thoughte my selfe worthy, nor I never sued to be a preacher before youre Grace, but I was called to it, would be wyllyng (if you mislyke me) to geve place to my betters. For I graunt ther be a gret many more worthy of the roume than I am. And if it be your Grace's pleasure so to allowe them for preachers, I could be content to bere ther bokes after theym. But if you Grace allowe me for a preacher I would desyre your Grace to geve me leve to discharge my conscience. Geve me leve to frame my doctrine accordyng to my audience. I had byne a very dolt to have preached so at the borders of

your realm as I preach before your Grace. And I thanke Almyghty God, whych hath alwayes byne remedy, that my sayinges were well accepted of the kynge, for like a gracious Lord he turned unto a nother communicacyon. It is even as the Scripture sayeth *Cor Regis in manu Domini.* The Lorde dyrecteth the kynge's hart. . . .

In the vii of John the Priestes sent out certayne of the Jewes to bring in Christ unto them vyolentlye. When they came into the Temple and harde hym preache, they were so moved wyth his preachynge that they returned home agayne, and sayed to them that sente them, "*Nunquam sic locutus est homo ut hic homo*—There was never man spake lyke thys man." Then answered the Pharysees, *Num et vos seducti estis?* What, ye braynesycke fooles, ye hoddy peckes, ye doddye poules, ye huddes, do ye beleve hym? Are ye seduced also? *Nunquis ex Principibus credidit in eum?* Did ye se any great man or any great offycer take hys parte? doo ye se any boddy follow hym but beggerlye fyshers, and such as her nothyng to take to? *Numquis ex Phariseis?* Do ye se any holy man? any perfect man? any learned man take hys parte? *Turba qui ignorat legem execrabilis est.* This laye people is accursed; it is they that knowe not the lawe.

So here the Pharises had nothynge to choke the people wyth al but ignoraunce. They dyd as oure byshoppes of Englande, who upbrayded the people alwayes with ignoraunce, where they were the cause of it them selves. There were, sayeth St. John, *Multi ex principibus qui crediderunt in eum;* Manye of the chyefe menne beleved in hym, and that was contrarye to the Pharisyes saying. Oh then by lyke they belyed him, he was not alone.

So, thoughte I, there be more of myne opinion then I; I thought I was not alone. I have nowe gotten one felowe more, a companyon of

sedytyon, and wot ye who is my felowe? Esaye the prophete. I spake but of a lytle preaty shyllynge; but he speaketh to Hierusalem after an other sorte, and was so bold to meddle with theyr coine. Thou proude, thou covetouse, thou hantye cytye of Hierusalem, *Argentum tuum versus est in scoriam.* Thy silver is turned into what? into testyons. *Scoriam*, into drosse. Ah seditiouse wretch, what had he to do wyth the mynte? Why should not have lefte that matter to some master of policy to reprove? Thy silver is drosse, it is not fyne, it is counterfaite, thy silver is turned, thou haddest good sylver. What pertained that to Esay? Marry he espyed a peece of divinity in that polici, he threatened them God's vengeance for it. He went to the rote of the matter, which was covetousnes. He espyed two poyntes in it, that eythere it came of covetousnesse whych became hym to reprove, or els that it tended to the hurte of the pore people, for the naughtynes of the sylver was the occasion of dearth of all thynges in the realme. He imputeth it to them as a great cryme. He may be called a mayster of sedicion in dede. Was not this a sedyciouse harlot to tell them thys to theyr beardes? to theyr face?

In the following extract from Latimer's sermon on "The Ploughers," the orthography is modernized.

SATAN A DILIGENT PRELATE AND PREACHER.

And now I would ask a strange question: Who is the most diligent bishop and prelate in all England, that passeth all the rest in doing his office? I can tell, for I know him who it is; I know him well. But now I think I see you listening and hearkening that I should name him. There is one that passeth all the others, and is the most diligent prelate and preacher in all England. And will ye know who it is? I will tell you: it is the devil. He is the most

diligent preacher of all others; he is never out of his diocese; he is never from his cure; ye shall never find him unoccupied; he is ever in his parish; he keepeth residence at all times; ye shall never find him out of the way; call for him when you will, he is ever at home; the diligentest preacher in all the realm. He is ever at his plough; no lording or loitering can hinder him; he is ever applying his business; ye shall never find him idle, I warrant you.

And his office is to hinder religion, to maintain superstition, to set up idolatry, to teach all kind of popery. He is ready as can be wished for to set forth his plough, to devise as many ways as can be to deface and obscure God's glory. Where the devil is resident, and hath his plough going, there away with books, and up with candles; away with Bibles, and up with beads; away with the light of the gospel, and up with the light of candles, yea, at noondays. Where the devil is resident, that he may prevail, up with all superstition and idolatry; censing, painting of images, candles, palms, ashes, holy water, and new service of men's inventing—as though man could invent a better way to honor God with than God himself hath appointed. Down with Christ's cross; up with purgatory pick-purse, up with him—the popish purgatory I mean. Away with clothing the naked, the poor, and impotent; up with decking of images, and gay garnishing of stocks and stones. Up with man's traditions and his laws; down with God's traditions and His most holy Word. Down with the old honor due to God; and up with the new God's honor.

Let all things be done in Latin; there must be nothing but Latin, not so much as—*Memento, homo, quod cinis es, et in cinem reverteris*—Remember, man, that thou art ashes, and unto ashes shalt thou return: which be the words that the minister speaketh unto the ignorant people, when he giveth them ashes upon Ash Wed-

nesday—but it must be spoken in Latin. God's Word may in no wise be translated into English.

Oh that our prelates would be as diligent to sow the corn of good doctrine, as Satan is to sow cockle and darnel! But some man will say to me, What, sir, are ye so privy of the devil's counsel that ye know all this to be true? Truly, I know him to well, and have obeyed him a little too much in condescending to some follies; and I know him as other men do, yea, that he is ever occupied, and every busy in following his plough, I know by St. Peter, which saith of him: "He goeth about like a roaring lion, seeking whom he may devour." There never was such a preacher in England as he is. Who is able to tell his diligent preaching which every day and every hour laboreth to sow cockle and darnel?

LAVATER, JOHANN CASPAR, a Swiss writer on physiognomy, born at Zurich in 1741; died in 1801. After studying theology at home and in Berlin, he became pastor at Zurich in 1764. His mystical views and enthusiastic but benevolent and amiable character attracted much friendly attention. Among his publications are *Schweitzerlieder* (1767), *Aussichten in die Ewigkeit* (1768–73), and *Pontius Pilatus* (1785). The last was the means of breaking Goethe's friendship with the author. The most important of his books is *Physiognomische Fragmente zur Beforderung der Menschenkenntniss und Menschenliebe* (1775–78), which first attempted to reduce physiognomy to a science, as some claim, though others say he regarded its practice as dependent on individual talent, and valued rules merely as a convenience. Lavater at first welcomed the French Revolution, but soon repudiated its barbarities with disgust. He was banished to Basel in 1796, and shot when Massena took Zurich in 1799; this wound caused his death fifteen months later. His *Life* was written by Gessner, 1802–3. A selection from his works, in 8 vols., appeared 1841–44. His book on physiognomy has been translated into many languages, and into English by H. Hunter (5 vols., 1789–98), by T. Holcroft (3 vols., 1789–93), by Morton (3 vols., 1793) and Moore (4 vols., 1797). His *Aphorisms on Man* were translated by Fuseli (1788). Shortly after his decease, his *Life* was written by his son-in-law, George Gessner. It has also been written by Bodemin, from a purely religious point of view.

MAXIMS.

Maxims are as necessary for the weak, as rules for a beginner: the master wants neither rule nor principle—he possesses both without thinking of them.

Who pursues means of enjoyment contradictory, irreconcilable, and self-destructive, is a fool, or what is called a sinner—sin and destruction of order are the same.

He knows not how to speak who cannot be silent; still less how to act with vigor and decision. Who hastens to the end is silent: loudness is impotence.

Wishes run over in loquacious impotence, *Will* presses on with laconic energy.

All affectation is the vain and ridiculous attempt of poverty to appear rich.

There are offences against individuals, to all appearance trifling, which are capital offences against the human race:—fly him who can commit them.

Who will sacrifice nothing, and enjoy all, is a fool.

Call him wise whose actions, words, and steps, are all a clear *because* to a clear *why*.

Say not you know another entirely till you have divided an inheritance with him.

Who, without call or office, industriously recalls the remembrance of past errors to confound him who has repented of them, is a villain.

Too much gravity argues a shallow mind.

Who makes too much or too little of himself has a false measure for everything.

The more honesty a man has, the less he affects the air of a saint—the affectation of sanctity is a blotch on the face of piety.

Kiss the hand of him who can renounce what he has publicly taught, when convicted of his error, and who with heartfelt joy embraces truth, though with the sacrifice of favorite opinions.

The friend of order has made half his way to virtue.

Whom mediocrity attracts, taste has abandoned.

The art to love your enemy consists in never losing sight of *man* in him. Humanity has power over all that is human: the most inhuman still remains man, and never can throw off all taste for what becomes a man—but you must learn to wait.

The merely just can generally bear great virtues as little as great vices.

He has not a little of the devil in him who prays and bites.

Be not the fourth friend of him who had three before, and lost them.

She neglects her heart who always studies her glass.

Who comes from the kitchen smells of its smoke; who adheres to a sect has something of its cant; the college air pursues the student, and dry inhumanity him who herds with literary pedants.

He knows little of the Epicurism of reason and religion who examines the dinner in the kitchen.

Let none turn over books or scan the stars in quest of God who sees Him not in man.

He knows nothing of men who expects to convince a determined party man; and he nothing of the world who despairs of the final impartiality of the public.

He who stands on a height sees farther than those beneath; but let him not fancy that he shall make them believe all he sees.

Pretend not to self-knowledge if you find nothing worse within you than what enmity or calumny dares loudly lay to your charge. Yet you are not very good if you are not better than your best friends imagine you to be.

He who wants witnesses in order to be good, has neither virtue nor religion.

He submits to be seen through a microscope, who suffers himself to be caught in a fit of passion.

Receive no satisfaction for premeditated impertinence. Forget it, forgive it—but keep him inexorably at a distance who offered it.

The public seldom forgive twice.

He surely is most in want of another's patience who has none of his own.

Aphorisms on Man.

LAYARD, Sir Austen Henry, an English diplomat and archæologist, born at Paris in 1817. He began the study of law, but in 1839 set out upon a series of travels which took him through European Turkey and various parts of the East, during which he mastered the Arabic and Persian languages. Of these early travels he published an account in 1887. In 1845, and subsequently, he set on foot explorations in the region of ancient Nineveh and Babylon. The results of his remarkable discoveries are embodied in two sumptuously illustrated works, *Nineveh and its Remains* (1849), and *Discoveries among the Ruins of Nineveh and Babylon* (1853.) As early as 1849 he entered upon political life in a diplomatic or semi-diplomatic capacity. In 1852 he was returned to Parliament for Ailesbury, was an unsuccessful candidate for York in 1859, but was returned as a "Liberal" for Southwark at the close of 1850. In 1868 he was made a member of the Privy Council; but near the close of 1869 he was appointed Envoy Plenipotentiary at Madrid. In 1877 he was sent as Ambassador to Constantinople; but in 1880 when Mr. Gladstone returned to power, Sir Henry Layard "received leave of absence" from his post at Constantinople, and his place was soon afterwards filled by Mr. Goschen, who went out as Ambassador Extraordinary.

THE RUINS IN ASSYRIA AND BABYLONIA.

These ruins, chiefly large mounds, apparently of mere earth and rubbish, had long excited curiosity from their size and evident antiquity. They were the only remains of an unknown

period—of a period antecedent to the Macedonian conquest. Consequently they alone could be identified with Nineveh and Babylon, and could afford a clue to the site and nature of those cities. There is at the same time a vague mystery attaching to remains like these, which induces travellers to examine them with more than ordinary interest, and even with some degree of awe. A great vitrified mass of brickwork, surrounded by the accumulated rubbish of ages, was believed to represent the identical tower which called down the divine vengeance, and was overthrown, according to an universal tradition, by the fires of heaven. The mystery and dread which attached to the place were kept up by exaggerated accounts of wild beasts who haunted the subterraneous passages, and of the no less savage tribes who wandered among the ruins. Other mounds in the vicinity were identified with the Hanging Gardens, and those marvelous structures which tradition has attributed to two queens—Semiramis and Notocris. The difficulty of reaching the site of these remains increased the curiosity and interest with which they were regarded; and a fragment from Babylon was esteemed a precious relic, not altogether devoid of a sacred character.

The ruins which might be presumed to occupy the site of the Assyrian capital were even less known and less visited than those in Babylonia. Several travellers had noticed the great mounds of earth opposite the modern city of Mosul; and when the inhabitants of the neighborhood pointed out the tomb of Jonah upon the summit of one of them, it was of course natural to conclude at once that it marked the site of the great Nineveh. Macdonald Kinneir—no mean antiquarian and geographer—who examined these mounds, was inclined to believe that they marked the site of a Roman camp of the time of Hadrian; and yet a very superficial knowledge of the subject would have shown at once that

they were of a very different period.—*Nineveh and its Remains.* Introduction.

LAYARD'S FIRST DAY'S EXCAVATION AT NIMROUD.

I had slept little during the night. The hovel in which we had taken shelter and its inmates, did not invite slumber. I was at length sinking into sleep, when, hearing the voice of Awad, I arose from my carpet and joined him outside the hovel. The day had already dawned; he had returned with six Arabs, who agreed for a small sum to work under my direction. The lofty cone and broad mound of Nimroud broke like a distant mountain on the morning sky. No sign of habitation, not even the black tent of an Arab, was seen upon the plain. The eye wandered over a parched and barren waste, across which occasionally swept the whirlwind, dragging with it a cloud of sand. About a mile from us was the small village of Nimroud—like Naifa, a heap of ruins.

Ten minutes' walk brought us to the principal mound. The absence of all vegetation enabled me to examine the remains with which it was covered. Broken pottery and fragments of bricks, both inscribed with cuneiform characters, were strewed on all sides. The Arabs watched my motions as I wandered to and fro, and observed with surprise the objects I had collected. They joined, however, in the search, and brought me handfuls of rubbish, amongst which I found with joy the fragment of a bas-relief. The material on which it was carved had been exposed to fire, and resembled in every respect the burnt gypsum of Khorsabad.

Convinced from this discovery that sculptured remains must still exist in some part of the mound, I sought for a place where excavations might be commenced with a prospect of success. Awad led me to a piece of alabaster which appeared above the soil. We could not remove

it, and on digging downward, it proved to be the upper part of a large slab. I ordered all the men to work around it, and they shortly uncovered a second slab to which it had been united. Continuing in the same line, we came upon a third; and in the course of the morning laid bare ten more—the whole forming a square, with one stone missing at the northwest corner. It was evident that the top of a chamber had been discovered, and that the gap was its entrance.

I now dug down the face of the stones, and an inscription in the cuneiform character was soon exposed to view. Similar inscriptions occupied the centre of all the slabs, which were in the best preservation, but plain with the exception of the writing. Leaving half of the workmen to uncover as much of the chamber as possible, I led the rest to the southwest corner of the mound where I had observed many fragments of calcined alabaster. I dug at once into the side of the mound, which was here very steep, and thus avoided the necessity of removing much earth. We came almost immediately to a wall bearing inscriptions in the same character as those already described; but the slabs had evidently been exposed to intense heat, were cracked in every part, and, reduced to lime, threatened to fall to pieces as soon as uncovered.

Night interrupted our labors. I returned to the village well satisfied with the result. It was now evident that buildings of considerable extent existed in the mound; and that although some had been destroyed by fire, others had escaped the conflagration. As there were inscriptions, and as a fragment of a bas-relief had been found, it was natural to conclude that sculptures were still buried under the soil. I determined to follow the search at the northwest corner, and to empty the chamber partly uncovered during the day.—*Nineveh and its Remains*, Chap. II.

THE DISCOVERY OF "NIMROD."

I rode to the encampment of Sheikh Abd-ur-rahman, and was returning to the mound when I saw two Arabs of his tribe urging their mares to the top of their speed. On approaching me they stopped. "Hasten, O Bey," exclaimed one of them; "hasten to the diggers, for they have found Nimrod himself! Wallah, it is wonderful, but it is true! we have seen him with our eyes. There is no God but God!" And both joining in this pious exclamation, they galloped off, without further words, in the direction of their tents.

On reaching the ruins I descended into the new trench, and found the workmen, who had already seen me as I approached, standing near a heap of baskets and cloaks. Whilst Awad advanced and asked for a present to celebrate the occasion, the Arabs withdrew the screen they had hastily constructed, and disclosed an enormous head sculptured in full out of the alabaster of the country. They had uncovered the upper part of a figure, the remainder of which was still buried in the earth. I saw at once that the head must belong to a winged lion or bull, similar to those of Khorsabad and Persepolis. It was in admirable preservation. The expression was calm yet majestic; and the outline of the features showed a freedom and knowledge of art scarcely to be looked for in the works of so remote a period. The cap had three horns, and, unlike that of the human-headed bulls hitherto found in Assyria, was rounded and without ornamentation at the top.

Whilst I was superintending the removal of the earth which still clung to the sculpture, and giving directions for the continuation of the work, a noise of horsemen was heard, and presently Abd-ur-rahman, followed by half of his tribe, appeared on the edge of the trench. As soon as the two Arabs had reached the tents and published the wonders they had seen, every one

mounted his mare and rode to the ground to satisfy himself of the truth of these inconceivable reports. When they beheld the head they all cried together, "There is no God but God, and Mohammed is his Prophet!" It was sometime before the Sheikh could be prevailed upon to descend into the pit, and convince himself that the image he saw was of stone. "This is not the work of men's hands," exclaimed he, "but of those infidel giants of whom the Prophet —peace be with him!—has said that they were higher than the tallest date-tree; this is one of the idols which Noah—peace be with him!—cursed before the flood." In this opinion, the result of a careful examination, all the bystanders concurred.—*Nineveh and its Remains*, Chap. III.

THE PALACE OF SENNACHERIB.

Shortly before my departure for Europe in 1848, the forepart of a human-headed bull of colossal dimensions had been uncovered on the east side of the Kouyunjik Palace. This sculpture then appeared to form one side of an entrance or doorway; and it is so placed on the plan of the ruins accompanying my former work, *Nineveh and its Remains*. The excavations had, however, been abandoned before any attempt could be made to ascertain the fact. On my return I directed the workmen to uncover the bull, which was still partly buried in the rubbish; and it was found that adjoining it were other sculptures, and that it formed part of an exterior façade. The façade opened into a wide portal, guarded by a pair of winged bulls, twenty feet long, and probably when entire more than twenty feet high. Forming the angle between them and the outer bulls were gigantic winged figures in low relief, and flanking them were two smaller figures, one above the other. Beyond this entrance was a group similar to and corresponding with that on the opposite side, also leading to a smaller entrance into the palace, and to

a wall of sculptural slabs; but here all traces of building and sculpture ceased, and we found ourselves near the edge of a water-worn ravine.

Thus a façade of the south-east side of the palace, forming apparently the grand entrance to the edifice, had been discovered. Ten colossal bulls, with six human figures of gigantic proportions were here grouped together, and the length of the whole, without including the sculptured walls continued beyond the smaller entrances, was 180 feet. Although the bas-reliefs to the right of the northern gateway had apparently been purposely destroyed with a sharp instrument, enough remained to allow me to trace their subject. They had represented the conquest of a district—probably a part of Babylonia—watered by a broad river and wooded with palms; spearmen on foot in combat with Assyrian horsemen; castles besieged; long lines of prisoners, and beasts of burden carrying away the spoils. There were no remains whatever of the superstructure which once rose above the colossi guarding the magnificent entrance. . . .

The bulls were all more or less injured. The same convulsion of nature—for I can scarcely attribute to any human violence the overthrow of these great masses—had shattered some of them into pieces, and scattered the fragments amongst the ruins. Fortunately, however, the lower parts of all, and consequently the inscriptions, had been more or less preserved. To this fact we owe the recovery of some of the most precious records with which the monuments of the ancient world have rewarded the labors of the antiquary.

On the great bulls forming the central portal of the grand entrance was one continuous inscription, injured in parts, but still so far preserved as to be legible almost throughout. It contained 152 lines. On the four bulls of the façade were two inscriptions, one inscription carried over each pair, and the two being of pre-

cisely the same import. These two distinct records contain the annals of six years of the reign of Sennecharib, besides numerous particulars connected with the religion of the Assyrians, their gods, their temples, and the erection of their palaces—all of the highest interest and importance.—*Discoveries at Nineveh and Babylon*, Chap. VI.

THE ASSYRIAN RECORDS.

The historical records and public documents of the Assyrians were kept on tablets and cylinders of baked clay. Many specimens have been brought to Great Britain. On a large hexagonal cylinder, presented by me to the British Museum, are the chronicles of Essarhaddon; on a similar cylinder discovered in the mound of Nebbi Yunus, opposite Mosul, are eight years of the annals of Sennacherib; and on a barrel-shaped cylinder long since placed in the British Museum, and known as Bellino's, we have part of the records of the same king. The importance of such records will be readily understood. They present in a small compass an abridgement or recapitulation of the inscriptions on the great monuments and palace walls, giving in a chronological series the events of each monarch's reign. The writing is so minute, and the letters are so close one to another, that it requires considerable experience to separate and transcribe them.

The chambers I am describing appear to have been a depository in the palace of Nineveh for such documents. To the height of a foot or more from the floor they were entirely filled with them; some entire, but the greater part broken into many fragments—probably by the falling in of the upper part of the building. They were of different sizes: the largest tablets were flat, and measured about 9 inches by $6\frac{1}{2}$ inches; the smaller were slightly convex, and some were not more than an inch long, with but

one or two lines of writing. The cuneiform characters on most of them were singularly sharp and well defined, but so minute in some instances as to be almost illegible without a magnifying glass. These documents appear to be of various kinds. Many are historical records of wars and distant expeditions undertaken by the Assyrians; some seem to be royal decrees; others contain lists of the gods, and probably a register of offerings made in the temples. On one Dr. Hincks has detected a table of the value of certain cuneiform letters, expressing by different alphabetical signs, according to various modes of using them —a most important discovery. It is highly probable that a record of astronomical observations may exist amongst them, for we know from ancient writers that the Babylonians inscribed such things upon burned bricks. The characters appear to have been formed by a very delicate instrument before the clay was hardened by fire, and the process of accurately making letters so minute and complicated must have required considerable ingenuity and experience.—*Discoveries at Nineveh and Babylon*, Chap. XVI.

LAZARUS, Emma, an American poet, born in 1849; died in 1887. Her first volume, *Poems and Translations*, was published in 1867, her second, *Admetus and Other Poems*, in 1871. A prose romance, *Alide*, appeared in 1874, and a translation of the *Poems and Ballads of Heine* in 1881. The persecution of the Jews in Russia and Germany led her to study the history and literature of her race, and to write upon these subjects. In 1882 she published a volume of poems entitled *Songs of a Semite*. Her *Later Poems* were published in 1887, and all of her poetical work in two volumes were issued in 1888, under the title, *The Poems of Emma Lazarus*.

THE BANNER OF THE JEW.

Wake, Israel, wake? Recall to-day
  The glorious Maccabean rage,
The sire heroic, hoary-gray,
  His five-fold lion lineage.
The Wise, the Elect, the Help-of-God,
The Burst of Spring, the Avenging Rod.

From Mizpeh's mountain-ridge they saw
  Jerusalem's empty streets, her shrine
Laid waste where Greeks profaned the Law,
  With idol and with pagan sign.
Mourners in tattered black were there,
With ashes sprinkled on their hair.

Then from the stony peak there rang
  A blast to ope the graves: down poured
The Maccabean clan, who sang
  Their battle-anthem to the Lord.
Five heroes lead, and following, see,
Ten thousand rush to victory!

Oh for Jerusalem's trumpet now,
  To blow a blast of shattering power,
To wake the sleepers high and low,
  And rouse them to the urgent hour!

No hand for vengeance—but to save,
A million naked swords should wave.

Oh deem not dead that martial fire,
Say not the mystic flame is spent!
With Moses's law and David's lyre
Your ancient strength remains unbent.
Let but an Ezra rise anew,
To lift the Banner of the Jew!

A rag, a mock at first—erelong,
When men have bled and women wept,
To guard its precious folds from wrong,
Even they who shrunk, even they who slept,
Shall leap to bless it and to save.
Strike! for the brave revere the brave!

THE NEW COLOSSUS.

Not like the brazen giant of Greek fame,
With conquering limbs astride from land to land;
Here at our sea-washed, sunset gates shall stand
A mighty woman with a torch, whose flame
Is the imprisoned lightning, and her name
Mother of Exiles. From her beacon-hand
Glows world-wide welcome; her mild eyes command
The air-bridged harbor that twin cities frame.
"Keep, ancient lands, your storied pomp!" cries she
With silent lips. "Give me your tired, your poor,
Your huddled masses yearning to breathe free,
The wretched refuse of your teeming shore.
Send these, the homeless, tempest-tossed to me,
I lift my lamp beside the golden door!"

YOUTH AND DEATH.

What hast thou done to this dear friend of mine,
Thou cold, white, silent Stranger? From my hand
Her clasped hand slips to meet the grasp of thine;
Her eyes that flamed with love, at thy command

Stare stone-blank on blank air; her frozen heart
Forgets my presence. Teach me who thou art,
Vague shadow sliding 'twixt my friend and me.
I never saw thee till this sudden hour,
What secret door gave entrance unto thee?
What power is thine, o'ermastering Love's own power?

AGE AND DEATH.

Come closer, kind, white, long-familiar friend,
Embrace me, fold me to thy broad, soft breast.
Life has grown strange and cold, but thou dost bend
Mild eyes of blessing wooing to my rest.
So often hast thou come, and from my side
So many hast thou lured, I only bide
Thy beck, to follow glad thy steps divine.
Thy world is peopled for me; this world 's bare.
Through all these years my couch thou did'st prepare.
Thou art supreme Love—kiss me—I am thine.

A JUNE NIGHT.

Ten o'clock: the broken moon
  Hangs not yet a half hour high,
    Yellow as a shield of brass,
In the dewy air of June,
  Paused between the vaulted sky
    And the ocean's liquid glass.

Earth lies in the shadow still;
  Low black bushes, trees, and lawn
    Night's ambrosial dews absorb;
Through the foliage creeps a thrill,
  Whispering of yon spectral dawn
    And the hidden climbing orb.

Higher, higher, gathering light,
  Veiling, with a golden gauze
    All the trembling atmosphere,
See, the rayless disk grows white!
  Hark, the glittering billows pause!
    Faint, far sounds possess the ear.

Elves on such a night as this
  Spin their rings upon the grass;
    On the beach the water-fay
Greets her lover with a kiss;
  Through the air swift spirits pass,
    Laugh, caress, and float away.

Shut thy lids and thou shalt see
  Angel faces wreathed with light,
    Mystic forms long vanished hence,
Ah, too fine, too rare they be
  For the grosser mortal sight,
    And they foil our waking sense.

Yet we feel them floating near,
  Know that we are not alone,
    Though our open eyes behold
Nothing save the moon's bright sphere,
  In the vacant heavens shown,
    And the ocean's path of gold.

LEA, HENRY CHARLES, an American publisher and author, born at Philadelphia in 1825. At the age of seventeen he entered the publishing house of his father, of which he in time became the head. Since about 1857 he has devoted himself especially to the study of European ecclesiastical history, and has written: *Superstition and Force* (1866), *Historical Sketch of Sacerdotal Celibacy* (1867), *Studies in Church History* (1869), and *History of the Inquisition of the Middle Ages* (1888.)

THE INQUISITION AS AN INSTITUTION.

The history of the Inquisition naturally divides itself into two portions, each of which may be considered as a whole. The Reformation is the boundary-line between them, except in Spain, where the new Inquisition was founded by Ferdinand and Isabella. The Inquisition was not an organization arbitrarily devised and imposed upon the judicial system of Christendom by the ambition or fanaticism of the Church. It was rather a natural—one might almost say an inevitable—evolution of the forces at work in the thirteenth century; and no one can rightly appreciate the process of its development and the results of its activity, without a somewhat minute consideration of the factors controlling the minds and souls of men during the ages which laid the foundations of modern civilization.

No serious historical work is worth the writing or the reading unless it conveys a moral; but to be useful, the moral must develop itself in the mind of the reader without being obtruded upon him. Especially must this be the case in a history treating of a subject which has called forth the fiercest passions of man, arousing alternately his highest and his basest impulses. I have not paused to moralize, but I have missed

my aim if the events narrated are not so presented as to teach their appropriate lesson.—*History of the Inquisition*, Preface.

POLICY OF THE CHURCH TOWARDS HERESY.

The Church admitted that it had brought upon itself the dangers which threatened it at the close of the eleventh century; that the alarming progress of heresy was caused and fostered by clerical negligence and corruption. In his opening address to the great Lateran Council (1215) Innocent III. had no scruple in declaring to the assembled fathers: "The corruption of the people has its chief sources in the clergy. From this arise the evils of Christendom: faith perishes, religion is defaced, liberty is restricted, justice is trodden under foot, the heretics multiply, the schismatics are emboldened, the faithless grow strong, the Saracens are victorious." And after the futile attempt of the Council to strike at the root of the evil, Honorius III., in admitting its failure, repeated the assertion. In fact, this was an axiom which none were so hardy as to deny; yet when, in 1204, the legates whom Innocent had sent to oppose the Albigenses appealed to him for aid against prelates whom they had failed to coerce, and whose infamy of life gave scandal to the faithful and an irresistible argument to the heretic, Innocent curtly bade them attend to the object of their mission, and not to allow themselves to be diverted to less important matters. The reply fairly indicates the policy of the Church. Thoroughly to cleanse the Augean stable was a task from which even Innocent's fearless spirit might well shrink. It seemed an easier and more hopeful plan to crush revolt with fire and sword.—*History of the Inquisition*, Vol. I., Chap. IV.

THE ORGANIZATION OF THE INQUISITION.

The Church had found persuasion powerless to arrest the spread of heresy. St. Bernard,

Foulques de Neuilly, Durán de Huesca, St. Dominic, St. Francis, had successively tried the rarest eloquence to convince, and the example of the sublimest self-abnegation to convert. Only force remained, and it had been pitilessly employed. It had subjugated the populations only to render heresy hidden in place of public; and in order to reap the fruits of victory it became apparent that organized, ceaseless persecution, continued to perpetuity, was the only hope of preserving Catholic unity, and of preventing the garment of the Lord from being permanently rent. To this end the Inquisition was developed into a settled Institution manned by the Mendicant Orders, which had been formed to persuade by argument and example, and which now were utilized to suppress by force.

The organization of the Inquisition was simple, yet effective. It did not care to impress the minds of men with magnificence, but rather to paralyze them with terror. To the secular prelacy it left the gorgeous vestments and the imposing splendors of worship, the picturesque processions and the showy retinues of retainers. The inquisitor wore the simple habits of his Order. When he appeared abroad he was at most accompanied by a few armed familiars, partly as a guard, partly to execute his orders. His principal scene of activity was in the recesses of the dreaded Holy Office, whence he issued his commands and decided the fate of whole populations in a silence and secrecy which impressed upon the people a mysterious awe a thousand times more potent than the external magnificence of the bishop. Every detail in the Inquisition was intended for work and not for show. It was built up by resolute, earnest men of one idea, who knew what they wanted, who rendered everything subservient to the one object, and who sternly rejected all that might embarrass with superfluities the unerring and ruthless justice which it was their mission to enforce.

—*History of the Inquisition*, Vol. 1., Chap. VIII.

THE FUNCTIONS OF THE INQUISITOR.

The duty of the inquisitor was distinguished from that of the ordinary judge by the fact that the task assigned to him was the impossible one of ascertaining the secret thoughts and opinions of the prisoner. External acts were to him only of value as indications of belief, to be accepted or rejected as he might deem them conclusive or illusory. The crime sought to suppress by punishment was purely a mental one; acts, however criminal, were beyond his jurisdiction. The murderers of St. Peter Martyr were punished not as assassins, but as fautors of heresy and impeders of the Inquisition. The usurer came within his purview when he asserted or showed by his acts that he considered usury no sin; the sorcerer when his incantations proved that he preferred to rely on the powers of demons rather than those of God, or that he entertained wrongful notions upon the Sacraments. Zanghino tells us that he witnessed the condemnation of a concubinary priest by the Inquisition, who was punished not for his licentiousness, but because while thus polluted he celebrated daily mass, and urged in excuse that he considered himself purified by putting on the sacred vestments.

Then, too, even doubt was heresy; the believer must have fixed and unwavering faith, and it was the duty of the inquisitor to ascertain the condition of his mind. External acts and verbal confessions were as naught. The accused might be regular in his attendance at mass; he might be liberal in his oblations, punctual in confession and communion, and yet be a heretic at heart. When brought before the tribunal he might profess the most unbounded submission to the decisions of the Holy See, the strictest adherence to orthodox doctrine, the freest readiness to sub-

scribe to whatever was demanded of him, and yet be secretly a Catharan or a Vaudois, fit only for the stake.

Few, indeed, were there who courageously admitted their heresy when brought before the tribunal; and to the conscientious judge, eager to destroy the foxes which ravaged the vineyard of the Lord, the task of exploring the secret heart of man was no easy one. We cannot wonder that he speedily emancipated himself from the trammels of recognized judicial procedure which, in preventing him from committing injustice, would have rendered his labors futile. Still less can we be surprised that fanatic zeal, arbitrary cruelty, and insatiable cupidity rivalled each other in building up a system unspeakably atrocious. Omniscience alone was capable of solving with justice the problems which were the daily routine of the inquisitor; human frailty—resolved to accomplish a predetermined end—inevitably reached the practical conclusion that the sacrifice of a hundred innocent men were better than the escape of one guilty.—*History of the Inquisition*, Vol. I., Chap. IX.

THE INQUISITION AND LUTHER.

Had the Inquisition existed in Germany in good working order, Luther's career would have been cut short. When, October 31, 1517, he nailed his propositions concerning indulgences on the church-door of Wittenburg, and publicly defended them, an inquisitor such as Bernard Gui would have speedily silenced him, either destroying his influence by forcing him to a public recantation, or handing him over to be burned if he proved obstinate. Hundreds of hardy thinkers had been thus served, and the few who had been found stout enough to withstand the methods of the Holy Office had perished. Fortunately the Inquisition had never struck

root in German soil, and now it was thoroughly discredited and useless.

In France the University had taken the place of the almost forgotten Inquisition, repressing all aberrations of faith, while a centralized monarchy had rendered—at least until the Concordat of Francis I.—the national Church in a great degree independent of the Papacy. In Germany, there was no national Church. There was subjection to Rome which was growing unendurable for financial reasons; but there was nothing to take the place of the Inquisition, and a latitude of speech had become customary, which was tolerated so long as the revenues of St. Peter were not interfered with. This perhaps explains why the significance of Luther's revolt was better appreciated at Rome than on the spot.

After he had been formally declared a heretic by the Auditor-general of the Apostolic Chamber, at the instance of the promoter-fiscal, the legate, Cardinal Caietano, wrote that he could terminate the matter himself, and it was rather a trifling affair to be brought before the Pope. He did not fulfill his instructions to arrest Luther and tell him that if he would appear before the Holy See to excuse himself, he would be treated with undeserved clemency. After the scandal had been growing for a twelvemonth, Leo again wrote to Caietano to summon Dr. Martin before him, and, after diligent examination, to condemn or absolve him as might prove requisite. It was now too late. Insubordination had spread, and rebellion was organizing itself. Before these last instructions reached Caietano, Luther came in answer to a previous summons: but, though he professed himself in all things an obedient son of the Church, he practically manifested an ominous independence, and was conveyed away unharmed. The legate trusted to his powers as a disputant rather than to force: and had he attempted the latter, he had no

machinery at hand to frustrate the instructions given by the Augsburg magistrates for Luther's protection. In this paralysis of persecution the inevitable revolution went forward.—*History of the Inquisition*, Vol. II., Chap. VI.

THE MIDDLE AGES AND THE PRESENT AGE.

The review which we have made of the follies and crimes of our ancestors has revealed to us a scene of almost unrelieved blackness. Yet such a review, rightly estimated, is full of hope and encouragement. Human development is slow and irregular. To the observer at a given point it appears stationary or retrogressive; and it is only by comparing periods removed by a considerable interval of time that the movement can be appreciated. Such a retrospect as we have wearily accomplished has shown us how, but a few centuries since, the infliction of gratuitous evil was deemed the highest duty of man; and we learn how much has been gained to the empire of Christian love and charity. We have seen how the administration of law—both spiritual and secular—was little other than organized wrong and injustice. We have seen how low were the moral standards, and how debased the mental condition of the populations of Christendom. We have seen that the "Ages of Faith," to which romantic dreamers regretfully look back, were ages of force and fraud, where evil seemed to reign almost unchecked, justifying the current opinion, so constantly reappearing, that the reign of Antichrist had already begun. Imperfect as are human institutions to-day, a comparison with the past shows how marvellous has been the improvement; and the fact that this gain has been made almost wholly within the last two centuries, and that it is advancing with accelerated momentum, affords to the sociologist the most cheering encouragement. Principles have been established which, if allowed to develope themselves naturally and healthfully, will

render the future of mankind very different from aught that the world has yet seen.—*History of the Inquisition*, Vol. III., Chap. IX.

SUMMARY OF THE INQUISITION.

A few words will suffice to summarize the career of the mediæval Inquisition. It introduced a system of jurisprudence which infected the criminal law of all the lands subjected to its influence, and rendered the administration of penal justice a cruel mockery for centuries. It furnished the Holy See with a powerful weapon in aid of political aggrandizement; it tempted secular sovereigns to imitate the example; and it prostituted the name of religion to the vilest temporal ends. It stimulated the morbid sensitiveness to doctrinal aberrations until the most trifling dissidence was capable of arousing insane fury, and of convulsing Europe from end to end. On the other hand, when atheism became fashionable in high places, its thunders were mute. Energetic only in evil, when its powers might have been used on the side of virtue, it held its hand, and gave the people to understand that the only sins demanding repression were doubts as to the accuracy of the Church's knowledge of the unknown, and attendance on the Sabbat. In its long career of blood and fire, the only credit which it can claim is the suppression of the pernicious dogmas of the Cathari; and in this its agency was superfluous, for these dogmas carried in themselves the seeds of self-destruction, and might more wisely have been left to self-destruction. Thus the judgment of impartial history must be that the Inquisition was the monstrous offspring of mistaken zeal, utilized by selfish greed and lust of power to smother the higher aspirations of humanity, and stimulate its baser appetites.—*History of the Inquisition*, Conclusion.

LECKY, William Edward Hartpole, a British author, born near Dublin, in 1838. He graduated at Trinity College, Dublin, in 1859, and in 1861 published anonymously *Leaders of Public Opinion in Ireland*, of which a new edition with his name appeared in 1872. After some time spent in travel, he settled in London, and gave himself to historical and philosophical studies. His *History of the Rise and Influence of the Spirit of Rationalism in Europe* (1865), attracted great attention, and won for its author reputation as a deep scholar, acute thinker, and graceful and effective writer. His *History of European Morals from Augustus to Charlemagne* (1869), was of equal merit; and *A History of England in the Eighteenth Century* (1878-82), has probably been more widely read than its predecessors. A lecture on *The Influence of the Imagination in History* was subsequently delivered before the Royal Institution.

THE MIDDLE AGES.

Every doubt, every impulse of rebellion against ecclesiastical authority, above all, every heretical opinion, was regarded as the direct instigation of Satan, and their increase as the measure of his triumph. Yet these things were now gathering darkly all around. Europe was beginning to enter into that inexpressibly painful period in which men have learned to doubt, but have not yet learned to regard doubt as innocent; in which the new mental activity produces a variety of opinions, while the old credulity persuades them that all but one class of opinions are the suggestions of the devil. The spirit of rationalism was yet unborn; or if some faint traces of it may be discovered in the writings of Abelard, it was at least far too weak to

allay the panic. There was no independent inquiry; no confidence in an honest research; no disposition to rise above dogmatic systems or traditional teaching, no capacity for enduring the sufferings of a suspended judgment. The Church had cursed the human intellect by cursing the doubts that are the necessary consequence of its exercise. She had cursed even the moral faculty by asserting the guilt of honest error.—*Rationalism in Europe.*

RATIONALISM.

Its central conception is the elevation of conscience into a position of supreme authority as the religious organ, a verifying faculty discriminating between truth and error. It regards Christianity as designed to preside over the moral development of mankind, as a conception which was to become more and more sublimated and spiritualized as the human mind passed into new phases, and was able to bear the splendor of a more unclouded light. Religion it believes to be no exception to the general law of progress, but rather the highest form of its manifestation, and its earlier systems but the necessary steps of an imperfect development. In its eyes the moral element of Christianity is as the sun in heaven, and dogmatic systems are as the clouds that intercept and temper the exceeding brightness of its ray. The insect whose existence is but for a moment might well imagine that these were indeed eternal, that their majestic columns could never fail, and that their luminous folds were the very source and centre of light. And yet they shift and vary with each changing breeze; they blend and separate; they assume new forms and exhibit new dimensions: as the sun that is above them waxes more glorious in its power, they are permeated and at last absorbed by its increasing splendor; they recede, and wither, and disappear, and the eye ranges far beyond the sphere they had occupied

into the infinity of glory that is above them.—*Rationalism in Europe.*

ITALIAN SKEPTICS AND REFORMERS.

Padua and Bologna were then the great centres of free thought. A series of professors, of whom Pomponatius appears to have been the most eminent, had pursued in these universities speculations as daring as those of the eighteenth century, and had habituated a small but able circle of scholars to examine theological questions with the most fearless scrutiny. They maintained that there were two spheres of thought, the sphere of reason and the sphere of faith, and that these spheres were entirely distinct. As philosophers, and under the guidance of reason, they elaborated theories of the boldest and most unflinching skepticism; as Catholics, and under the impulse of faith, they acquiesced in all the doctrines of their Church. The fact of their accepting certain doctrines as a matter of faith did not at all prevent them from repudiating them on the ground of reason; and the complete separation of the two orders of ideas enabled them to pursue their intellectual speculations by a method which was purely secular, and with a courage that was elsewhere unknown. Even in Catholicism a dualism of this kind could not long continue, but it was manifestly incompatible with Protestantism, which at least professed to make private judgment the foundation of belief. Faith, considered as an unreasoning acquiescence, disappeared from theology, and the order of ideas which reason had established remained alone. As a consequence of all this, the Reformation in Italy was almost confined to a small group of scholars who preached its principles to their extreme limits, with an unflinching logic, with a disregard for both tradition and consequences, and above all with a secular spirit that was elsewhere unequalled.—*Rationalism in Europe.*

PERSECUTION.

If men believe with an intense and realizing faith that their own view of a disputed question is true beyond all possibility of mistake, if they further believe that those who adopt other views will be doomed by the Almighty to an eternity of misery, which, with the same moral disposition but with a different belief, they would have escaped, these men will sooner or later persecute to the full extent of their power. If you speak to them of the physical and mental suffering which persecution produces, or of the sincerity and unselfish heroism of the victims, they will reply that such arguments rest altogether on the inadequacy of your realization of the doctrine they believe. What suffering that man can inflict can be comparable to the eternal misery of all who embrace the doctrine of the heretic? What claim can human virtues have to our forbearance, if the Almighty punishes the mere profession of error as a crime of the deepest turpitude? . . . . However strongly the Homoousians and Homoiousians were opposed to each other on other points, they were at least perfectly agreed that the adherents of the wrong vowel could not possibly get to heaven, and that the highest conceivable virtues were futile when associated with error. . . . .

The avowed object of the persecutor is to suppress one portion of the elements of discussion; it is to determine the judgment by an influence other than reason; it is to prevent that freedom of inquiry which is the sole method we possess of arriving at truth. The persecutor never can be certain that he is not persecuting truth rather than error, but he may be quite certain that he is suppressing the spirit of truth.—*Rationalism in Europe.*

MARCUS AURELIUS.

He had embraced the fortifying philosophy of Zeno in its best form, and that philosophy made

him perhaps as nearly a perfectly virtuous man as has appeared upon our world. Tried by the chequered events of a reign of nineteen years, presiding over a society that was profoundly corrupt, and over a city that was notorious for its licence, the perfection of his character awed even calumny to silence, and the spontaneous sentiment of his people proclaimed him rather a god than a man. . . . Never, perhaps, had such active and unrelaxing virtue been united with so little enthusiasm, and been cheered by so little illusion of success. "There is but one thing," he wrote, "of real value—to cultivate truth and justice, and to live without anger in the midst of lying and unjust men." . . . Shortly before his death he dismissed his attendants, and, after one last interview, his son and he died, as he long had lived, alone. Thus sunk to rest in clouds and darkness the purest and gentlest spirit of all the pagan world, the most perfect model of the later Stoics. In him the hardness, asperity, and arrogance of the sect had altogether disappeared, while the affectation its paradoxes tended to produce was greatly mitigated. Without fanaticism, superstition, or illusion, his whole life was regulated by a simple and unwavering sense of duty. The contemplative and emotional virtues which Stoicism had long depressed, had regained their place, but the active virtues had not yet declined. The virtues of the hero were still deeply honored, but gentleness and tenderness had acquired a new prominence in the ideal type.—*History of European Morals.*

HEATHEN CONFORMITY.

The love of truth in many forms was exhibited among the Pagan philosophers to a degree which has never been surpassed; but there was one form in which it was absolutely unknown. The belief that it is wrong for a man in religious matters to act a lie, to sanction by his

presence and by his example what he regards as baseless superstitions, had no place in the ethics of antiquity. The religious flexibility which Polytheism had originally generated, the strong political feeling that pervaded all classes, and also the manifest impossibility of making philosophy the creed of the ignorant, had rendered nearly universal among philosophers, a state of feeling which is often exhibited, but rarely openly professed among ourselves. The religious opinions of men had but little influence on their religious practices, and the skeptic considered it not merely lawful, but a duty to attend the observances of his country. No one did more to scatter the ancient superstitions than Cicero, who was himself an augur, and who strongly asserted the duty of complying with the national rites. Seneca, having recounted in the most derisive terms the absurdities of the popular worship, concludes his enumeration by declaring that "the sage will observe all these things, not as pleasing to the Divinities, but as commanded by the law," and that he should remember "that his worship is due to custom, not to belief." Epictetus, whose austere creed rises to the purest monotheism, teaches it as a fundamental religious maxim that every man in his devotions should "conform to the customs of his country." The Jews and Christians, who alone refused to do so, were the representatives of a moral principle that was unknown to the Pagan world.—*European Morals.*

TRUTH *versus* DOGMA.

There is one, and but one, adequate reason that can always justify men in critically reviewing what they have been taught. It is the conviction that opinions should not be regarded as mere mental luxuries, that truth should be deemed an end distinct from and superior to utility, and that it is a moral duty to pursue it, whether it leads to pleasure or to pain. Among

the many wise sayings which antiquity ascribed to Pythagoras, few are more remarkable than his division of virtue into two distinct branches —to seek truth and to do good . . . .

An age which has ceased to value impartiality of judgment will soon cease to value accuracy of statement, and when credulity is inculcated as a virtue, falsehood will not long be stigmatized as a vice. When, too, men are firmly convinced that salvation can only be found within their Church, and that their Church can absolve from all guilt, they will speedily conclude that nothing can possibly be wrong which is beneficial to it. They exchange the love of truth for what they call the love of *the* truth. They regard morals as derived from and subordinate to theology, and they regulate all their statements, not by the standard of veracity; but by the interests of their creed.—*European Morals.*

LEDYARD, JOHN, an American traveller, born at Groton, Conn., in 1751; died at Cairo, Egypt, in 1789. He entered Dartmouth College in 1772, with a view of fitting himself to be a missionary among the Indians; but abandoning this idea, he paddled in a canoe down the Connecticut, and went to New London, where he shipped as common sailor on a vessel bound to the Mediterranean. Afterwards he went to London, where he enlisted as corporal of marines in Captain Cook's last expedition to the Pacific. He remained in the British naval service until 1782. The vessel to which he was attached happening to be off the coast of Long Island, he left it, and went back to his friends, having been absent eight years. While with Cook's expedition he kept a private journal of the voyage. The British Government took possession of this; but Ledyard wrote out from memory an account of the expedition, which was published at Hartford, Conn., in 1783. He now formed the project of an expedition to the then almost unknown Northwest coast of America, and went to Europe, hoping to find furtherance in his plan. Baffled in his efforts he determined to make the journey overland through Northern Europe and Asia to Behring Strait. Reaching Sweden, he attempted to cross the Gulf of Bothnia on the ice; but finding the Gulf not entirely frozen over, he went back, and walked clear around it to St. Petersburg. The foot-journey of 1,400 miles was performed in seven weeks. He reached St. Petersburg in March, 1787, "without money, shoes, or stockings," as he says. The

Empress Catharine II. granted him permission to go with Dr. Brown, a Scotchman in the Russian service, to Barnaul, in Southern Siberia, a distance of 3,000 miles; thence he sailed in a small boat down the River Lena, 1,400 miles, to Yakutsk, but was not allowed to go further. Soon after, he was arrested by the order of the Empress, conveyed to Poland, and sent out of the country, under penalty of death if he should return. He made his way back to London, where he arrived, as he says, "disappointed, ragged and penniless, but with a whole heart." An association had been formed for the exploration of the interior of Africa, and Ledyard eagerly accepted an offer to take part in this expedition. He was asked how soon he could be ready to set out. "To-morrow morning," was the prompt reply. He left England late in June, 1788; but on reaching Cairo was attacked by a bilious disorder from which he died, at the age of thirty-eight. The *Memoirs of Ledyard*, by Jared Sparks, were published in 1828, and subsequently in Sparks's "American Biography."

THE TARTARS AND THE RUSSIANS.

The nice gradations by which I pass from civilization to incivilization appears in everything—in manners, dress, language; and particularly in that remarkable and important circumstance, *color*, which I am now fully convinced originates from natural causes, and is the effect of external and local circumstances. I think the same of *feature*. I see here among the Tarters the large mouth, the thick lip, the broad, flat nose, as well as in Africa. I see also in the same village as great a difference of complexion—

from the fair hair, fair skin, and gray eyes, to the olive, the black jetty hair and eyes; and all these are of the same language, same dress, and, I suppose, same tribe.

I have frequently observed in Russian villages, obscure and dirty, mean and poor, that the women of the peasantry paint their faces both red and white. I have had occasion, from this and many other circumstances, to suppose that the Russians are a people who have been early attached to luxury. The contour of their manners is Asiatic, and not European. The Tartars are universally neater than the Russians, particularly in their houses. The Tartar, however situated, is a voluptuary; and it is an original and striking trait in their character—from the Grand Seignior, to him who pitches his tent on the wild frontiers of Russia and China—that they are more addicted to sensual pleasure than any other people.

PHYSIOGNOMY OF THE TARTARS.

The Tartar face, in the first impression it gives, approaches nearer to the African than the European. And this impression is strengthened on a more deliberate examination of the individual features and the whole compages of the countenance; yet it is very different from an African face. The nose forms a strong feature in the human face. I have seen instances among the Kalmucks where the nose, between the eyes, has been much flatter and broader than I have witnessed among the Negroes, and some few instances where it has been as broad over the nostrils quite to the end, but the nostrils, in any case, are much smaller than in Negroes. Where I have seen those noses, they were accompanied with a large mouth and thick lips; and these people were genuine Kalmuck Tartars. The nose protuberates but little from the face, and is shorter than that of the European. The eyes universally are at a great distance from

each other, and very small. At each corner of the eye the skin projects over the ball; the part appears swelled; the eyelids go in nearly a straight line from corner to corner. When open, the eye appears as in a square frame. The mouth generally, however, is of a middling size, and the lips thin. The next remarkable features are the cheek-bones. These, like the eyes, are very remote from each other, high, broad, and withal project a little forward. The face is flat. When I look at a Tartar *en profile*, I can hardly see the nose between the eyes; and if he blow a coal of fire, I cannot see the nose at all. The face is than like an inflated bladder. The forehead is narrow and low. The face has a fresh color, and on the cheek-bones there is commonly a good ruddy hue.

ORIGIN OF TARTAR PECULIARITIES.

The Tartars from a time immemorial (I mean the Asiatic Tartars), have been a people of a wandering disposition. Their converse has been more among the beasts of the forests than among men; and when among men it has only been those of their own nation. They have ever been savages, averse to civilization; and have never until very lately mingled with other nations. Whatever cause may have originated their peculiarities of features, the reason why they still continue is their secluded way of life, which has preserved them from mixing with other people. I am ignorant how far a constant society with beasts may operate in changing the features; but I am persuaded that this circumstance, together with an uncultivated state of mind—if we consider a long and uninterrupted succession of ages—must account in some degree for this remarkable singularity.

CHARACTERISTICS OF WOMAN.

I have observed among all nations that women ornament themselves more than men; that,

wherever found, they are the same kind, civil, and obliging, humane, tender beings; that they are ever inclined to be gay and cheerful, timorous and modest. They do not hesitate, like man, to perform a hospitable or generous action; are not haughty, nor arrogant, nor supercilious, but full of courtesy and fond of society; industrious, economical, ingenuous; more liable in general to err than man; but in general, also, more virtuous, and performing more good actions than he. I never addressed myself in the language of decency and friendship to a woman, whether civilized or savage, without receiving a decent and friendly answer. With man it has often been otherwise. In wandering over the barren plains of inhospitable Denmark, through honest Sweden, frozen Lapland, rude and churlish Finland, unprincipled Russia, and the wide-spread region of the wandering Tartar —if hungry, thirsty, cold, wet, or sick, woman has ever been friendly to me, and uniformly so. And to add to this virtue, so worthy of the appellation of benevolence, these actions have been performed in so free and so kind a manner that, if I was thirsty I drank the sweet draught, and if hungry ate the coarse morsel, with a double relish.

LEGARÉ, HUGH SWINTON, an American publicist and author, born at Charleston, S. C., in 1789; died at Boston in 1843. He graduated at the College of South Carolina in 1814, studied law, travelled in Europe, and upon his return became a cotton-planter. In 1830 he was elected Attorney-general of South Carolina, and took an earnest part in opposition to nullification. In 1832 he was made Chargé d'Affaires at Brussels. In 1837 he was elected to Congress as a Union Democrat; but his opposition to the Sub-treasury scheme occasioned his defeat in 1839. In 1841 he was appointed by President Tyler as Attorney-general of the United States, and after the retirement of Daniel Webster he was for some time acting Secretary of State. He died suddenly while attending, with President Tyler, the inauguration of the Bunker Hill monument.

The writings of Mr. Legaré were mainly contributions to the *Southern Review*, of which he was in 1830, one of the founders, and subsequently to the *New York Review*. A *Memoir* of him, with selections from his various writings, was in 1848 put forth by his sister, MARY SWINTON LEGARÉ BULLEN, who soon after removed to West Point, Iowa, where she founded and endowed the Legaré College for Women.

CHARACTERISTICS OF LORD BYRON.

Lord Byron's life was not a literary or cloistered and scholastic life. He had lived generally in the world, and always and entirely for the world. If he sought seclusion it was not for the retired leisure or the sweet and innocent tranquillity of a country life. His retreats were rather like those of Tiberius at Capreæ—the

gloomy solitude of misanthropy and remorse, hiding its despair in darkness, or seeking to stupefy and drown it in vice and debauchery. But even when he fled from the sight of men, it was only to be sought after the more; and in the depth of his hiding-places—as was long ago remarked of Timon of Athens—he could not live without vomiting forth the gall of his bitterness, and sending abroad most elaborate curses in good verse, to be admired by the very wretches whom he affected to despise. He lived in the world, and for the world; nor is it often that a career so brief affords to biography so much impressive incident, or that the folly of an undisciplined and reckless spirit has assumed such a motley wear, and played off, before God and man, so many extravagant and fantastic antics.

On the other hand, there was, amidst all its irregularities, something strangely interesting, something, occasionally grand, and even imposing, in Lord Byron's character and mode of life. His whole being was, indeed, to a remarkable degree extraordinary, fanciful, and fascinating. All that drew upon him the eyes of men, whether for good or evil—his passions and his genius, his enthusiasm and his woe, his triumphs and his downfall—sprang from the same source: a feverish temperament, a burning, distempered, insatiable imagination; and these, in their turn, acted most powerfully upon the imagination and the sensibility of others. We well remember a time—it is not more than two or three lustres ago—when we could never think of him ourselves but as an ideal being, a creature—to use his own words—"of loneliness and mystery,' moving about the earth like a troubled spirit, and even when in the midst of men, not *of* them. The enchanter's robe which he wore seemed to disguise his person; and, like another famous sorcerer and sensualist—

> "he hurled
> His dazzling spells into the spungy air,
> Of power to cheat the eye with blear illusion,
> And give it false presentments."

It has often occurred to us, as we have seen Sir Walter Scott diligently hobbling up to his daily task in the Parliament House at Edinburgh, and still more when we have gazed upon him for hours seated down at his clerk's desk, with a countenance of most demure and business-like formality, to contrast him, in that situation, with the only man who had not been at the time totally overshadowed and eclipsed by Byron's genius.

It was, indeed, a wonderful contrast. Never did two such men—competitors in the highest walks of creative imagination and deep pathos—present such a strange antithesis of moral character and domestic habits and pursuits as Walter Scott at home and Lord Byron abroad. It was the difference between prose and poetry; between the dullest realities of existence, and an incoherent, though powerful and agitating romance; between a falcon trained to the uses of a domestic bird, and instead of "towering in her pride of place," brought to stoop at the smallest quarry, and to wait upon a rude sportsman's bidding like a menial servant—and some savage, untamed eagle who, after struggling with the bars of his cage until his breast was bare and bleeding with the agony, had flung himself forth once more upon the gale, and was again chasing before him the whole herd of timorous and flocking birds, and making his native Alps, through all their solitudes, ring to his boding and wild scream.

Byron's pilgrimages to distant and famous lands—especially his first—heightened this effect of his genius and of his very peculiar mode of existence. Madame de Staël ascribes it to his good fortune or the deep policy of Napoleon, that he had succeeded in associating his name with some of those objects which have through all time most strongly impressed the imaginations

of men—with the Pyramids, the Alps, and the Holy Land. Byron had the same advantage. His poems are, in a manner, the journals and common-place-books of the wandering Childe. Thus it is stated, or hinted, that a horrible incident, like that upon which the *Giaour* turns, had nearly taken place within Byron's own observation while in the East. His sketches of the sublime and beautiful in nature seem to be mere images, or, so to express it, shadows thrown down upon his pages from the objects which he visited, only colored and illumined with such feelings, reflections, and associations as they naturally awaken in contemplative and susceptable minds.

His early visit to Greece, and the heartfelt enthusiasm with which he dwelt upon her loveliness even "in her age of woe"—upon the glory which once adorned, and that which might still await her—have identified him with her name in a manner which subsequent events have made quite remarkable. His poetry, when we read it over again, seems to breathe of "the sanctified phrensy of prophecy and inspiration." He now appears to have been the herald of her resuscitation. The voice of lamentation which he sent forth over Christendom was as if it had issued from her caves, fraught with the woe and wrongs of ages, and the deep vengeance which at length woke—and not in vain.

In expressing ourselves as we have done upon this subject, it is to us a melancholy reflection that our language is far more suitable to what we *have* felt than to what we *now* feel, in reference to the life and character of Byron. The last years of that life—the wanton, gross, and often dull and feeble ribaldry of some of his latest productions—broke the spell which he had laid upon our souls; and we are by no means sure that we have not since yielded too much to the disgust and aversion which follow disenchantment like its shadow.

LEGGETT, WILLIAM, an American journalist and author, born at New York in 1802; died at New Rochelle, near New York, in 1839. He entered the navy as midshipman in 1822, but resigned in 1826, and engaged in literary occupations in New York. In 1829 he went upon the editorial staff of the New York *Evening Post*, to which journal he was attached until 1836. In 1839 he was appointed by President Van Buren diplomatic agent to Guatemala, but died the day before he was to have sailed. He wrote *Leisure Hours at Sea*, (1825), *Tales of a Country Schoolmaster*, and *Naval Stories*, (1835.) A volume made up from his *Political Writings*, with a *Memoir* by Theodore Sedgwick was published in 1840.

JACK CADE.

Have those who use the name of Cade as a word of scorn looked into the history of that heroic man? Have they sifted out, from the mass of prejudice, bigotry, and servility, which load the pages of the old chroniclers, the facts in relation to his extraordinary career? Have they acquainted themselves with the oppressions of the times, the lawless violence of the nobles, the folly and rapacity of the monarch, the extortion and cruelty of his ministers, and the general contempt which was manifested for the plainest and dearest rights of humanity. Have they consulted the pages of Stow and Hall and Hollingshed, who—parasites of royalty as they were, and careful to exclude from their chronicles whatever might grate harshly on the delicate ears of the privileged orders—have yet not been able to conceal the justice of the cause for which Cade contended, the moderation of his demands, or the extraordinary forbearance of his conduct? Or have they been

content to learn his character from the scenes of a play, or the pages of that king-worshipper, that pimp and pander to aristocracy, the Tory Hume, who was ever ready to lick absurd pomp and give a name of infamy to any valiant spirit that had the courage and true nobleness to stand forward in defence of the rights of his fellow-men?

Let those who use the name of Cade as a term of reproach, remember that the obloquy which blackens his memory flowed from the same slanderous pens that denounced as rebels and traitors, and with terms of equal bitterness, though not of equal contumely, the Hampdens and Sydneys of England—glorious apostles and martyrs in the cause of equal liberty! Let them remember, too, that as the philosophic Mackintosh observes, all we know of Cade is through his enemies—a fact which of itself would impress a just and inquiring mind with the necessity of examination for itself, before adopting the current slang of the aristocracy of Great Britain . . .

If Cade was the wretched fanatic which it has pleased the greatest dramatic genius of the world (borrowing his idea of that noble rebel from old Hollingshed) to represent him, how did it happen that twenty thousand men flocked to his standard the moment it was unfurled? How did it happen that his statement of grievances was so true, and his demands for redress so moderate, that, even according to Hume himself, "the Council, observing that nobody was willing to fight against men so reasonable in their pretensions, carried the King for safety to Kenilworth?" How did it happen, as related by Fabian, that the Duke of Buckingham and the Archbishop of Canterbury, being sent to negotiate with him, were obliged to acknowledge that they found him "right discrete in his answers; howbeit they could not cause him to

lay down his people, and to submit him (unconditionally) unto the King's grace." . . . .

Follow Cade to the close of his career; see him deserted by his followers, under a deceitful promise of pardon from the Government, trace him afterwards, a fugitive through the country, with a reward set upon his head, in violation of the edict which but a few days before had dissolved him of the crime of rebellion on condition of laying down his arms; behold him at last entrapped by a wretch and basely murdered; weigh his whole character as exhibited by all the prominent traits of his life and fortune—remembering, too, that all you know of him is from those who dipped their pens in ink only to blacken his name—and you will at last be forced to acknowledge that instead of the scorn of mankind, he deserves to be ranked among those glorious men who have sacrificed their lives in defense of the rights of man. Cade was defeated, and his very name lies buried under the rubbish of ages. But his example did not die:

> For freedom's battle, once begun,
> Bequeathed from bleeding sire to son,
> Though often lost is ever won."

SHAKESPEARE'S BEATRICE.

We have seen Beatrice—we will not call her Shakespeare's Beatrice, nor Miss Tree's Beatrice, but Beatrice herself. We have seen the identical Sicilian lady—the high-born, beautiful, witty, gay-hearted and volatile yet loving and constant woman of Messina, whom Shakespeare *imagined* but whom Miss Tree *is*. Other actresses have given us particular traits of her character with liveliness and effect; but Miss Tree infuses life and soul into them all, and combines them into one with inimitable harmony and grace.

What wonderful individuality there is in the characters of Shakespeare! No two of them

are alike. They may belong to the same class, but the shades of difference are not less obvious than the features of resemblance they possess in common. It is not merely that they are placed in different circumstances, but they are essentially different. Other dramatists have sometimes copied from themselves, but Shakespeare always copied from nature, and his works are distinguished by the same endless diversity. "Custom could not stale his infinite variety." If this remark is true of his characters generally, it is more strikingly so of his females. From Miranda to Lady Macbeth, from Ophelia to Constance, there is a whole world of interval, filled up with women of every gradation and combination of moral and intellectual qualities. Who, for example, is like Beatrice?

The character of Beatrice we do not think has usually been correctly appreciated on the stage. She is spirited, witty, and talkative; and the mere words of her raillery, if we consider separate phrases by themselves, have sometimes a sharpness not altogether consistent with the general idea of amiableness in woman. But if we examine her character more thoroughly, we shall find that her keenest strokes of satire, her sharpest repartees, and liveliest jests, are but the artillery with which a proud woman guards the secret of unrequited love.

It seems to us the clue to Beatrice's character is that she is conscious of a secret attachment to Benedick, and believing her passion unreturned by the determined bachelor, she makes him the object of her constant raillery, that she may thus more effectually hide her true feelings from observation. She talks of Benedick, and to Benedick, because Benedick fills her heart, and "out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh;" but she talks mirthfully and scornfully, that none—and least of all himself—may suspect the sentiment which is hid beneath her sparkling repartees. The first words Beatrice

utters are an inquiry concerning Benedick; yet with the ready tact of a woman she asks after him by a name that implies a taunt, that the real anxiety which prompted the question might not be seen. The same feeling, directly after, urges her to inquire who is his companion, and the motive of concealment induces her lightly to add, "He hath every month a new sworn brother."

The reader of the play is prepared, in the very first scene, to set down Benedick and Beatrice as intended for each other. Leonato informs us that they are perpetually waging a kind of merry war, and that "they never meet but there is a skirmish of wit between them." We soon perceive this very skirmishing is the result of mutual attachment, but with a difference: for Benedick is unconscious of the nature of his feelings for Beatrice, and really supposes himself proof against all the shafts of blind Cupid; while Beatrice is aware of her love, but resolves, in the true spirit of maidenly propriety, to hide it deep in her heart until it shall be called forth in requital for the proffered love of Benedick. She is not of the disposition, however, to "let concealment, like a worm i' th' bud, feed on her damask cheek." She is too proud, too gay, too volatile by nature to be easily dejected. She is of the sanguine, not the melancholic temperament, and looks on men and things in their sunniest aspects. Leonato tells us, "there is little of the melancholy element in her;" and she herself says, she "was born to speak all mirth and no matter." Beatrice is not a creature of imagination, but of strong intellect and strong feeling. Her volatility relates only to her spirits, not to her affections; she is distinguished by gayety and airiness of temper, not fickleness of heart.

That she is constant in friendship, her fidelity to her cousin Hero proves; for when the breath of slander blackens her character, and all—even her own father—believe the tale of guilt, Beatrice alone stands up the asserter of Hero's innocence,

and indignantly exclaims, "Oh, on my soul, my cousin is belied!" But the firmness of her attachment does not show itself only in words. Her lover had just been led to a discovery of the true character of his feelings towards her, and had declared his attachment; and she demands from him, as the first proof of his love, that he should challenge his friend Claudio, who had renounced Hero at the altar, and traduced her, "with public accusation, uncovered slander, unmitigated rancor."

It is no proof of a want of love for Benedick that she is thus willing to risk his life to avenge the wrong done to her cousin; but it only proves that her sense of female honor, and what is due to it, outweighs love. She sets Benedick to do only what she herself would have done, could she have exchanged sexes with him. "Oh, God! that I were a man!" she exclaims in the intenseness of her indignation; "I would eat his heart in the market-place!" The thought that Benedick could be foiled in the enterprise, and that he might fall beneath the sword of Claudio, never once entered her mind. The spirit of the age and the spirit of the woman alike repelled the idea. Right and might were deemed to go hand in hand together in such contests. She could think only of the slanderer being punished, and her cousin avenged. Her imagination presented her lover returning triumphant, the champion of injured innocence; it refused to paint him lying prostrate and bleeding beneath the sword of the calumniator.

That Beatrice loves Benedick, and levels her raillery at him only to turn attention from her secret, is borne out by the effect of the pleasant stratagem played off upon her, when she is decoyed into "the pleached bower," that she may overhear the discourse of Ursula concerning the pretended love of Benedick. Her exclamation, as she emerges from her hiding-place, is, "Contempt farewell, and maiden pride adieu!"

These are the disguises she has worn hitherto: but she now casts them off, on finding that she is beloved by Benedick. She at once fully acknowledges his worth:

> "Others say thou dost deserve—and I
> Believe it better than reportingly."

Her heart had long before felt the truth of such commendations, and now that those feelings are returned, she permits her tongue to join in the praise of Benedick.

Much of Beatrice's share in the brilliant dialogues between herself and Benedick depends for its character on the style of the speaker. It is modest if modestly spoken, and the reverse if uttered only with a view to give it the greatest possible degree of point. As spoken by Miss Tree, the softness of woman's tenderest tone, and the witchery of woman's kindest and most feminine smile, qualify the meaning of her words. The arrows of her voluble wit are shot off with a playful air that shows they are aimed only in sport; and her most scornful jests are delivered in a voice silvery and gentle, and accompanied by such a mirthful glance of the eye, that we see there is no league between her heart and her tongue. It is all "mirth and no matter." We enjoy the encounter of her nimble wit with that of Benedick, because his character as a professed contemner of the power of love renders him a fair mark for such shafts as she aims at him; and we are pleased to see him foiled by so fair an antagonist in a contest which he had himself provoked. We accompany them to the altar with a sense of gratification that two such congenial spirits are to be united in wed lock; and when the curtain falls upon the drama, our imagination completes the story by allotting such happiness to the married pair, as young persons of mutual intelligence and good-humor, with mutual attachment founded on the basis of esteem, may reasonably count upon enjoying.

LEIGHTON, ROBERT, a Scottish ecclesiastic, born at Edinburgh in 1611; died at London in 1684. He was educated at the University of Edinburgh, became a Presbyterian minister, and in 1653 Principal of the University of Edinburgh. Upon the restoration of Charles II., an attempt was made to establish Episcopacy in Scotland, and Leighton accepted the position of Bishop of Dumblane, and in 1670 was made Archbishop of Glasgow; but in 1674 he resigned the dignity and retired to England. His works, none of which were published during his lifetime, comprise *Sermons*, *Theological Lectures*, *Spiritual Exercises*, and a *Commentary on St. Peter*. Coleridge (whose *Aids to Reflection* consists mainly of extracts from Leighton, with comments) styles him, the "one best deserving, among all our learned theologians, the title of a spiritual divine."

THE HAPPINESS OF THE LIFE TO COME.

The first thing that necessarily occurs in the constitution of happiness is a full and complete deliverance from every evil and every grievance; which we may as certainly expect to meet in that heavenly life, as it is impossible to be attained while we sojourn here below. All tears shall be wiped away from our eyes, and every cause and occasion of tears for ever removed from our sight. There are no tumults there, no wars, no poverty, no death, nor disease. There is neither mourning, nor fear; nor sin—which is the source and fountain of all other evils. There is neither violence within doors nor without, nor any complaint on the streets of that blessed city. There no friend goes out, nor enemy comes in. Full vigor of body and

mind; health, beauty, purity, and perfect tranquillity are there.

There is the most delightful society of angels, prophets, apostles and martyrs, and all the saints; among whom there are no reproaches, contentions, controversies, nor party-spirit, because there are there none of the sources whence they can spring, nor anything to encourage their growth. Hence there is among them a kind of infinite reflection and multiplication of happiness, like that of a spacious hall, adorned with gold and precious stones, dignified with a full assembly of kings and potentates, and having its walls quite covered with the brightest looking-glasses.

But what infinitely exceeds and quite eclipses all the rest is the boundless ocean of happiness which results from the beatific vision of the ever-blessed God, without which neither the tranquillity which they enjoy, nor the society of saints, nor the possession of any finite good—nor indeed of all such taken together—can satisfy the soul or make it completely happy. The manner of this enjoyment we can only expect to understand when we enter upon the full possession of it. Till then, to dispute and raise many questions about it is nothing but vain and foolish talking, and fighting with phantoms of our own brain. Nor is it any objection to this doctrine that the whole of this felicity is commonly comprehended in Scripture under the name of *vision*: for the mental vision, or contemplation of the primary and infinite good most properly signifies—or at least includes in it—the full enjoyment of that good.

We must therefore by all means conclude that this beatific vision includes not only distinct and intuitive knowledge of God, but, so to speak, such a knowledge as gives us the enjoyment of that most perfect Being, and, in some sense unites us to Him; for such a vision it must of necessity be that converts that love of

the infinite God which blazes in the souls of saints, into full possession; that crowns all their wishes, and fills them with an abundant and overflowing fulness of joy that vents itself in everlasting blessings and songs of praise.—*Theological Lectures.*

THE COURSE OF HUMAN LIFE.

Every man walketh in a vain show. His walk is nothing but an on-going in continual vanity and misery, in which man is naturally and industriously involved, adding a new stock of vanity, of his own weaving, to what he has already within him, and vexation of spirit woven all along in with it. He "walks in an image," as the Hebrew word is; converses with things of no reality, and which have no solidity in them, and he himself has as little. He himself is a walking image in the midst of these images. They who are taken with the conceit of pictures and statues are an emblem of their own life, and of all other men's also. Life is generally nothing else to all men but a doting on images and pictures. Every man's fancy is to himself a gallery of pictures, and there he walks up and down, and considers not how vain these are, and how vain a thing he himself is.

LELAND, CHARLES GODFREY, an American author, born in Philadelphia, in 1824 He graduated at Princeton in 1846, and studied for two years at Heidelberg, Munich, and Paris, where he witnessed the revolution of 1848. Admitted to the bar in 1851, he soon relinquished law for literature. His works, which combine erudite research, often in uncommon fields, with quaint, sometimes brilliant humor, include *Meister Karl's Sketch Book* (1855), *The Poetry and Mystery of Dreams* (1855), *Pictures of Travel*, a translation of Heine's *Reisebilder* (1856), another of *Heine's Book of Songs* (1863), *Sunshine in Thought* (1862), *Legends of Birds* (1864), *Hans Breitman's Ballads*, in five parts (1867–70), *The Music Lesson of Confucius, and Other Poems* (1870), *Gaudeamus*, a translation of humorous poems, by Scheffel and others, (1871), *Egyptian Sketch Book* (1873), *The English Gypsies and their Language* (1873), *Fu Sang, or the Discovery of America by Chinese Buddhist Priests in the Fifth Century* (1875), *English Gipsy Songs* (with the aid of two friends, 1875), *Johnnykin and the Goblins* (1876), *Pidgin, English Sing-Song* (1876), *Abraham Lincoln* (1879), *The Minor Arts* (1880), *The Gypsies* (1882), and *The Algonquin Legends of New England* (1884). He also edited a series of *Art Work Manuals* (1885.)

A THOUSAND YEARS AGO

Thou and I in spirit-land,
A thousand years ago,
Watched the waves beat on the strand,
Ceaseless ebb and flow;
Vowed to love and ever love—
A thousand years ago.

Thou and I in greenwood shade,
  Nine hundred years ago,
Heard the wild dove in the glade,
  Murmuring soft and low;
Vowed to love for evermore—
  Nine hundred years ago.

Thou and I in yonder star,
  Eight hundred years ago,
Saw strange forms of light afar
  In wild beauty glow.
All things change, but love endures
  Now as long ago!

Thou and I in Norman alls,
  Seven hundred years ago,
Heard the warder on the walls
  Loud his trumpet blow,—
"*Ton amors sera tojors*"—
  Seven hundred years ago

Thou and I in Germany,
  Six hundred years ago—
Then I bound the red cross on
  "True love, I must go,
But we part to meet again
  In the endless flow!"

Thou and I in Syrian plains,
  Five hundred years ago,
Felt the wild fire in our veins
  To a fever glow.
All things die, but love lives on
  Now as long ago!

Thou and I in shadow-land,
  Four hundred years ago,
Saw strange flowers bloom on the strand,
  Heard strange breezes blow.
In the ideal love is real,
  This alone I know.

Thou and I in Italy,
Three hundred years ago,
Lived in faith and died for God,
Felt the faggots glow;
Ever new and ever true,
Three hundred years ago.

Thou and I on Southern seas,
Two hundred years ago,
Felt the perfumed even-breeze,
Spoke in Spanish by the trees,
Had no care or woe:
Life went dreamily in song
Two hundred years ago.

Thou and I 'mid Northern snows,
One hundred years ago,
Led our iron, silent life,
And were glad to flow
Onwards into changing death,
One hundred years ago.

Thou and I but yesterday
Met in Fashion's show.
Love, did you remember me,
Love of long ago?
Yes; we keep the fond oath sworn
A thousand years ago!

THE TWO FRIENDS.

I have two friends, two glorious friends—two better could not be;
And every night when midnight tolls they meet to laugh with me.

The first was shot by Carlist thieves, ten years ago in Spain,
The second drowned near Alicante—while I alive remain.

I love to see their dim white forms come floating through the night,
And grieve to see them fade away in early morning light.

The first with gnomes in the Under Land, is
leading a lordly life;
The second has married a mermaiden, a beauti-
ful water-wife.

And since I have friends in the Earth and Sea
—with a few, I trust, on high,
'Tis a matter of small account to me, the way
that I may die.

For whether I sink in the foaming flood, or
swing on the triple tree,
Or die in my bed, as a Christian should, it is
all the same with me.

SCHNITZERL'S PHILOSOPEDE.

Herr Schnitzerl make a philosopede
Von of de newest kind;
It vent mitont a vheel in front,
And hadn't none pehind.
Von vheel was in de mittel, dough,
And it went as sure as ecks,
For he shtraddled on de axel dree
Mit der vheel petween his lecks.

Und ven he vant to shtart id off
He paddlet mit his feet,
Und soon he cot to go so vast
Dat avery dings he peat.
He run her out on Broader shtreet,
He shkeeted like de vind,
Hei! how he bassed de vancy craps,
And lef dem all pehind!

De vellers mit de trotting nags
Pooled oop to see him bass;
De Deutchers all erstaunished saidt:
"*Potztausend! Was ist das?*"
Boot vaster shtill der Schnitzerl flewed
On—mit a gashtly smile:
He tidn't tooch de dirt, py shings!
Not vonce in half a mile.

Oh, vot ish all dis eartly pliss?
  Oh, vot ish man's soocksess?
Oh, vot ish various kinds of dings?
  Und vot ish hobbiness?
Ve find a pank note in de shtreet,
  Next dings der pank ish preak;
Ve folls und knocks our outsides in,
  Ven ve a ten shtrike make.

So vas it mit der Schnitzerlein
  On his philosopede;
His feet both shlipped outsideward shoost
  Vhen at his extra shpede.
He felled oopon der vheel of coorse;
  De vheel like blitzen flew;
Und Schnitzerl he vas schnitz in vact,
  For id shlished him grod in two.

Und as for his philosopede,
  Id cot so shkared, men say,
It pounded onward till it vent
  Ganz teufelwards afay.
Boot vhere ish now der Schnitzerl's soul?
  Vhere does his shpirit pide?
In Himmel, troo de endless plue,
  It takes a medeor ride.

LE SAGE, ALAIN RENÉ, a French novelist, born at Sarzeau, Brittany, in 1668; died at Boulogne in 1747. He was educated at the Jesuits' College at Vannes, held an office in the revenue, went to Paris in 1692, married in 1694, and adopted literature as his profession in preference to law, and was pensioned by the Abbé de Lyonne, who turned his attention toward Spanish books and subjects. His earlier works attracted little attention. In 1707 he won his first successes by a play, *Crispin Rival de son Maître*, and a romance, *Le Diable Boiteux*, known in English translations as *The Devil on Two Sticks*, and *Asmodeus*. In another play, *Turcaret*, he attacked the farmers of the revenue, who delayed its production a year, after vainly trying to bribe the author to suppress it. Vols. I. and II. of the famous *Gil Blas de Santillane* appeared in 1715, Vol. III. in 1724, Vol. IV. not till 1735; it has been translated by Smollett and several others. The later works of Le Sage (besides over 100 comic operas) are *Roland L'amoureux* (1717–21,) an imitation of Boiardo; an abridged translation of Aleman's *Guzman de Alfarache*; *Aventures de Robert, dit le Chevalier de Beauchesne* (1732); *Histoire d'Estévanille Gonzales* (1734), from the Spanish; *Une Journée des Parques* (1735); *Le Bachelier Salamanque* (1736); and *Mélange amusant* (1743.) His works were reprinted in twelve volumes, Paris, 1828.

THEORY AND PRACTICE OF MEDICINE.

"Child," said Dr. Sangrado, "I love thee, and will make thy fortune. I will discover to thee the whole mystery of the salutary art which I

have so many years professed. Other doctors make it consist in a thousand difficult sciences; but I will shorten the way, and spare thee the pains of studying physics, pharmacy, botany, and anatomy. Know, friend, all that is necessary is bleeding and making them drink hot water. This is the secret for curing all the distempers in the world; yes, this wonderful secret which I reveal to thee, and which Nature, impenetrable to my brethren, has not been ablé to keep from my observations, is all included in these two points, frequent bleeding and drinking water. I have nothing more to teach thee: thou knowest the very bottom of physic, and reaping the fruit of my long experience, thou wilt at once become as skilful as I am.

"Thou mayst also be assistant to me: thou shalt keep the register in the morning, and in the afternoon visit some of my patients. While I take care of the nobility and clergy, thou shalt attend the third order for me; and when thou hast done so for some time, I will get thee admitted into the Faculty. Thou wert learned, Gil Blas, before thou wert a physician, whereas others are a long time physicians, and most of them all their lives, before they become learned." . . . .

So far from wanting business, it happened luckily, as my master foretold, to be a sickly time, and he had his hands full of patients; not a day but each of us visited eight or ten. Of consequence there was a great deal of water drank, and much blood let. But I cannot tell how it happened, they all died. We rarely visited the same sick man thrice: at the second, we either were informed that he was about to be buried, or found him at the point of death. Being young in the profession, my heart was not sufficiently hardened for murders; I was grieved at so many fatal events, which might be imparted to me.

"Sir, said I one evening to Dr. Sangrado, "I

call Heaven to witness. I follow your method exactly, yet all my patients go to the other world. One would think they died on purpose to bring our practice into discredit. I met two being carried to the grave this afternoon."

"Child," said he, "I might tell thee the same of myself. I seldom have the satisfaction to cure those who fall into my hands; and if I were not certain of the principles I follow, I should take my remedies to be contrary to almost all the diseases I have in charge."

"If you will be ruled by me, Sir, I replied, we will change our method, and out of curiosity, give our patients some drugs. The worst that can happen, is that they may produce the same effects as our hot water and bleeding."

"I would willingly make the experiment," said he, "if it would not have an ill result. I have published a book in vindication of frequent bleeding and hot water drinking. Would you have me decry my own work?"

"You are right," I replied; "you must not give your enemies occasion to triumph over you. They will say you have suffered yourself to be undeceived; you will lose your reputation. Rather let the people, the nobility, and the clergy perish. Let us continue our accustomed practice."

We went on in our old course, and in such a manner that in less than six weeks we made as many widows and orphans as the siege of Troy. One would have thought the plague was in Valladolid, there were so many funerals. Fathers came every day to our house, to demand an account of the sons we had robbed them of; or uncles, to reproach us for the death of their nephews. As for the nephews and sons whose fathers and uncles fared the worse for our medicines, they came not. The husbands whose wives we made away with were also very discreet, and did not scold us on that score. The afflicted persons, whose reproaches it was

necessary for us to wipe off, were sometimes outrageous in their grief, and called us blockheads and murderers. They kept no bounds: I was enraged at their epithets; but my master who had been long used to it, was not at all concerned.—*Gil Blas*, Book II.

PERILS OF A CRITIC.

"My dear Gil Blas," the Archbishop continued, "I require one thing of your zeal. Whenever you find my pen savors of old age, when you find me flag, do not fail to apprise me of it. I do not trust myself in that respect; self-love might deceive me. This observation requires a disinterested judgment, and I rely on yours, which I know to be good."

"Thank Heaven, my Lord," I replied, "that time is yet far from you, and you will always be the same. I look on you as another Cardinal Ximenes, whose superior genius, instead of decaying with years, seemed to gain new strength."

"No flattery, friend," said he. "I know I may sink all at once. People at my age begin to feel infirmities, and those of the body impair the mind. I repeat it, Gil Blas, whenever you think me to be failing, give me notice at once: do not fear to be too free and sincere. I shall receive this admonition as a mark of your affection for me. Besides, your interest is concerned: if, unluckily for you, I should hear in the city that my discourses have no longer their wonted energy, and that I ought to retire, I tell you fairly that you will both lose my friendship and the fortune I have promised you."

Some time after we had an alarm at the palace. His Grace was seized with an apoplexy. He was relieved speedily; but he had received a terrible shock. I observed it the next sermon he composed, but the difference was not very great; I waited for another, to know better what I was to think. That put the matter beyond doubt. At one time the good prelate was tau-

tological, at another he soared too high or sank too low. It was a long-winded oration, the rhetoric of a worn-out schoolmaster, a mere capucinade.

I was not the only one who noticed the fact. Most of the audience (as if they too had been retained to criticise it) whispered to each other, as he was delivering it, "This sermon smells of the apoplexy." Hereupon I said to myself, "Come, Mr Arbiter of the Homilies, prepare to discharge your office. You see my Lord flags: you ought to apprise him of it, not only as being his confidant, but also for fear some of his friends should be frank enough to speak before you. If that should happen, you know your fate; you will lose the promised legacy."

After these reflections, I made others quite contrary. The part I was to act seemed to me very ticklish. I judged that an author in love with his own works might receive such an information but coldly; but rejecting this thought, I represented to myself that it was impossible he should take it ill, after having exacted the office of me in so pressing a manner. Besides this, I relied on speaking to him with tact and address, and thought to gild the pill so well as to make him swallow it. In short, concluding that I ran a greater risk in keeping silence than in breaking it, I resolved on the latter.

I was now perplexed about only one thing—how to break the ice. Happily for me the orator himself assisted me to the plunge, by asking me what the world said of him, and if people were pleased with his last discourse. I replied that they always admired his homilies, but that I thought that the hearers were not so much affected by the last as by some earlier ones.

"How, friend," said he with surprise, "had they an Aristarchus among them?"

"No, my Lord," I answered; "no; such works as yours are not to be criticised. There was nobody but was charmed with it. But since

you have charged me to be free and sincere, I take the liberty to tell you that your last discourse does not seem to possess your usual energy. Are you not of the same opinion?"

These words made my master turn pale. He said to me with a forced smile, "What, Mr. Gil Blas, this piece then is not to your taste?"

"I do not say so, Sir," I replied in confusion. "I think it excellent, though a little inferior to your other works."

"I understand you," said he. "I seem o flag, do I?. Speak the word out. You believe it is high time for me to think of retiring."

"I should not have taken the liberty to speak thus," I answered, "if your Grace had not commanded me. I do it only in obedience to you, and I humbly beg your Grace not to take my boldness amiss."

"God forbid," he interrupted, "that I should reproach you with it. I do not take it at all ill that you tell me your opinion; I only think your opinion wrong. I have been prodigiously deceived in your narrow understanding."

Though I was confounded, I would have found some expedient to qualify matters; but what way is there to pacify an exasperated author, and especially an author used to nothing but praise? "Speak no more, friend," said he; you are too young yet to distinguish truth from falsehood. Know that I never wrote a finer sermon than that which you do not approve. My mind, thank Heaven, has as yet lost nothing of its vigor. For the future I will choose my confidants better, and have such as are abler judges. Go," he went on, thrusting me out of the closet by the shoulders, "go tell my treasurer to pay you a hundred ducats, and may heaven direct you with the money. Farewell, Mr. Gil Blas; I wish you all manner of prosperity, with a little better taste."

I went out cursing the caprice, or rather weakness, of the Archbishop, being more en-

raged at him than vexed at losing his favor. I was even in doubt whether to take the hundred ducats; but after thinking well upon it, I was not such a fool as to refuse them. I thought the money would not deprive me of the right to ridicule my Archbishop; which I resolved not to miss doing, every time his homilies should be mentioned in my presence.

As I swore in my passion to make the prelate pay for it, and to divert the whole city at his expense, the wise Melchior said to me, "Be ruled by me, dear Gil Blas; rather stifle your chagrin. Men of an inferior rank ought always to respect persons of quality, whatever reason they may have to complain of them. I grant there are many weak noblemen, who deserve no respect; but since it is in their power to hurt us, we ought to fear them."—*Gil Blas*, Book VII.

LESSING, Gotthold Ephraim, a German author, born at Kamenz in 1729; died at Brunswick in 1781. His father, a Lutheran clergyman, wished him to adopt the same profession, and at the age of seventeen he was sent to the University of Leipsic to study theology. But he found the stage more attractive than the pulpit, consorted with actors, and wrote several dramatic pieces. At twenty he went to Berlin, where he devoted himself to literary pursuits. He early conceived the project of freeing German literature from the prevalent imitation of that of France, and giving it a new and original character. In conjunction with Nicolai he founded the *Literaturbriefe*, a periodical which was the first to call public attention to the genius of Kant, Hamann and Winckelmann. In 1772 he put forth the tragedy *Emilia Galotti*, in which the story of the Roman Virginia is presented in a modern aspect; this still remains one of the best tragedies on the German stage. About 1763 he produced the admirable drama *Minna von Barnhelm*. In 1776 he published *Laocoon*, an elaborate treatise upon the limitations of Painting and Poetry. In 1779 he put forth the dramatic poem, *Nathan the Wise*, which may be considered his profession of faith. The principal characters are a Jew, a Mohammedan, and a Christian, who rival each other in tolerance, charity, and regard for the principles of universal morality. His latest work, published in 1780, was *The Education of the Human Race*. All of the foregoing have been excellently translated into English. Lessing has been not unaptly styled "the Luther of German literature, of

the German drama, and of German art." A complete edition of his *Works*, in 30 vols., was published at Berlin in 1771–94; and an excellent one in 13 vols., edited by Lachmann, 1838–40.

NATHAN THE WISE AND THE SULTAN SALADIN.

Nath.—In days of yore dwelt in the East a man
Who from a valued hand received a ring
Of endless worth: the stone of it an opal,
That shot an ever-changing tint. Moreover,
It had the hidden virtue him to render
Of God and man beloved, who, in this view,
And this persuasion, wore it. Was it strange
The Eastern man ne'er drew it off his finger,
And studiously provided to secure it
For ever to his house? Thus he bequeathed it
First to the most beloved of his sons;
Ordained that he again should leave the ring
To the most dear among his children; and,
That without heeding birth, the favorite son,
In virtue of the ring alone, should always
Remain the lord o' th' house.—You hear me, Sultan?

Sal.—I understand thee. On

Nath.— From son to son,
At length the ring descended to a father
Who had three sons alike obedient to him,
Whom therefore he could not but love alike.
At times seemed this—now that—at times the third,
(Accordingly as each apart received
The overflowing of his heart,) most worthy
To bear the ring, which with good-natured weakness,
He privately to each in turn had promised.
This went on for a while. But death approached,
And the good father grew embarassed. So
To disappoint two sons who trust his promise
He could not bear. What's to be done? He sends
In secret to a jeweller, of whom,

Upon the model of the real ring,
He might bespeak two others; and commanded
To spare nor cost nor pains to make them like—
Quite like, the true one. This the artist managed.
The rings were brought, and e'en the father's eye
Could not distinguish which had been the model.
Quite overjoyed, he summoned all his sons,
Takes leave of each apart, on each bestows
His blessing and his ring, and dies.—Thou hearest me?

Sal.—I hear, I hear. Come, finish with thy tale: Is it soon ended?

Nath.— It is ended, Sultan.
For all that follows may be guessed of course.
Scarce is the father dead, each with his ring
Appears, and claims to be the lord o' th' house.
Comes question, strife, complaint; all to no end,
For the true ring could no more be distinguished
Than now can—the true faith.

Sal.— How, how? Is that
To be the answer to my query?

Nath.— No,
But it may serve as my apology
If I can't venture to decide between
Rings which the father got expressly made
That they might not be known from one another.

Sal.—The rings—don't trifle with me; I must think
That the religions which I named can be
Distinguished, e'en to raiment, drink, and food.

Nath.—And only not as to their ground of proof.
Are not all built alike on history,
Traditional or written? History
Must be received on trust:—is it not so?
In whom, now, are we likeliest to put trust?
In our own people, surely; in those men
Whose blood we are; in them who from our childhood

Have given us proof of love; who ne'er deceived us,
Unless 'twere wholesome to be deceived.
How can I less believe in my forefathers
Than thou in thine? How can I ask of thee
To own that thy forefathers falsified,
In order to yield mine all the praise of truth?—
The like of Christians.
Sal.— By the living God,
The man is right. I must be silent.
Nath.—Now let us to our rings return once more.—
As said, the sons complained. Each to the Judge
Swore from his father's hand immediately
To have received the ring—as was the case—
After he had long obtained the father's promise
One day to have the ring—as also was
The father, each asserted could to him
Not have been false. Rather than so suspect
Of such a father—willing as he might be
With charity to judge his brethren—he
Of treacherous forgery was bold to accuse them.
Sal.—Well, and the Judge: I'm eager now to hear
What thou wilt make him say. Go on, go on.
Nath.—The Judge said: "If ye summon not the father
Before my seat, I cannot give a sentence.
Am I to guess enigmas? Or expect ye
That the true ring shall here unseal its lips?
But hold! You tell me that the real ring
Enjoys the hidden power to make the wearer
Of God and man beloved: let that decide.—
Which of the you do two brothers love the best?
You're silent. Do these love-exciting rings
Act inward only, not without? Does each
Love but himself, ye're all deceived deceivers;
None of your rings is true. The real ring
Perhaps is gone. To hide or to supply
Its loss, your father ordered three for one."
Sal.—Oh, charming, charming!

Nath.— And the Judge continued:
"If you will take advice in lieu of sentence,
This is my counsel to you: To take up
The matter where it stands. If each of you
Has had a ring presented by his father,
Let each believe his own the real ring.
'Tis possible the father chose no longer
To tolerate the one ring's tyranny;
And certainly, as he much loved you all,
And loved you all alike, it could not please him,
By favoring one, to be of two the oppressor.
Let each feel honored by this free affection,
Unwarped of prejudice; let each endeavor
To vie with both his brothers in displaying
The virtue of his ring; assist its might
With gentleness, benevolence, forbearance,
With inward resignation to the Godhead;
And if the virtues of the ring continue
To show themselves among your children's children,
After a thousand years, appear
Before this judgment-seat. A greater one
Than I shall sit upon it, and decide."—
So spake the modest Judge.

Transl. of WILLIAM TAYLOR.

LEVER, CHARLES JAMES, an Irish novelist, born in Dublin in 1806; died near Trieste in 1872. Having studied medicine at home and Göttingen, he practiced for some years. In 1837 he was appointed physician to the British Embassy at Brussels, and completed *The Confessions of Harry Lorrequer* (1840), the first chapters of which had previously appeared (1843), in the *Dublin University Magazine.* Its success turned him to literature as a profession. *Charles O'Malley, the Irish Dragoon*, appeared in 1841. In 1842–45 he lived in Dublin, and edited the *University Magazine*; then he retired to the Continent, residing mostly in Florence. He was vice-consul at Spezia 1858–67, and consul at Trieste from 1867. Among his later books are: *Tom Burke of Ours* (1844), *The O'Donoghue* (1845), *The Knight of Gwynne* (1847), *Roland Cashel* (1849), *The Daltons* (1852), *The Nevilles of Garretstown* (1854), *The Dodd Family Abroad* (1853), *The Commissioner* (1856), *Con Cregan* (1857), *The Martins of Cro' Martin* (1857), *The Mystic Heirs of Randolph Abbey* (1858), *Davenport Dunn* (1859), *Gerald Fitzgerald* (1860), *A Day's Ride, A Life's Romance* (1861), *Barrington* (1862), *Luttrell of Arran* (1865), *Sir Brooke Fosbrooke* (1867), *The Bramleighs of Bishop's Folly* (1868), *That Boy of Norcott's* (1869), *A Rent in the Cloud* (1870), *Lord Kilgobbin* (1872.)

LEGEND OF LUTTRELL AND THE ——.

There was one of the Luttrells once that was very rich, and a great man every way, but he spent all his money trying to be greater than the King, for whatever the King did Luttrell

would do twice as grand, and for one great feast the King would give, Luttrell would give two, and he came at last to be ruined entirely; and of all his fine houses and lands, nothing was left to him but a little cabin on Strathmere, where his herd used to live. And there he went and lived as poor as a laborin' man; indeed, except that he'd maybe catch a few fish or shoot something, he had nothing but potatoes all the year round. Well, one day as he was wanderin' about very low and sorrowful, he came to a great cave on the hillside, with a little well of clear water inside it; and he sat down for sake of the shelter, and began to think over old times, when he had houses, and horses, and fine clothes, and jewels. "Who'd ever have thought," says he, "that it would come to this with me; that I'd be sittin' upon a rock, with nothing to drink but water?" And he took some up in the hollow of his hand and tasted it; but when he finished, he saw there was some fine little grains, like dust, in his hand, and they were bright yellow besides, because they were gold.

"If I had plenty of you, I'd be happy yet," says he, looking at the grains.

"And what's easier in life, Mr. Luttrell," says a voice; and he starts and turns round, and there, in a cleft of the rock, was sittin' a little dark man, with the brightest eyes that ever was seen, smoking a pipe. "What's easier in life," says he, "Mr. Luttrell?"

"How do you know my name?" says he.

"Why wouldn't I?" says the other. "Sure it isn't because one is a little down in the world that he wouldn't have the right to his own name? I have had some troubles myself," says he, "but I don't forget my name for all that."

"And what may that be, if it's pleasin' to you?" says Luttrell.

"Maybe I'll tell it to you," says he, "when we're better acquainted."

"Maybe I could guess it now," says Luttrell.

"Come over and whisper it then," says he, "and I'll tell you if you're right." And Luttrell did, and the other called out, "You guessed well; that's just it.

"Well," says Luttrell, "there's many a change come over me, but the strangest of all is to think that here I am, sittin' up and talkin' to the ——." The other held up his hand to warn him not to say it, and he went on: "And I'm no more afeard of him than if he was an old friend."

"And why would you, Mr Luttrell?—and why wouldn't you think him an old friend? Can you remember one pleasant day in all your life that I wasn't with you some part of it?"

"I know what you mean well enough," says Luttrell. "I know the sort of bargain you make, but what would be the good of all my riches to me when I'd lose my soul?"

"Isn't it much trouble you take about your soul, Mr. Luttrell?" says he. "Doesn't it keep you awake at night, thinkin' how you're to save it? Ain't you always correctin' and chastisin' yourself for the good of your soul, not lettin' yourself drink this or eat that, and warnin' you besides, about many a thing I won't speak of, eh? Tell me that."

"There's something in what you say, no doubt," says Luttrell; "but after all," says he with a wink, "I'm not going to give it up as a bad job, for all that."

"And who asks you?" says the other. "Do you think that a soul more or less signifies to me? It don't: I've lashins and lavins of them."

"Maybe you have," says Luttrell.

"Have you any doubt of it, Mr. Luttrell?" says he. "Will you just mention the name of any one of your friends or family that I can't give you some particulars of?"

"I'd rather you'd not talk that way," says Luttrell; "it makes me feel unpleasant."

"I'm sure," says the other, "nobody ever

said I wasn't polite, or that I ever talked of what was not pleasin' to the company."

"Well," says Luttrell, "supposin' that I wanted to be rich, and supposin' that I wouldn't agree to anything that would injure my soul, and supposin' that there was, maybe, something that you'd like me to do, and that wouldn't hurt me for doin' it, what would that be?"

"If you always was as cute about a bargain, Mr. Luttrell," says the other, "you'd not be the poor man you are to-day."

"That's true, perhaps," says he; "but, you see, the fellows I made them with wasn't as cute as the ——"

"Don't," says the other, holding up his hand to stop him; "it's never polite. I told you I didn't want your soul, for I'm never impatient about anything; all I want is to give you a good lesson—something that your family will be long the better of—and you want it much, for you have, all of you, one great sin."

"We're fond of drink?" says Luttrell.

"No," says he; "I don't mean that."

"It's gamblin'?"

"Nor that."

"It's a likin' for the ladies?" says Luttrell, slyly.

"I've nothing to say against that, for they're always well disposed to me," says he.

"If it's eatin', or spendin' money, or goin' in debt, or cursin', or swearin', or bein' fond of fightin'—"

"It is not," says he, "them is all natural. It's your pride," says he—"your upsettin' family pride, that won't let you do this, or say that. There's what's destroyin' you."

"It's pretty well out of me now," says Luttrell, with a sigh.

"It is not," says the other. "If you had a good dinner of beef, and a tumbler of strong punch in you, you'd be as impudent this minute as ever you were."

"Maybe you're right," says Luttrell.

"I know I am, Mr. Luttrell. You're not the first of your family I was intimate with. You're an ould stock, and I know ye well."

"And how are we to be cured?" says Luttrell.

"Easy enough," says he. "When three generations of ye marry peasants, it will take the pride out of your bones, and you'll behave like other people."

"We couldn't do it," says Luttrell.

"Try," says the other.

"Impossible!'

"So you'd say about livin' on potatoes, and drinkin' well-water."

"That's true," says Luttrell.

"So you'd say about ragged clothes and no shoes to your feet."

Luttrell nodded.

"So you'd say about settin' in a cave and talking over family matters to—to a stranger," says he, with a laugh.

"I believe there's something in it," says Luttrell; "but sure some of us might like to turn bachelors."

"Let them, and welcome," says he. "I don't want them to do it one after the other. I'm in no hurry. Take a hundred years—take two, if you like, for it."

"Done," says Luttrell. "When a man shows a fair spirit, I'll always meet him in the same. Give me your hand; it's a bargain."

"I hurt my thumb," says he; "but take my tail, 'twill do all the same."

And though Mr. Luttrell didn't like it, he shook it stoutly, and only let go when it began to burn his fingers. And from that day he was rich, even till he died: but after his death nobody ever knew where to find the gold, nor ever will till the devil tells them.—*Luttrell of Arran.*

WIDOW MALONE.

Did you hear of the widow Malone,
Ohone!
Who lived in the town of Athlone
Alone!

O, she melted the hearts
Of the swains in them parts;
So lovely the Widow Malone,
Ohone!
So lovely the widow Malone.

Of lovers she had a full score,
Or more,
And fortunes they all had galore
In store:

From the minister down
To the clerk of the crown,
All were courting the Widow Malone
Ohone!
All were courting the Widow Malone.

But so modest was Mistress Malone,
'Twas known.
That no one could see her alone!
Ohone!

Let them ogle and sigh,
They could ne'er catch her eye,
So bashful the Widow Malone,
Ohone!
So bashful the Widow Malone.

Till one Misther O'Brien, from Clare
(How quare!
It's little for blushing they care
Down there).

Put his arm round her waist—
Gave ten kisses at laste—
"O," says he, "you're my Molly Malone,
My own!
"O," says he "you're my Molly Malone!"

And the widow they all thought so shy,
My eye!

Ne'er thought of a simper or sigh
For why?
But, "Lucius," says she,
"Since you've now made so free,
You may marry your Mary Malone,
Ohone!
You may marry your Mary Malone."

There's a moral contained in my song,
Not wrong;
And one comfort, it's not very long
But strong—
If for widows you die,
Learn to kiss, not to sigh;
For they're all like sweet Mistress Malone,
Ohone!
O, they're all like sweet Mistress Malone!

LEWES, George Henry, an English author, born in 1817; died in 1878. He was educated at home and abroad, and began active life as a merchant's clerk, but soon turned to medicine and then to literature and philosophy, for which he prepared himself by studies in Germany in 1838–39. He contributed to the periodicals, won an early reputation as a thinker and a writer, was literary editor of the *Leader* 1849–54, founded the *Fortnightly Review* 1865, and conducted it for a year or two. His connection with "George Eliot" began in 1854 and lasted till his death; they were in entire sympathy, and it was he who first suggested her attempting fiction. His own opinions were strongly Positivist. His works include a *Biographical History of Philosophy* (4 vols. 1845), several times reprinted, and partly rewritten in 2 vols. 1871; two novels, *Ranthorpe* (1847), *Rose, Blanche, and Violet* (1848); *The Spanish Drama: Lope de Vega and Calderon* (1846); *Life of Robespierre* (1849); *The Noble Heart, a Tragedy* (1850); *Comte's Philosophy of the Sciences* (1853); *Life and Works of Goethe* (1855), *Seaside Studies* (1857); *Physiology of Common Life* (1860); *Studies in Animal Life* (1861); *Aristotle; a Chapter from the History of Science* (1864); *Problems of Life and Mind* (1873–75), of which the first volume was entitled, *The Foundations of a Creed.* His researches in anatomy and physiology bore fruit in papers *On the Spinal Cord* (1858), and *On the Nervous System* (1859), read before the British Association. He is best known by his earliest book and by his latest both in the domain of philosophy.

PHILOSOPHY AND SCIENCE.

The nature of Philosophy condemns its followers to wander forever in the same labyrinth, and in this circumscribed space many will necessarily fall into the track of their predecessors. In other words, coincidences of doctrine at epochs widely distant from each other are inevitable.

Positive Science is further distinguished from Philosophy by the incontestible *progress* it everywhere makes. Its methods are stamped with certainty, because they are daily extending our certain knowledge; because the immense experience of years and of myriads of intelligences confirm their truth, without casting a shadow of suspicion on them. Science, then, progresses, and must continue to progress. Philosophy only moves in the same endless circle. Its first principles are as much a matter of dispute as they were two thousand years ago. It has made no progress although in constant movement. Precisely the same questions are being agitated in Germany at this moment as were being discussed in ancient Greece, and with no better means of solving them, with no better hopes of success. The united force of thousands of intellects, some of them among the greatest that have made the past illustrious, has been steadily concentrated on problems, supposed to be of vital importance, and believed to be perfectly susceptible of solution, without the least result. All this meditation and discussion has not even established a few first principles. Centuries of labor have not produced any perceptible progress.

The history of Science, on the other hand, is the history of progress. So far from the same questions being discussed in the same way as they were in ancient Greece, they do not remain the same for two generations. In some sciences—chemistry for example—ten years suffice to render a book so behind the state of knowledge as to be almost useless. Everywhere

we see progress, more or less rapid, according to the greater or less facility of investigation.

In this constant circular movement of Philosophy and constant linear progress of Positive Science, we see the condemnation of the former. It is in vain to argue that because no progress has yet been made, we are not therefore to conclude none will be made; it is in vain to argue that the difficulty of Philosophy is much greater than that of any science, and therefore greater time is needed for its perfection. The difficulty is Impossibility. No progress is made because no certainty is possible. To aspire to the knowledge of more than phenomena, their resemblances and successions, is to aspire to transcend the limitations of human faculties. To *know* more we must *be* more.

This is our conviction. It is also the conviction of the majority of thinking men. Consciously or unconsciously, they condemn Philosophy. They discredit, or disregard it. The proof of this is in the general neglect into which Philosophy has fallen, and the greater assiduity bestowed on Positive Science. Loud complaints of this neglect are heard. Great contempt is expressed by the Philosophers. They may rail, and they may sneer, but the world will go its way. The empire of Positive Science is established.

We trust that no one will suppose we think slightingly of Philosophy. Assuredly we do not, or else why this work? . . . But we respect it as a great power that *has been*, and no longer *is*. It was the impulse to all early speculation: it was the parent of Positive Science. It nourished the infant mind of humanity; gave it aliment, and directed its faculties, rescued the nobler part of man from the dominion of brutish ignorance; stirred him with insatiable thirst for knowledge, to slake which he was content to undergo amazing toil. But its office has been fulfilled; it is no longer necessary to

humanity, and should be set aside. The only interest it can have is a historical interest.—*A Biographical History of Philosophy.*

XENOPHANES.

One peculiarity of his philosophy is its double-sidedness. All the other thinkers abided by the conclusions to which they were led. They were dogmatical; Xenophanes was skeptical. He was the first who confessed the impotence of reason to compass the wide, exalted aims of philosophy. He was a great earnest spirit struggling with Truth, and, as he obtained a glimpse of her celestial countenance, he proclaimed his discovery, however it might contradict what he had before announced. Long travel, various experience, examination of different systems, new and contradictory glimpses of the problem he was desirous of solving—these, working together, produced in his mind a skepticism of a noble, somewhat touching sort, wholly unlike that of his successors. It was the combat of contradictory opinions in his mind, rather than disdain of knowledge. His faith was steady, his opinions vacillating. He had a profound conviction of the existence of an eternal, all-wise, infinite Being; but this belief he was unable to reduce to a consistent formula. There is deep sadness in these verses:

"Certainly no mortal yet knew, and ne'er shall there be one
Knowing both well, the Gods and the All, whose nature we treat of;
For when by chance he at times may utter the true and the perfect,
He wists not, unconscious; for error is spread over all things."

It is one of the greatest and commonest of critical errors to charge the originator or supporter of a doctrine with consequences which he did not see, or would not accept. Because they may be contained in his principles, it by no

means follows that he saw them. To give an instance: Spinoza was a very religious man, although his doctrine amounted to atheism, or little better; but his critics have been greatly in the wrong in accusing him of atheism. Although Xenophanes was not a clear and systematic thinker, he exercised a very remarkable influence on the progress of speculation.—*History of Philosophy.*

A PICTURE OF WIEMAR.

Wiemar is an ancient city on the Ilm, a small stream rising in the Thuringian forests, and losing itself in the Saal at Jena, a stream on which the sole navigation seems to be that of ducks, and which meanders peacefully through pleasant valleys, except during the rainy season, when the mountain torrents swell its current and overflow its banks. The town is charmingly placed in the Ilm valley and stands some 800 feet above the level of the sea. "Wiemar," says the old topographer, Matthew Merian, "is *Wienmar*, because it was the wine-market for Jena and its environs. Others say it was because some one here in ancient days began to plant the vine, who was hence called *Weinmayer*. But of this each reader may believe just what he pleases."—*Life and Works of Goethe*

LEWIS, Charlton Thomas, an American scholar, born at West Chester, Penn., in 1834. He graduated at Yale in 1853; was Professor first of Mathematics and then of Greek in Troy University from 1859 to 1862; Deputy Commissioner of Internal Revenue at Washington, 1863–64; Managing Editor of the New York *Evening Post*, 1870–71; Secretary of the Chamber of Life Insurance, 1871–74. He afterwards entered the ministry of the Methodist Episcopal Church, but left the clerical profession, and became a lawyer in New York. He is Chairman of the Prison Association of New York, in the interest of which he has visited many European prisons. He has, in conjunction with Rev. Marvin R. Vincent, translated and edited Bengel's *Gnomon of the New Testament*, (1861); written a *History of the German People*, (1870.) In conjunction with Prof. Charles Short, he prepared *Harper's Latin Dictionary*, (1881); and in 1889 was preparing *A School Latin Dictionary*.

THE OWNERSHIP OF IDEAS.

It is a superstition that there can be such a thing as property in ideas. We who live to-day are the heirs of all the ages. Enforce the theory of property in ideas, and there can be no advance. There are ideas which have been brought into the world within our own memory. One is Ricardo's idea of rent—the foundation of the entire modern system of political economy; another is that of the conservation of force; another is Darwin's idea, which has been seized and utilized by Herbert Spencer. What a tremendous loss to society there would have been if these ideas had not been free to all, to be built upon and developed.

It is also a superstition, that authors believe in, that they are a favored class, for whom there should be special legislation apart from the others of the state. Authors are not a class. We are simply those who express the opinions and give utterance to the developments of society. Legislation for a class is always pernicious; and it would be a detriment to the many to enact laws which would benefit simply a few authors. The question should be, "What legislation on this subject will benefit the whole community?" Let authors be the best and noblest of mankind; but let them not expect special privileges.

The utterances of Tennyson and Arnold and Huxley on this question are founded on the false assumption that a man has an intrinsic and perpetual and eternal and infinite right in the product of his own mind. Here is the fundamental error in the whole discussion. If I write a book, it is mine. I can do with it as I please—burn it, lock it up, or publish it. Now, when I give it to the world, what is its commercial value then? It is dependent on the action of society, which may create a monopoly of it in the hands of a publisher. Here comes in the question of deprivation. If it is a coat that I have made, I am entitled to a monopoly of that; for while one man is wearing it, no other man could use it, and he is deprived of no benefit that he may complain of.

But with a book it is different. It is no deprivation to me if others are reading it as well as I myself. The man who pens the pages of a book can justly have no monoply in fact. It is not his work alone. It is the product of society, of which he is but a part—society which has moulded and developed him; and he is only the medium of expressing the growth of that society, and of putting into book shape the results of its teaching and influence. I think it is expedient only that the author should have copyright control for a limited time.

LEWIS, TAYLER, an American scholar, born at Northumberland, Saratoga County, N.Y., in 1802; died at Schenectady, in 1877. He graduated at Union College, Schenectady, in 1820; studied law, which he practiced for several years. But his attention was directed especially to the study of the Hebrew Bible and to the works of Plato. In 1833 he opened a classical school, at Waterford; in 1838 became Professor of Greek in the University of the City of New York, and in 1849 was chosen to the same position in Union College, where he also lectured on ancient philosophy and poetry, and gave instruction in Hebrew. He contributed largely to periodicals, upon ethical and philological subjects. In 1845 he put forth, under the title, "Platonic Theology, or Plato against the Atheists," an edition of the Tenth Book of *The Laws* of Plato, with an elaborate Introduction, and illustrative Dissertations. He translated Plato's *Theætetus*, and Lange's *Commentary on Ecclesiastes*. His principal works are: *The Six Days of Creation* (1855), *The Bible and Science* (1856); *The Divine Human in the Scriptures* (1860), *State Rights; a Photograph from the Ruins of Ancient Greece* (1864), *Heroic Periods in a Nation's History* (1866); and in conjunction with E. W. Blyden and Theodore Dwight, *The People of Africa; their Character, Condition, and Future Prospects* (1871)

THE THEOLOGY OF PLATO

It is generally agreed among those who hold *The Laws* to be a genuine production of Plato, that it was a treatise written in his old age. If so, it may be regarded as containing his most

matured and best settled opinions on many of the great subjects discussed in his former Dialogues. Some have thought that they discovered many contradictions between this work and *The Republic*. One has even gone so far as to say that they are opposed on every page. In this opinion, however, we cannot concur. . . .

The practice of contrasting these two works has arisen from a wrong view of the true title of the one generally styled *The Republic*. Its most appropriate designation is, "An Inquiry into the Nature of Right." The imaginary State is evidently made subservient to this; or, as he expressly tells us in the Second Book, intended only as a model of the Human Soul, so magnified that we might read therein, in large letters, what would not be distinct enough for the mental view when examined in the smaller characters of the individual spirit. This comparison of the Soul to a Commonwealth has been a favorite not only with Plato, but with the most philosophic minds of the ages. In *The Republic* it is the great idea to which the construction of the fancied State is altogether secondary. Sometimes, however, it must be admitted, the author seems so taken up with this imaginary Commonwealth that he—unconsciously, perhaps—brings it into the primary place. . . .

The treatise on *Laws* is undoubtedly intended for a really practicable, if not a really existing State. In discussing, however, the primary principles of legislation, the author takes a very wide range, occupying far more time in what he styles the "Preambles," or recommendatory reasonings about the laws, than in the laws themselves. Hence there are but few points in the Platonic philosophy and ethics, as exhibited in other Dialogues, but what have some representative here. We find the same questions started respecting the nature and origin of Virtue; whether it is capable of being taught as a science or not; whether it is One or Many—that

is, whether the virtues are all so essentially connected that one cannot exist without the others.

We find the same views in regard to the end and origin of Law—the importance of looking in all things to the Idea—"the One in Many." There is the same reverence for antiquity and ancient myths; the same disposition to regard Religion as the beginning and foundation of every system of civil polity; and the same method of representing the idea of a God—and his goodness, his providence, of a present and future retribution—as lying at the foundation of all morals and of all religion.

In a moral and practical, as well as in a speculative point of view, the particular subject of this Dialogue has some claim to attention. He who thinks most deeply, and has the most intimate acquaintance with human nature, as exhibited in his own heart, will be the most apt to resolve all unbelief into Atheism. Theism, we admit, is everywhere the avowed creed; but it wants life. There are times when the bare thought that God *is* comes home to the soul with a power and a flash of light which gives a new illumination, and a more vivid interest to every other moral truth. It is on such occasions that the conviction is felt that all unbelief is Atheism, or an acknowledgment of a mere natural power, clothed with no moral attributes, and giving rise to no moral sanctions. We want vividness given to the great idea of God as a Judge, a moral Governor, a special Superintendent of the world and all its movements; the head of a moral system to which the machinery of natural laws serves but as the temporary scaffolding, to be continued, changed, replaced, or finally removed, when the great ends for which alone it was designed shall have been accomplished.

Just as such an idea of God is strong and clear, so will be a conviction of sin, so will be a sense of the need of expiation; so will follow

in its train an assurance of all the solemn verities of the Christian faith, so strong and deep that no boastful pretension of that science which makes the natural the foundation of the moral, and no stumbling blocks in the letter of the Bible, will for a moment yield it any disquietude. There is a want of such a faith, as is shown by the feverish anxiety in regard to the discoveries of science, and the results of agitations of the social and political world. This timid unbelief, when called by it its true name, is Atheism.

The next great battle-ground of Infidelity will not be the Scriptures. What faith there will remain will be summoned to defend the very being of a God; the great truth involving every other moral and religious truth—that *He is*, and that He is the rewarder of all who diligently seek Him.—*Introduction to Plato against the Atheists.*

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LEYDEN, John, a Scottish Oriental scholar and poet, born in 1775, died in 1811. He studied at the University of Edinburgh, and was ordained to the ministry; but abandoned the clerical profession for that of medicine. In 1802 he was made an assistant surgeon in the service of the East India Company. Upon arriving in India he devoted himself to the study of Oriental languages, and in 1806 was made Professor of Hindustani at Calcutta, and soon after received a judicial appointment In 1811 he accompanied Lord Minto in an expedition against the Dutch colony in Java, and died of a fever at Batavia. He wrote an *Historical Account of Discoveries and Travels in Africa*, and an *Essay on the Languages and Literature of the Indo-Chinese Nations*. A collection of his *Poems and Ballads* was published in 1819. The following poem was written after his arrival in India.

TO AN INDIAN GOLD COIN.

Slave of the dark and dirty mine!
What vanity has brought thee here?
How can I love to see thee shine
So bright, whom I have bought so dear?
The tent ropes flapping lone I hear
For twilight converse, arm in arm;
The jackal's shriek bursts on my ear
When mirth and music wont to charm,

By Cherical s dark wandering streams,
Where cane-tufts shadow all the wild,
Sweet visions haunt my waking dreams
Of Teviot loved while still a child,
Of castled rocks stupendous piled
By Esk or Eden's classic wave
Where loves of youth and friendships smiled,
Uncursed by thee, vile yellow slave!

Fade day-dreams sweet, from memory fade!
The perished bliss of youth's first prime,
That once so bright on fancy played,
Revives no more in after-time.
Far from my sacred, natal clime
I haste to an untimely grave;
The daring thoughts that soared sublime
Are sunk in ocean's southern wave.

Slave of the mine! thy yellow light
Gleams baleful as the tomb-fire drear.
A gentle vision comes by night
My lonely widowed heart to cheer;
Her eyes are dim with many a tear,
That once were guiding stars to mine;
Her fond heart throbs with many a fear!
I cannot bear to see thee shine.

For thee, for thee, vile yellow slave,
I left a heart that loved me true!
I crossed the tedious ocean-wave,
To roam in climes unkind and new.
The cold wind of the stranger blew
Chill on my withered heart; the grave,
Dark and untimely, met my view—
And all for thee, vile yellow slave!

Ha! com'st thou now so late to mock
A wanderer's banished heart forlorn,
Now that his frame the lightning shock
Of sun-rays tipt with death has borne?
From love, from friendship, country, torn,
To memory's fond regrets the prey;
Vile slave, thy yellow dross I scorn!
Go mix thee with thy kindred clay!

LIEBER, Francis, a German-American publicist, born at Berlin in 1800; died at New York in 1872. He had begun the study of medicine when, in 1815, he joined the Prussian army as a volunteer, and was severely wounded at the siege of Namur. After the close of the Waterloo campaign, he resumed his studies; but his liberal sentiments drew upon him the disfavor of the Government, and he found it expedient to leave Germany. After spending some time at Rome and London, he came to the United States in 1827, taking up his residence in Boston, where he gave lectures on history and politics, and edited the *Encyclopædia Americana*, based upon, and partly translated from Brockhaus's *Conversations-Lexikon* (13 vols., 1829–33.) In 1832 he was appointed by the trustees of Girard College, Philadelphia, to draft a plan of education. In 1835 he accepted the professorship of History and Political Economy in the University of South Carolina. He held this position until 1856, when he was appointed to a similar one in Columbia College, New York, where he was subsequently made Professor of Political Science, a position which he retained until his death. His writings were very numerous, and in many departments. Notable among them are his *Manual of Political Ethics* (1838, second edition, 1875), and *Civil Liberty and Self-Government* (1852, second edition 1874.) Both of these works have been adopted as text-books at Yale.

VOX POPULI VOX DEI.

The poetic boldness of the maxim, *Vox Populi Vox Dei*, its epigrammatic finish, its Latin and

lapidary formulation, and its apparent connection of a patriotic love of the people with religious fervor, give it an air of authority and almost of sacredness. Yet history, as well as our own times, shows us that everything depends upon the question, who are "the people?" and that even if we have fairly ascertained the legitimate sense of this great yet abused term, we frequently find that their voice is anything rather than the voice of God.

If the term "people" is used for a clamoring crowd, which is not even a constituted part of an organic whole, we would be still more fatally misled by taking the clamor for the voice of the deity. We shall arrive, then, at this conclusion, that in no case can we use the maxim as a test, for, even if we call the people's voice the voice of God in those cases in which the people demand what is right, we must first know that they do so before we call it the voice of God. It is no guiding authority; it can sanction nothing. . . .

There are, indeed, periods in history in which, centuries after, it would seem as if an impulse from on high had been given to whole masses, or to the leading minds of leading classes, in order to bring about some comprehensive changes. That remarkable age of maritime discovery which has influenced the whole succeeding history of civilization, and the entire progress of our kind, would seem, at first glance, and to many even after a careful study of its elements, to have received its motion and action from a breath not of human breathing. No person, however, living at that period, would have been authorized to call the wide-spread love of maritime adventure the voice of God, merely because it was widely diffused. Impulsive movements of greater extent and intensity have been movements of error, passion, and crime. It must be observed that the thorough historian often acts in these cases as the natural philosopher who finds connection, causes and

effects, where former ages thought they recognized direct and detached manifestations or interpositions of a superior power, and not the greater attribute of variety under eternal laws and unchanging principles. . . .

I am under the impression that the famous maxim first came into use in the Middle Ages, at a contested episcopal election, when the people, by apparent acclamation, having elected one person, another aspirant believed he had a better right to the episcopate on different grounds or a different popular acclamation. That the maxim has a decidedly mediæval character no one familiar with that age will doubt. When a king was elected it was by conclamation; the earliest bishops of Rome were elected or confirmed by conclamation of the Roman people. Elections by conclamation always indicate a rude or deficiently organized state of things; and it is the same whether this want of organization be the effect of primitive rudeness or of relapse.

Now the maxim we are considering has a strongly conclamatory character: and to apply it to our modern affairs is degrading rather than elevating them. How shall we ascertain, in modern times, whether anything be "the voice of the people?" and next, whether that voice be "the voice of God," so that it may command respect? For unless we can do this, the whole maxim amounts to no more than a poetic sentence, expressing the opinion of an individual; but no rule—no canon.

Is it Unanimity that indicates the voice of the people? Unanimity, in this case, can mean only a very large majority. But even unanimity itself is far from indicating the voice of God. Unanimity is commanding only when it is the result of digested and organic public opinion; and even then we know perfectly well that it may be erroneous, and consequently not the voice of God, but simply the best opinion at

which erring and sinful men at the time are able to arrive. . . .

But the difficulty of fixing the meaning of this saying is not restricted to that of ascertaining what is "the Voice of God." It is equally difficult to find out what is "the Voice of the People." If by the voice of the people be meant the organically evolved opinion of a people, we do not stand in need of the saying. We know we ought to obey the law of the land. If by the voice of the people be meant the result of universal suffrage without institutions—and especially in a large country with a powerful executive, not permitting even preparatory discussion—it is an empty phrase. It is deception, or it may be the effect of vehement yet transitory excitement. The same is true when the clamoring expression of many is taken for the voice of the whole people. . . .

Whatever meaning men may choose to give to *Vox Populi Vox Dei*, in other spheres—or, if applied to the long tenor of the history of a people, in active politics and in the province of practical liberty—it either implies political levity—which is one of the most mordant corrosives of liberty—or else it is a political heresy, as much as *Vox Regis Vox Dei* would be. If it be meant to convey the idea that the people can do no wrong, it is as grievous an untruth as would be conveyed by the maxim, "the king can do no wrong," if it really were meant to be taken literally.—*Civil Liberty and Self-Government.*

LINCOLN, ABRAHAM, sixteenth President of the United States, born in what is now Larue County, Kentucky, February 12, 1809; died by assassination at Washington, April 15, 1865, six weeks after entering upon his second term as President Although Mr. Lincoln would not be generally classed among men of letters, several of his state papers, viewed simply from a literary standpoint, are surpassed by nothing in our language, or indeed any other Among these are his Inaugural Address, March 4, 1861; the Emancipation Proclamation, January 1, 1863; the Gettysburg speech, November 19, 1863; and the second Inaugural Address, March 4, 1865.

THE PERPETUITY OF THE UNION.

It is seventy-two years since the first inauguration of a President under our National Constitution. During that period fifteen different and greatly distinguished citizens have in succession administered the Executive branch of the Government. They have conducted it through many perils, and generally with great success. Yet with all this scope for precedent, I now enter upon the same task for the brief constitutional term of four years, under great and peculiar difficulty. A disruption of the Federal Union, heretofore only menaced, is now formidably attempted.

I hold that, in contemplation of universal law, and of the Constitution, the Union of these States is perpetual. Perpetuity is implied, if not expressed, in the fundamental law of all national governments. It is safe to assert that no government proper ever had a provision in its organic law for its own termination. Continue to execute all the express provisions of our national government, and the Union will endure forever—it being impossible to destroy

it except by some action not provided for in the instrument itself. Again, if the United States be not a government proper, but an association of States in the nature of contract merely, can it, as a contract, be peaceably unmade by less than all the parties who made it? One party to a contract may violate it—break it, so to speak, but does it not require all to lawfully rescind it?

But if destruction of the Union by one or by a part only of the States be lawfully possible, the Union is less perfect than before—the Constitution having lost the vital element of perpetuity. It follows from these views that no State, upon its own motion, can lawfully get out of the Union; that resolves and ordinances to that effect are legally void; and that acts of violence within any State or States, against the authority of the United States, are insurrectionary or revolutionary, according to circumstances.

I therefore consider that, in view of the Constitution and the laws, the Union is unbroken; and to the extent of my ability I shall take care, as the Constitution expressly enjoins upon me, that the laws of the Union be faithfully executed in all the States. Doing this I deem to be only a simple duty on my part; and I shall perform it, so far as practicable, unless my rightful masters, the American people, shall withold the requisite means, or in some authoritative manner direct the contrary. I trust that this will not be regarded as a menace, but only as the declared purpose of the Union that it will constitutionally defend and maintain itself.

In your hands, my dissatisfied fellow-countrymen, and not in mine, are the momentous issues of civil war. The Government will not assail you. You can have no conflict without being yourselves the aggressors. You have no oath registered in heaven to destroy the government, whilst I shall have the most solemn one to "preserve, protect, and defend" it.

I am loth to close. We are not enemies but friends. We must not be enemies. Though passion may have strained, it must not break our bonds of affection. The mystic cord of memory, stretching from every battle-field and patriot grave to every living heart and hearthstone all over this broad land, will yet swell the chorus of the Union, when again touched, as they surely will be, by the better angels of our nature.—*From the First Inaugural.*

THE EMANCIPATION PROCLAMATION.

Now therefore I, Abraham Lincoln, President of the United States, by virtue of the power in me vested as Commander-in-Chief of the Army and Navy of the United States in time of actual armed rebellion against the authority and government of the United States, and as a fit and necessary war measure for suppressing said rebellion, do on this first day of January, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-three, order and designate as States and parts of States wherein the people thereof respectively are this day in rebellion against the United States, the following to wit:

And by virtue of the power, and for the purpose aforesaid, I do order and declare that all persons held as slaves within such designated States and parts of States are, and henceforward shall be free; and the Executive Government of the United States including the military and naval authorities thereof, will recognize and maintain the freedom of said persons....And upon this act, sincerely believed to be an act of justice, warranted by the Constitution upon military necessity, I invoke the considerate judgment of mankind, and the gracious favor of Almighty God.

THE CONSECRATION SPEECH AT GETTYSBURG.

Four score and seven years ago our fathers brought forth upon the continent a new nation,

conceived in liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal. Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation or any nation so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure. We are met on a great battle-field of that war. We have come to dedicate a portion of that field as a final resting-place for those who here gave their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this.

But in a large sense *we* cannot dedicate, *we* cannot consecrate, *we* cannot halt on this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here, have consecrated it far above our power to add or detract. The world will little note nor long remember what we say here; but it can never forget what *they* did here. It is for us—the living—rather, to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us, that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion; that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain, that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom; and that government of the people, by the people, and for the people, shall not perish from the earth.

MALICE TOWARD NONE — CHARITY FOR ALL.

Fondly do we hope, fervently do we pray, that this mighty scourge of war may speedily pass away. Yet if God wills that it continue until all the wealth piled by the bondsman's two hundred and fifty years of unrequited toil shall be sunk, and until every drop of blood drawn with the lash shall be paid by another drawn with the sword, as was said three thousand years ago, so still it must be said, that the judg-

ments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether.

With malice toward none, with charity for all, with firmness in the right, as God gives us to see the right, let us finish the work we are in—to bind up the nation's wound; to call for him who shall have borne the battle and for his widow and his orphans; to do all which may achieve and cherish a just and lasting peace among ourselves and with all nations.—*From the Second Inaugural.*

LINGARD, JOHN, an English ecclesiastic and historian, born in 1771; died in 1851. He entered the Roman Catholic College at Douai France, in 1791; this College being dissolved during the Revolution, Lingard returned to England, and with some others established a seminary near Durham, of which he was made Vice-President and Professor of Natural and Moral Philosophy. In 1825 he received the offer of a cardinalship, which he declined. During his later years he received a pension of £300 from the British Government in consideration of his important historical labors. He put forth *Antiquities of the Anglo-Saxon Church* (1806; enlarged edition, 1845), and several treatises of a somewhat polemical character. Of his principal work, *The History of England from the First Invasion by the Romans to the Accession of William and Mary in* 1688, the first volume in folio appeared in 1819, and the eighth in 1830. A new edition, thoroughly revised, was published in 1849.

THE EXPULSION OF THE LONG PARLIAMENT BY CROMWELL.

Cromwell's resolution was immediately formed, and a company of musketeers received orders to accompany him to the House. At this eventful moment, big with the most important consequences both to himself and his country, whatever were the workings of Cromwell's mind he had the art to conceal them from the minds of the beholders. Leaving the military in the lobby, he entered the House, and composedly seated himself on one of the outer benches. His dress was a plain suit of black cloth with gray worsted stockings. For a while he seemed to listen with interest to the debate; but when

the Speaker was going to put the question, he whispered to Harrison, "This is the time; I must do it;" and rising put off his hat to address the House.

At first his language was decorous, and even laudatory. Gradually he became more warm and animated; at last he assumed all the vehemence of passion, and indulged in personal vituperation. He charged the members with self-seeking and profaneness, with the frequent denial of justice, and numerous acts of oppression; with idolizing the lawyers, the constant advocates of tyranny; with neglecting the men who had bled for them in the field, that they might gain the Presbyterians who had apostatized from the cause: and with doing all this in order to perpetuate their own power and to replenish their own purses. But their time was come, the Lord had disowned them; He had chosen more worthy instruments to perform His work.

Here the orator was interrupted by Sir Peter Wentworth, who declared that he had never heard language so unparliamentary—language, too, the more offensive because it was addressed to them by their own servant, whom they had too fondly cherished, and whom, by their unprecedented bounty they had made what he was.

At these words Cromwell put on his hat, and, springing from his place, exclaimed: "Come, Sir, I will put an end to your prating!" For a few moments, apparently in the most violent agitation, he paced forward and backward; and then, stamping on the floor, added: "You are no Parliament; I say you are no Parliament; bring them in." Instantly the door opened, and Colonel Worsley entered, followed by more than twenty musketeers. "This," cried Sir Henry Vane, "is not honest; it is against morality and common honesty—." "Sir Henry Vane," replied Cromwell; "O Sir Henry Vane! The Lord deliver me from Sir Henry Vane! He

might have prevented this. But he is a juggler and has not common honesty himself!" From Vane he directed his discourse to Whitelock, on whom he poured a torrent of abuse; then pointing to Chaloner, "There," he cried, "sits a drunkard;" next to Marten and Wentworth, "There are two whoremasters;' and afterwards selecting different members in succession, described them as dishonest and corrupt livers, a shame and a scandal to the profession of the gospel.

Suddenly, however, checking himself he turned to the guard and ordered them to clear the House. At these words Colonel Harrison took the Speaker by the hand, and led him from the chair Algernon Sidney was next compelled to quit his seat; and the other members, eighty in number, on the approach of the military, rose and moved towards the doors.

Cromwell now resumed his discourse. "It is you," he exclaimed, "that have forced me to do this. I have sought the Lord both day and night that He would rather slay me than put me on the doing of this work." Alderman Allan took advantage of these words to observe that it was not yet too late to undo what had been done; but Cromwell instantly charged him with peculation, and gave him into custody. When all were gone, fixing his eyes on the mace, "What," said he, "shall we do with this fool's bauble? Here, carry it away." Then taking the act of dissolution from the clerk, he ordered the doors to be locked, and, accompanied by the military, returned to Whitehall.

That afternoon the members of the Council assembled in their usual place of meeting. Bradshaw had just taken the chair, when the Lord-general entered and told them that if they were there as private individuals they were welcome; but if as the Council of State, they must know that the Parliament was dissolved. "Sir," replied Bradshaw, with the spirit of an

ancient Roman, "we have heard what you did at the House this morning, and before many hours all England will know it. But, Sir, you are mistaken to think that the Parliament is dissolved. No power under heaven can dissolve them but themselves; therefore, take you notice of that." After this protest they withdrew.

Thus, by the parricidal hands of its own children, perished the Long Parliament, which, under a variety of forms, had for more than twelve years defended and invaded the liberties of the nation. It fell without a struggle or a groan, unpitied and unregretted. The members slunk away to their homes, where they sought by submission to purchase the forbearance of their new master; and their partisans—if partisans they had—reserved themselves in silence for a day of retribution, which came not before Cromwell slept in his grave. The royalists congratulated each other on an event which they deemed a preparatory step to the restoration of the King; the army and navy, in numerous addresses, declared that they would live and die, stand and fall with the Lord-general; and in every part of the country the congregations of the saints magnified the arm of the Lord, which had broken the mighty, that in lieu of the sway of mortal men, the Fifth Monarchy, the reign of Christ, might be established on earth.

LINTON, ELIZA (LYNN), an English author, was born at Keswick, in 1822. Her first novel, *Azeth, the Egyptian*, published in 1846, was followed by *Amymone: a Romance of the days of Pericles* (1848), and *Realities* (1851.) She has contributed many articles to periodicals, among them are the papers on *The Girl of the Period.* Among her other works are, *Witch Stories* (1861), *The Lake Country*, illustrated by her husband 1864, *Grasp your Nettle* (1865), *Sowing the Wind* (1866), *The True History of Joshua Davidson, Christian and Communist* (1872), *Patricia Kemball* (1874), *The Atonement of Leam Dundas*, *The World Well Lost* (1877), *The Rebel of the Family* (1880), *My Love* (1881), *Ione*, (1882), and *The Autobiography of Christopher Kirkland* (1885.)

FENCED IN.

Though a seaside place, the sea was only a passing adjunct, not an active part of Milltown existence. A land-locked, placid bay, shallow and barren, it was artistically valuable on account of its color, and the changing lights lying on its cliffs; but nearly worthless for fishing, and very little used for boating. Only one house in the place had a yacht in the basin within the breakwater. This was the *Water Lily*, a pretty little toy belonging to the Lowes. Being thickly inhabited by the gentry, every rood of land had its exclusive owner, and its artificial as well as natural value. The very cliffs were fenced off against trespassers; perpetual attempts were made to stop old-established rights of way, which sometimes succeeded; if at others they failed when some man, of more public spirit than his neighbors, was personally inconvenienced, and the open paths across the fields which were inalienable were grudgingly

marked off by lines of thorns, with fierce warnings of prosecution should the narrow strip be departed from; while all the gates were padlocked, and the stiles made unnecessarily high and difficult.

The country was noted for its garden-like neatness. Every hedge and bank for miles around was trimmed and combed like a croquet lawn. No wild flowers were allowed on the Milltown public wayside; no trailing growths, rich and luxuriant to attract an artist and distress the highway board and private gardens, hung about the well-kept hedges of thorn and privet. If you wanted to study botany you must go some five miles or so inland, where a certain stretch of unreclaimed lands gave the growths that flourish in peat and neglect, as well as afforded squatting ground to a few half-starved miserable sinners whom the Milltown people regarded with a mixture of fear and contempt, as if they were of another order of beings altogether from themselves.

If the face of the country was fenced and trimmed and curled, till not a vestige of wild beauty or natural grace was left in it, the society of Milltown was in harmony therewith. It would have been hard to find a more rigidly respectable or more conventionalized set of people anywhere, than were those who ordered their lives in this pretty hypæthral prison by the "safe," if untrue, gospel of repression and condemnation. They were all retired admirals and colonels and landed gentry, who lived there; all emphatically gentlemen.

The gentlefolks were one thing and the commonalty was another, and the one represented the sheep and the elect, and the other the goats and the discarded. The gentry classed these last all together in a lump, and the idea that they in their turn could be split into minor subdivisions, wherein the baker and the boatman, the farmer and his hind, held different degrees,

seemed to them as ridiculous as the wars of pigmies, or the caste distinctions of savages. But the commonalty followed their leaders, and the example of class exclusiveness set in the higher circles was faithfully copied through the lower.

Milltown was respectable; as a rule, intensely so. No one got into debt publicly, or did wrong openly; and whatever sins might be committed were all out of sight and well covered down. The majority, too, went the right way in politics. No confessed Republican had ever troubled the clear stream of Milltown's Conservatism. The worst of the pestilent fellows who convassed for the wrong side, and voted blue instead of yellow at the elections, and who stood up against board meetings and vestries, were nothing worse than mild Whigs, who would have been shocked to have heard themselves classed with Odger and Bradlaugh.

The parish church where Mr. Borrodaile, the rector, preached his weekly orthodox sermon, or what may be called dogmas of a second intuition, not wholly moral nor yet wholly theological, was a fine old building of the Early English style. The services were conducted in what they called "a proper and decent manner." There was no ecclesiastical vagueness at Milltown; no tampering with the unclean thing in any way. Extreme opinions were tabooed, to which side soever they leaned, and enthusiasm was regarded as both vulgar and silly.

Milltown prided itself on being English—English to the backbone; and as England was, to its mind, the Delos of the religious as well as of the social and political world, and as the Thirty-nine Articles were nourishment enough for the most hungry soul, any line of thought which would have led it a hair's breadth away from ecclesiastical Christianity, as decided by Act of Parliament, would have been considered a heresy and a treason.

The inhabitants did their duty and the rector

did his. They went to church; heard what he had to say with more or less attention and more or less personal profit, then went home to what amount of earthly comfort their rents or wages provided, and dismissed the subject of religion till the next Sunday, when they took it up again with their best clothes and a superior dinner. He prepared his sermon, wherein he either exhorted the poor to contentment and honest industry, or lectured his congregation on the sins and temptations to which those of low estate are specially prone (he dropped the subject of the sins of those in high places), or else he said a few words about elementary dogmas, which the more vigorous Wesleyan minister serving the little chapel by the water side called "milk for babes;" then he, too, went home to his well-spread table, where he drank his fine old crusted port and ate his Dartmoor mutton with a good appetite and a tranquil soul.

Furthermore, there was the usual sprinkling of widows with marriageable daughters; of old bachelors who could, but would not; and of spinsters from whom hope, like chance, had long since fled. Of these last were the two kinds familiar to all who understand provincial life in England: the one strict and severe, who ignored all individual rights, as well as the rights of human nature, in favor of the conventional law —to whom most things were shocking, and the worst interpretation came easy; and the other who could read French, had been to London, had a slight tendency to plain speaking, tolerated cigars, and did not encourage scandal, and was considered lax by mothers and strong-minded by men.

Further more, still, and different from the rest of the Milltown world, were Dr. Fletcher, and, his sister Catherine, of whom more when their turns come.

None of the questions agitating the world outside this little Sleepy Hollow of Philistinism

found a sympathetic echo here. Woman's rights were considered immoral, unrighteous, and indelicate; strikes, and the theory of the rights of labor, were criminal and treasonable; the education of the poor was the knell of England's prosperity; and the democratic spirit abroad boded the downfall of the empire and the ruin of society. But where all else was evil, one place at least remained pure. Milltown held itself clear of the prevailing sins, and constituted itself the Zoar of English social order and political righteousness.—*Patricia Kemball.*

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LINTON, William James, an English wood-engraver and author (husband of the preceding, to whom he was married in 1858), born at London in 1812. In 1851 he was one of the founders of *The Leader*, a Radical newspaper, and in 1855 became manager of *Pen and Pencil*, an illustrated journal. In 1867 he came to the United States, taking up his permanent residence at New Haven, Conn. Before coming to America he contributed largely to several periodicals. He is the author of a life of *Thomas Paine*, and of several works on wood-engraving, an art in which he for a long time held the foremost place. In 1865 he put forth *Claribel and other Poems*, a volume profusely illustrated by himself. In 1882 he edited *Rare Poems of the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries*, and in 1883, in conjunction with Richard H. Stoddard, *English Verse*, in five volumes.

A PRAYER FOR TRUTH.

O God! the giver of all which men call good
  Or ill, the Origin and Soul of Power!
  I pray to Thee as all must in their hour
Of need, for solace, medicine, or food,
Whether aloud or secretly—understood
  No less by Thee. I pray; but not for fame,
Nor love's best happiness, nor place, nor wealth:
I ask Thee only for that spiritual health
  Which is perception of the True—the same
  As in Thy Nature: so to know and aim
Toward Thee my thought, my word, my whole
    of life.
Then matters little whether care or strife,
  Hot sun, or cloud, o'erpass this earthly day;
  Night cometh, and my star climbeth Thy
    heavenly way.

REAL AND TRUE.

Only the Beautiful is real!
All things of which our life is full,
All mysteries which life inwreathe,
Birth, life, and death,
All that we dread or darkly feel—
All are but shadows, and the Beautiful
Alone is real.

Nothing but love is true!
Earth's many lies, whirled upon Time's swift wheel,
Shift and repeat their state—
Birth, life, and death,
And all that they bequeathe
Of hope or memory, thus do alternate
Continually;
Love doth anneal
Doth beauteously imbue
The wine-cups of the archetypal Fate.

Love, Truth, and Beauty—all are one!
If life may expiate
The wilderings of its dimness, death be known
But as the mighty ever-living gate
Into the Beautiful.—All things flow on
Into one Heart, one Melody,
Eternally.

POETS.

True Poet! Back, thou Dreamer! Lay thy dreams
In ladies' laps; and silly girls delight
With thy inane apostrophes to Night,
Moonshine, and Wave, and Cloud! Thy fancy teems—
Not genius! Else some high heroic themes
Should from thy brain proceed, as Wisdom's might
From head of Zeus. For now great Wrong and Right
Affront each other, and War's trumpet screams,

Giddying the earth with dissonance. Oh, where
Is He, voiced godlike, unto those who dare
To more than daring with the earnest shout
Of a true battle-hymn? We fight without
The music which should cheer us in our fight
While Poets learn to pipe like whiffling streams.

LABOR IN VAIN.

Oh not in vain! Even poor rotting weeds
Nourish the roots of fruitfullest fair trees;
So from thy fortune-loathed hope proceeds
The experience that shall base high victories.
The tree of the good and evil knowledge needs
A rooting-place in thoughtful agonies.
Failures of lofty essays are the seeds
Out of whose dryness, when cold Night dissolves
Into the dawning Spring, fertilities
Of healthiest promise leap rejoicingly.
Therefore hold on thy way, all undismayed
At the bent brows of Fate, untiringly!
Knowing this—past all the woe our earth involves,
Sooner or later Truth must be obeyed.

LIPPINCOTT, Sara Jane (Clarke), an American author, born at Pompey, N Y., in 1823. In 1843 she removed with her parents to New Brighton, Pa., and entered upon literary work, her first prose articles being published over the signature of "Grace Greenwood," by which she is best known. She married Mr. Leander K. Lippincott, of Philadelphia, and in 1854 established there a juvenile paper, *The Little Pilgrim*, which she edited for several years. Among her works are: *Greenwood Leaves* (1850), *Poems* (1851), *Haps and Mishaps of a Tour in England* (1854), *The Forest Tragedy and Other Tales* (1856), *Stories and Legends of Travel* (1858), *Stories from Famous Ballads* (1860), *Stories of Many Lands* (1867), *Stories and Sights in France and Italy* (1868), *New Life in New Lands* (1873), *Stories for Home Folks* (1884.)

THE POET OF TO-DAY.

More than the soul of ancient song is given
To thee, O poet of to-day!—thy dower
Comes from a higher than Olympian heaven,
In holier beauty and in larger power.

To thee Humanity, her woes revealing,
Would all her griefs and ancient wrongs rehearse;
Would make thy song the voice of her appealing,
And sob her mighty sorrows through thy verse.

While in her season of great darkness sharing,
Hail thou the coming of each promise-star
Which climbs the midnight of her long despairing,
And watch for morning o'er the hills afar.

Wherever truth her holy warfare wages,
Or freedom pines, there let thy voice be heard.
Sound like a prophet-warning down the ages
The human utterance of God's living word!

But bring thou not the battle's stormy chorus,
The tramp of armies, and the roar of fight,
Not war's hot smoke to taint the sweet morn o'er us,
Nor blaze of pillage reddening up the night.

Oh, let thy lays prolong that angel-singing,
Girdling with music the Redeemer's star,
And breathe God's peace, to earth glad tidings bringing
From the near heavens of old so dim and far!

INVOCATION TO MOTHER EARTH.

Oh, Earth! thy face hath not the grace
That smiling Heaven did bless,
When thou wert "good," and blushing stood
In thy young loveliness;
And, mother dear, the smile and tear
In thee are strangely met;
Thy joy and woe together flow—
But ah! we love thee yet.

Thou still art fair, when morn's fresh air
Thrills with the lark's sweet song;
When Nature seems to wake from dreams,
And laugh and dance along;
Thou 'rt fair at day, when clouds all gray
Fade into glorious blue;
When sunny Hours fly o'er the flowers,
And kiss away the dew.

Thou 'rt fair at eve, when skies receive
The last smile of the sun;
When through the shades the twilight spreads,
The stars peep, one by one;
Thou 'rt fair at night, when full starlight
Streams down upon the sod;
When moonlight pale on hill and dale
Rests like the smile of God.

And thou art grand, where lakes expand,
And mighty rivers roll;
When Ocean proud, with threatenings loud,
Mocketh at man's control;
And grand thou art when lightnings dart
And gleam athwart the sky;
When thunders peal, and forests reel,
And storms go sweeping by!

We bless thee now for gifts that thou
Hast freely on us shed;
For dews and showers, and beauteous bowers,
And blue skies overhead;
For morn's perfume, and midday's bloom,
And evening's hour of mirth;
For glorious night, for all things bright,
We bless thee, Mother Earth!

But when long years of care and tears
Have come and passed away,
The time may be when sadly we
Shall turn to thee, and say:
"We are worn with life, its toils and strife,
We long, we pine for rest;
We come, we come, all wearied home—
Room, mother, in thy breast!"

LIVINGSTONE, DAVID, a Scottish missionary and explorer in Africa, born at Blantyre, near Glasgow, in 1813, died at Ilala, Central Africa, May 1, 1873. His father was a poor weaver, and the son gained the greater part of his early education at an evening school, while working through the day in a cotton-mill. While still working in the mill, he studied medicine and theology, and in 1838 offered himself to the London Missionary Society as a missionary to Southern Africa, whither he set out in 1840. At Port Natal he married the daughter of Robert Moffatt, a missionary, and took up his station at Kuruman, about 600 miles from Cape Town. In 1849 he started on his first exploring expedition, during which he discovered Lake Ngami, the first of the great African lakes made known to Europeans. In 1852 he set out upon his second expedition, which lasted four years. Leaving Cape Town, he made his way to the Portuguese settlements, thence going eastward across the entire breadth of the African continent to the sea, travelling in all not less than 11,000 miles. He returned to England in 1856, and next year published his *Missionary Travels and Researches in South Africa.*

In 1858, having been provided with funds by Government and private individuals, he returned to Africa. Among the results of this expedition, which lasted until 1863, was the discovery of Lake Nyassa. He also re-visited the Falls of Mosioatunye ("Sounding Smoke") on the Zambesi, which he had discovered during his previous journey. To this cataract—

not less remarkable than that of Niagara, he gave the name of "Victoria Falls." He returned to England in 1864, and in the following year put forth his *Narrative of an Expedition to the Zambesi and its Tributaries.*

In 1865 he set out on a new expedition. Nothing was heard of him for a year, and a report reached the coast that he had been murdered by the natives; but in April, 1868, letters were received from him. The next tidings came in May, 1869, when he was at Ujiji, on Lake Tanganyika, in Central Africa. It was nearly two years before anything further was heard from him. In 1871 the proprietor of the *New York Herald* fitted out an expedition, under the command of Henry M. Stanley, to go in search of Livingstone. Stanley reached Lake Tanganyika, where he encountered Livingstone, who had just arrived from a long expedition, in the course of which he came upon a great river to which he gave the native name of the Lualaba, which he erroneously believed to be the upper waters of the Nile; but which is now generally known as the Congo—the same which Stanley subsequently descended to its mouth—more than a thousand miles from that of the Nile.

Of Livingstone nothing further was heard until October, 1873, when Commander Cameron, who had been sent by the British Government with a party for his relief, met a company of the explorer's party, who were bearing the dead body of their leader, who had died hundreds of miles away on the 1st of May. The remains were carried to the coast, thence to London, where they were

solemnly buried in Westminster Abbey, April 18, 1874. These faithful attendants of Livingstone also brought his papers which were deciphered, and published in 1874, under the title, *The Last Journals of David Livingstone, including his Wanderings and Discoveries in Eastern Africa from 1865 to within a few days of his Death.*

ENCOUNTER WITH A LION.

We found the lions on a small hill about a quarter of a mile in length, and covered with trees. A circle of men was formed round it, and they gradually closed up, ascending pretty near to each other. Being down below on the plain with a native schoolmaster, named Mebálwe—a most excellent man—I saw one of the lions sitting on a piece of rock within the now closed circle of men. Mebálwe fired at him before I could, and the ball struck the rock on which the animal was sitting. He bit at the spot struck, as a dog does at a stick or stone thrown at him; then leaping away, broke through the opening circle, and escaped unhurt. The men were afraid to attack him, perhaps on account of their belief in witchcraft. When the circle was re-formed, we saw two other lions in it; but we were afraid to fire lest we should strike the men, and they allowed the beasts to burst through also. If the Bakatla had acted according to the custom of the country, they would have speared the lions in their attempt to get out.

Seeing we could not get them to kill one of the lions, we bent our footsteps towards the village. In going round the end of the hill, however, I saw one of the beasts sitting on a piece of rock as before; but this time he had a little bush in front. Being about thirty yards off, I took a good aim at his body through the bush, and fired both barrels into it. The men then

called out, "He is shot! he is shot!" Others cried, "He has been shot by another man too; let us go to him!" I did not see any one else shoot at him; but I saw the lion's tail erected in anger behind the bush, and turning to the people, said, "Stop a little till I load again."

When in the act of ramming down the bullets I heard a shout. Starting, and looking half round, I saw the lion just in the act of springing upon me. I was upon a little height; he caught my shoulder as he sprang, and both came to the ground below together. Growling horribly close to my ear, he shook me as a terrier-dog does a rat. The shock produced a stupor similar to that which seems to be felt by a mouse after the first shake of the cat. It caused a sort of dreaminess, in which there was no sense of pain nor feeling of terror, though quite conscious of all that was happening. It was like what patients partially under the influence of chloroform describe, who see all the operation, but feel not the knife. This singular condition was not the result of any mental process. The shake annihilated fear, and allowed no sense of horror in looking round at the beast. This peculiar state is probably produced in all animals killed by the carnivora; and if so, is a merciful provision of our benevolent Creator for lessening the pain of death.

Turning round to relieve myself of the weight —as he had one paw on the back of my head— I saw his eyes directed to Mebálwe, who was trying to shoot him at a distance of ten or fifteen yards; his gun, a flint one, missed fire in both barrels. The lion immediately left me, and attacking Mebálwe, bit his thigh. Another man, whose life I had saved before, after he had been tossed by a buffalo, attempted to spear the lion while he was biting Mebálwe. He left Mebálwe, and caught this man by the shoulder; but at that moment the bullets he had received took effect and he fell down dead. The whole was

the work of a few moments, and must have been his paroxysms of dying rage. In order to take out the charm from him, the Bakatla on the following day made a huge bonfire over the carcass, which was declared to be that of the largest lion they had ever seen. Besides crunching the bone into splinters, he left eleven teeth-wounds on the upper part of my arm.—*Missionary Travels and Researches.*

THE FALLS OF MOSIOATUNYA.

It is rather a hopeless task to endeavor to convey an idea of this cataract in words, since, as was remarked on the spot, an accomplished painter even by a number of views, could impart but a faint impression of the glorious scene. The probable mode of its formation may perhaps help to the conception of its peculiar shape. Niagara has been formed by a wearing back of the rock over which the river falls; and, during a long course of ages, it has gradually receded, and left a broad, deep, and pretty straight trough in front. But the Victoria Falls have been formed by a crack right across the river, in the hard, black basaltic rock, which there forms the bed of the Zambesi. The lips of the crack are still quite sharp, save about three feet of the edge over which the river falls. The walls go sheer down from the lips without any projecting crag, or symptom of stratification or dislocation.

When the mighty rift occurred, no change of level took place in the two parts of the bed of the river thus rent asunder; consequently in coming down the river to Garden Island,* the water suddenly disappears, and we see the opposite side of the cleft, with grass and trees growing where once the bed of the river ran, on

* "Garden Island" lies at the very edge of the cataract, much as "Goat Island" does at Niagara. It was so named by Livingstone when, in 1855, he first saw Mosioatunya.

the same level as that part of the bed on which we now sail.

The first crack is in length a few yards more than the breadth of the Zambesi, which by measurement, we found to be a little over 1860 yards; but this number we resolved to retain, as indicating the year in which the fall was for the first time carefully examined. The main stream here runs nearly north and south, and the cleft across is nearly east and west. The depth of the rift was measured by lowering a line, to the end of which a few bullets and a foot of white cotton cloth were tied. One of us lay with his head over a projecting crag, and watched the descending calico, till after his companions had paid out 310 feet, the weight rested on a sloping projection, probably 50 feet from the water below—the actual bottom being still farther down. The white cloth now appeared the size of a crown-piece. On measuring the width of this deep cleft by the sextant, it was found at Garden Island—its narrowest part—to be 80 yards, and at its broadest somewhat more. Into this chasm, of twice the depth of Niagara Falls, the river—a full mile wide—rolls with a deafening roar. And this is the Mosioatunya, or Victoria Falls.

Looking from Garden Island down to the bottom of the abyss, nearly half a mile of water which has fallen over that portion of the falls to our right, or west of our point of view, is seen collected in a narrow channel, 20 or 30 yards wide, and flowing at exactly right angles to its previous course, to our left; while the other half—or that which fell over the eastern portion of the falls—is seen on the left of the narrow channel below, coming towards our right. Both waters unite midway in a fearful boiling whirlpool, and find an outlet by a crack situated at right angles to the fissure of the falls. This outlet is about 1170 yards from the western end of the chasm, and some 600 from its Eastern

end. The whirlpool is at its commencement. The Zambesi—now not apparently more than 20 or 30 yards wide—rushes and surges south, through the narrow escape-channel, for 130 yards; then enters a second chasm, somewhat deeper and nearly parallel with the first. Abandoning the bottom of the eastern half of this second chasm to the growth of large trees, it turns sharply off to the west, and forms a promontory with the escape-channel 1170 yards long, and 416 yards broad at the base. After reaching this base the river flows abruptly round the head of another promontory, much narrower than the rest, and away back to the west in a fourth chasm; and we could see in the distance that it appeared to round still another promontory, and bend once more in another chasm toward the east.

In this gigantic zig-zag, yet narrow trough, the rocks are all so sharply cut and angular, that the idea at once arises that the hard basaltic trap must have been riven into its present shape by a force acting from beneath; and that this probably took place when the ancient inland seas were let off by similar fissures nearer the ocean.—*Expedition to the Zambesi.*

Considering that it requires a journey of not less than three months to reach Mosioatunya from the coast in either direction, and as long to return, it is not strange that so few Europeans have seen the falls. We have endeavored to keep a record of these, and do not find more than a score up to 1889. Charles Livingstone, the younger brother of David, who accompanied him on this expedition, is the only person, as far as we know, who has seen both Mosioatunya and Niagara, and he considers the former to be the more striking of the two.—Of Livingstone's last journey only a few words

can here be said. In his *Journal*, late in August, 1872, he notes the objects he had in view:—

LATEST GEOGRAPHICAL SPECULATIONS.

Mr. Stanley used some very strong arguments in favor of my going home, recruiting my strength, getting artificial teeth, and then returning to finish my task. But now judgment said, "All your friends will wish you to make a complete work of the exploration of the Sources of the Nile before you retire." My daughter Agnes says, "Much as I wish you to come home, I would rather that you finished your work to your own satisfaction than return merely to gratify me." Rightly and nobly said, my darling Nannie. Vanity whispers pretty loudly, "She is a chip of the old block." My blessings on her and all the rest.

It is all but certain that four fullgrown, gushing fountains rise on the water-shed eight days south of Katanga (about lat. 8° S., long. 30° W.), each of which at no great distance off becomes a large river; and two rivers thus formed flow north to Egypt, the other two south to Inner Ethiopia; that is, Lufira, or Bartle Frere's River, flows into Kamolondo, and that into Webb's Lualaba—the main line of drainage. Another, on the north side of the sources—Sir Paraffin Young's Lualaba—flows through Lake Lincoln, otherwise named Chibungo and Lomamé, and that too into Webb's Lualaba. Then Liambai Fountain—Palmerston's—forms the Upper Zambesi; and the Longa (Lunga)—Oswell's Fountain—is the Kafué; both flowing into Inner Ethiopia. It may be that these are not the fountains of the Nile mentioned to Herodotus by the secretary of Minerva, in Saïs, in Egypt; but they are worth discovery, as in the last hundred of the 700 miles of water-shed from which nearly all the Nile springs do unquestionably arise.

I propose to go from Unyanembé to Fipa;

then round the south end of Tanganyika, Tambeté, or Mbeté; then across the Chambezé, and round south of Lake Bangwelo, and due west to the ancient fountains; leaving the underground excavations, till after visiting Katanga. This route will serve to certify that no other sources of the Nile can come from the south without being seen by me. No one will cut me out after this exploration is accomplished. And may the good Lord of All help me to show myself one of His stout-hearted servants; an honor to my children, and perhaps to my country and my race . . . . Stanley's men may arrive in July next.

Then engage bearers half a month—August; five months of this year will remain for journey. The whole of 1873 will be swallowed up in work; but in February or March, 1874, please the Almighty Disposer of events, I shall complete my task and retire.

Up to April 10, 1873, notwithstanding several attacks of dissentery, Livingstone kept a full journal of his doings; but on that day he had a severe attack, and failed rapidly, but was carried in a palanquin. His journal thenceforth contains only mere jottings. The last entry is dated April 27: "Knocked up quite, and remain—recover—sent to buy milch goats. We are on the banks of the Molilamo." The accounts of his last hours are derived wholly from the relations of two of his faithful native followers. About midnight, April 30, May 1, he prepared a dose of calomel for himself, and said to his attendants, "All right; you can go now." These were the last words that mortal man ever heard from his lips. Some hours later his men became alarmed, and six of them entered his hut. This is what they saw:

THE DEAD LIVINGSTONE.

Passing inside, they looked towards the bed. Livingstone was not lying upon it, but appeared

to be engaged in prayer. A candle, stuck by its own wax to the top of the bed, shed a light sufficient for them to see his form. He was kneeling by the side of his bed, his body stretched forward, his head buried in his hands upon the pillow. For a minute they watched him. He did not stir, there was no sign of breathing. Then one of them advanced softly to him and placed his hands to his cheeks. It was sufficient: life had been extinct for some time, and the body was almost cold. Livingstone was dead.

LIVY (Titus Livius, surnamed Patavinus, from the place of his birth), a Roman historian, born at Patavium, the modern Padua, B.C. 59; died there A.D. 17. His family, originally of Rome, was one of the most important in his native city. He went to Rome where he became prominent as a rhetorician, which in his case was equivalent to a lecturer on belles-lettres, and was one of the brilliant circle, of which Virgil and Horace, somewhat his seniors, were members, that adorned the Court of the Emperor Augustus, at whose suggestion, we are told, Livy set about his great history, called by himself the *Annals of Rome*.

The *Annals*, when entire, consisted of 142 "Books;" but of these only 35 are now extant, so that more than three-fourths have been lost. They were at an early period divided into "decades," or series of ten Books. The decades which we have are the 1st, the 3d, the 4th, a portion of the 5th, and a few fragments of others. The lost decades are those which—apart from their quantity—would have been far more valuable than those which remain, since they relate to the later history of Rome, for which more trustworthy materials existed than for the early centuries. This deficiency is, however, partially supplied by a very early abstract of the contents of the lost portions; and these abstracts are our only means of acquaintance with some of the most important periods of Roman history. The quarter which remains makes four stout volumes; so that the *Annals* were one of the most comprehensive historical works ever written by a single person.

The question of the authenticity of the *Annals* of Livy has been much debated. It is admitted that much is purely legendary. Livy himself affirms this of at least the earlier Books. But our purpose is not to set forth the verity of Roman history; but to show Livy's manner of telling it. Our extracts are from the very literal and somewhat bald, translations by Spillan and Edmonds, and the more spirited rendering of certain passages by the Rev. W. Lucas Collins, embodied in his little work on Livy.

THE LEGEND OF ROMULUS AND REMUS.

In my opinion the origin of so great a city, and the establishment of an empire next in power to that of the gods, was due to the Fates. The vestal Rhea, being deflowered by force, when she had brought forth twins, declares Mars to be the father of her illegitimate offspring—either because she believed it to be so, or because a god was a more creditable author of her offence. But neither gods nor man protect her or her children from the king's cruelty. The priestess is bound and thrown into prison; the children he commands to be thrown into the current of the river.

By some interposition of Providence, the Tiber, having overflowed its banks in stagnant pools, did not admit of any access to the regular bed of the river; and the bearers supposed that the infants could be drowned in waters however still. Then, as if they had effectually executed the king's orders, they exposed the boys in the nearest land-flood, where now stands the *Ficus Ruminalis* (they say that it was anciently called the *Ficus Romulanus*, "the Fig-tree of Romulus.") The country thereabout was then a vast wilderness.

The tradition is, that when the subsiding water had left on the dry ground the floating

trough, in which the children had been exposed, a thirsty she-wolf coming from the neighboring mountains, directed her course to the cries of the infants, and that she held down her dugs to them with so much gentleness that the keeper of the king's flocks found her licking the boys with her tongue. It is said that his name was Faustulus; and that they were carried by him to his homestead to be nursed by his wife Laurentia. Some are of opinion that she was called *Lupa*—She-wolf—among the shepherds, from her being a common prostitute, and that this gave rise to the surprising story.—*Annals*, Book I.—*Transl. of* SPILLAN *and* EDMONDS.

THE COMBAT OF THE HORATII AND THE CURIATII.

The signal is given; and the three youths on each side, as if in battle array, rush to the charge with determined fury, bearing in their breasts the spirit of mighty armies; nor do the one nor the other regard their personal danger. The public dominion or slavery is present to their mind, and the fortunes of their country, which was ever after destined to be such as they should now establish it.

As soon as their arms clashed on the first encounter, and their burnished swords glittered, great horror strikes the spectators; and, hope inclining to neither side, their voice and breath were suspended. Then, having engaged hand to hand, when not only the movements of their bodies and the rapid brandishings of their weapons, but wounds also and blows were seen; two of the Romans fell lifeless, one upon the other—the three Albans being wounded. And when the Alban army raised a shout of joy at their fall, hope entirely—anxiety, however not yet—deserted the Roman legions, alarmed for the lot of the one whom the three Curiatii surrounded. He happened to be unhurt, so that, being alone, he was by no means a match for

them all. Yet, he was confident against each singly. In order therefore, to separate their attack, he takes to flight, presuming that they would pursue him with such swiftness as the wounded state of his body would suffer each.

He had now fled a considerable distance from the place where they had fought, when, looking behind, he perceived them pursuing him at great intervals from each other, and that one of them was not far from him; on him he turned around with great fury. And whilst the Alban army shouts out to the Curiatii to succor their brother, Horatius, victorious in having slain his antagonist, was now proceeding to a second attack. Then the Romans encourage their champion with a shout such as is usually given by persons cheering in consequence of unexpected success; he also hastens to put an end to the combat. Wherefore, before the other, who was not far off, could come up, he dispatched this second Curiatius also.

And now, the combat being brought to an equality of numbers, one on each side remained; but they were equal neither in hope nor in strength. The one, his body untouched by a weapon, and by his double victory made courageous for a third contest; the other dragging along his body exhausted from the wound, exhausted from running, and dispirited by the slaughter of his brethren before his eyes, presents himself to his victorious antagonist. Nor was that a fight. The Roman, exulting, says, "Two I have offered to the Shades of my brothers; the third I will offer to the cause of this war, that the Roman may rule over the Alban." He thrusts his sword down into his throat, whilst faintly sustaining the weight of his armor; he strips him as he lies prostrate. The Romans receive Horatius with triumph and congratulation; and with so much the greater joy, as success had followed so close on fear. . . .

After this both armies returned to their homes. Horatius marched foremost, carrying before him the spoils of the three brothers. His sister—a maiden who had been betrothed to one of the Curiatii—met him before the gate Capena; and having recognized her lover's military robe, which she herself had wrought, on her brother's shoulders, she tore her hair, and with bitter wailings called by name on her deceased lover. The sister's lamentations in in the midst of his own victory, and of such great public rejoicings, raised the indignation of the excited youth. Having therefore drawn his sword, he ran the damsel through the body, at the same time chiding her in these words: "Go hence, with thy unseasonable love to thy espoused, forgetful of thy dead brothers, and of him who survives—forgetful of thy native country. So perish every Roman woman who shall mourn an enemy!"—*Annals*, Book I.—*Transl. of* SPILLAN *and* EDMONDS.

HANNIBAL'S PASSAGE OF THE ALPS.

On the ninth day they came to a summit of the Alps, chiefly through places trackless; and after many mistakes of their way, which were caused either by the treachery of the guides; or, when they were not trusted, by entering valleys at random, on their own conjectures of the route. For two days they remained encamped on the summit; and rest was given to the soldiers, exhausted with toil and fighting; and several beasts of burden, which had fallen down among the rocks, by following the track of the army, arrived at the camp. A fall of snow—it being now the season of the setting of the constellation of the Pleiades—caused great fear to the soldiers, already worn out with weariness of so many hardships.

On the standards being moved forward at daybreak, when the army proceeded slowly over all places entirely blocked up with snow, and lan-

guor and despair strongly appeared in the countenances of all, Hannibal, having advanced before the standards, and ordered the soldiers to halt on a certain eminence, whence there was a prospect far and wide, points out to them Italy and the plains of the Po, extending themselves beneath the Alpine mountains; and said that they were now surmounting not only the ramparts of Italy, but also of the city of Rome; that the rest of the journey would be smooth and down hill; that after one, or at most a second battle, they would have the citadel and capital of Italy in their power and possession.

The army then began to advance; the enemy now making no attempts beyond petty thefts, as opportunity offered. But the journey proved much more difficult than it had been in the ascent, as the declivity of the Alps being generally shorter on the side of Italy, is consequently steeper. Nearly all the road was precipitous, narrow, and slippery, so that neither those who made the least stumble could prevent themselves from falling, nor, when fallen, remain in the same place; but rolled, both men and beasts of burden, one upon another.

They then came to a rock much more narrow, and formed of such perpendicular ledges that a light-armed soldier—carefully making the attempt, and clinging with his hands to the bushes and roots around—could with difficulty lower himself down. The ground, even before very steep by nature, had been broken by a recent falling away of the earth into a precipice of nearly a thousand feet in depth. Here, when the cavalry had halted, as if at the end of their journey, it is announced to Hannibal, wondering what had obstructed the march, that the rock was impassable. Having then gone himself to view the place, it seemed clear to him that he must lead his army round it, by however great a circuit, through the pathless and untrodden regions around.

But this route also proved impracticable; for while the new snow of a moderate depth remained on the old, which had not been removed, their footsteps were planted with ease, as they walked upon the new snow, which was soft, and not too deep; but when it was dissolved by the trampling of so many men and beasts of burden, they then walked on the bare ice below, and through a dirty fluid formed by the melting snow.

Here there was a wretched struggle, both on account of the slippery ice not affording any foothold to the step, and giving away beneath the foot the more readily by reason of the slope; and whether they assisted themselves in rising by their hands or their knees, their supports themselves giving way, they would tumble again. Nor were there any stumps or roots near, by pressing against which one might with hand or foot support himself; so that they only floundered on the smooth ice and amid the melted snow. The beasts of burden also cut into this lower ice by merely treading upon it; at others they broke it completely through by the violence with which they struck it with their hoofs in their struggling; so that most of them, as if taken in a trap, stuck in the hardened and deeply frozen ice.

At length, after the men and beasts of burden had been fatigued to no purpose, the camp was pitched on the summit, the ground being cleared for that purpose with great difficulty, so much snow was there to be dug out and carried away. The soldiers being then set to make a way down the cliff, by which alone a passage could be effected; and it being necessary that they should cut through the rocks, having felled and lopped a number of large trees which grew around, they make a huge pile of timber; and as soon as a strong wind fit for exciting the flames arose, they set fire to it; and pouring vinegar on the heated stones, they render them soft and crumbling. They then open a way with iron instru-

ments through the rock thus heated by the fire, and soften its declivities by gentle windings, so that not only the beasts of burden, but also the elephants, could be led down it.

Four days were spent about this rock, the beasts nearly perishing through hunger; for the summits of the mountains are for the most part bare, and if there is any pasture the snows bury it. The lower parts contain valleys, and some sunny hills, and rivulets flowing beside woods, and scenes more worthy of the abode of man. There the beasts of burden were sent out to pasture, and rest given for three days to the men, fatigued with forming the passage. They then descended into the plains—the country and the dispositions of the inhabitants being now less rugged.

In this manner chiefly they came to Italy in the fifth month, as some authors relate, after leaving New Carthage, having crossed the Alps in fifteen days. What number of forces Hannibal had when he passed into Italy, is by no means agreed upon by authors. Those who state them at the highest make mention of 100,000 foot and 20,000 horse; those who state them at the lowest, of 20,000 foot and 6,000 horse. Lucius Cincius Alimentus, who relates that he was made prisoner by Hannibal, would influence me most as an authority, did he not confound the number by adding the Gauls and Ligurians. Including these (who, it is more probable, flocked to him afterwards—and so some authors assert), he says that 80,000 foot and 10,000 horse were brought into Italy; and that he had heard from Hannibal himself that after crossing the Rhone he had lost 36,000 men, and an immense number of horses and other beasts of burden, among the Taurini, the next nation to the Gauls, as he descended into Italy.—*Annals*, Book XXI.—*Transl. of* SPILLAN *and* EDMONDS.

IN ROME, AFTER THE DEFEAT NEAR LAKE THRASYMENUS

When the first tidings of this disaster reached Rome, great was the panic and confusion; and there was a general rush of the people into the Forum. Wives and mothers wandered about the streets, asking all they met what this sudden calamity was that men reported, and which had happened to the army. And when the crowd, like a great public meeting, made its way to the election-courts and the senate-house, and appealed to the magistrates for information, at length, a little before sunset, Marcus Pomponius, the Prætor announced, "We have been beaten in a great battle." And though no further particulars could be learned from him, yet men caught vague rumors one from the other, and went home saying, that "the Consul, with the greater part of its forces were cut to pieces; that the few who survived had either been made to pass under the yoke or were scattered in flight throught Etruria." Various as was the fate of the beaten army were the different forms of anxiety felt by those who had relatives serving under the Consul; none knowing what their fate had been, and all uncertain what they had to hope or what to fear.

Next day, and for some days afterwards, crowds thronged the gates—women in almost as great numbers as men—waiting for some member of their family, or for news of him. They threw themselves upon all whom they met, with anxious inquiries, and could not be shaken off—especially from any one whom they knew—until they had asked every particular from first to last. Then you might have marked the different countenances, as they passed from their informants, according as each had heard cheering or mournful news; while, on the way home, friends crowded around them to congratulate or condole. The women showed their joy or grief most conspicuously. One mother who met her son at the

gate, returning safe, is said to have expired on beholding him; another, who had heard a false report of her son's death, and was sitting weeping in her house, saw him returning, and died of over-joy. The Prætors kept the Senate sitting for several days from sunrise to sunset, consulting what commander and what troops could be found to resist the victorious Carthaginians. —*Annals*, Chap. XXII.—*Transl. of* COLLINS.

IN ROME AFTER THE VICTORY ON THE METAURUS.

While the city was in this state of anxious suspense, there came a rumor, vague at first, that two Narnian horsemen had ridden from the battle to the Roman force which lay watching the passes of Umbria, with the news that the enemy had received a heavy blow. Men took it in with their ears rather than their minds, as too great and too joyful to be entertained in thought, or readily believed. The very rapidity of the communication was an objection, for the battle was said to have taken place only two days before.

Soon a letter was brought in from Manlius, from the camp, announcing the arrival of the horsemen. When this letter was carried through the Forum to the court of the City Prætor, the Senate rose in a body from their hall; and such a rush and struggle was made by the people towards the doors of the Senate-house that the courier could not make his way through, but was dragged to and fro by eager enquirers demanding that he should read it loudly on the public rostra before he carried it to the Senate. At last the crowd was forced back and kept under restraint by the authorities, and the joyful news was circulated by degrees, though men's minds were as yet unable to receive it. The letter was read in the Senate first, then in public to the people; and, according to their various dispositions, some

felt an assured joy, others would give no credit to the tale until they had either heard or seen despatches from the Consuls themselves.

Presently word was brought that official messengers were coming. Then young and old went forth to meet them, each longing to be the first to drink in such joyful tidings with eyes and ears. There was one continuous stream of people out as far as the Milvian bridge. The officers entered the Forum, the centre of a crowd of all ranks. Some questioned them, and some, those who escorted them, as to what had happened; and as each heard the news that the enemy's forces, and their commander, Hasdrubal, were cut to pieces—that the Roman legions were safe, that the Consuls were unharmed—they at once imparted their joy to others. The temples during the next three days were crowded; wives and mothers in holiday attire, leading their children with them, were giving thanks to heaven, and casting off all fear, as though the war were already ended.—*Annals*, Chap. XXVII.—*Transl. of* COLLINS.

HANNIBAL RECALLED FROM ITALY TO CARTHAGE.

He is said to have groaned aloud, and ground his teeth, and scarcely to have refrained from tears, as he listened to the message of the envoys. When they had delivered themselves of their instructions, "Ay," said he, "now they recall me in plain terms instead of by implication—they who have so long been trying to drag me back by refusing me men or money. Hannibal is defeated not by the Roman people, whom he has so often beaten and put to flight, but by the Carthaginian Government—their jealousy and envy. Not Scipio himself will boast and exult so much in this ignominious return of mine, as will Hanno, who seeks to effect the destruction of our house by the ruin of Carthage, since he can do it in no other way."

Seldom was any man, leaving his native land for foreign exile, known to have parted from it with more evident sorrow that Hannibal showed in quitting the soil of an enemy. Often, as he looked back on the shores of Italy, he accused gods and men, and cursed himself and his folly, "that he had not led his troops straight to Rome while their swords were yet red from the victory of Cannæ."—*Annals*, Chap. XXX.—*Transl. of* COLLINS.

THE DEATH OF HANNIBAL.

He had always anticipated some such end to his life [being delivered up to the Romans]; both because he knew the unrelenting hatred the Romans bore him, and because he had little faith in the honor of princes. He had taken refuge with Prusias, King of Bithynia; and the Roman General Flaminius demanded his death or rendition to them. He asked a slave for the poison which he had for some time kept ready for such an emergency. "Let us free Rome from this anxiety," said he, "since they think it long to wait for an old man's death." [His age was only forty-five.] "The triumph which Flaminius will win over an unarmed and aged man is neither great or glorious; verily, this moment bears witness that the character of the Roman people has somewhat changed. Their fathers, when King Pyrrhus—an armed enemy—lay camped in Italy, forewarned him to beware of poison. These present men have sent one of their Consulars on such an errand as this—to urge Prusias to the base murder of his guest."

Then launching execrations against Prusias and his kingdom, and calling on the gods to witness his breach of faith and hospitalities, he swallowed the draught. Such was the end of Hannibal.—*Annals*, Chap. XXXIX.—*Transl. of* COLLINS.

LOCKE, JOHN, an English philosopher, born in 1632; died in 1704. After studying at Westminster School he entered Christ-church College, Oxford, where he took his degree of Bachelor of Arts in 1655, and where he continued to reside until 1664, when he became secretary to an embassy to the Electoral Court of Brandenburg. Returning to England after a year, he was for some time in doubt whether to continue in the diplomatic profession, to study medicine, or to take Orders in the Church. In fact, though he became neither a physician nor a clergyman, he entered deeply into both medicine and theology.

In 1669 he was employed by Lord Ashley, afterwards Earl of Shaftesbury, to draw up a series of fundamental laws for the government of the colony of Carolina, which had been granted to Ashley and seven others. In 1682 Shaftesbury was impeached of high treason, and took refuge in Holland, whither he was soon followed by Locke, whose name was by order of the King stricken from the roll of Oxford students. While residing at Utrecht he wrote his noble essay on *Toleration*, the cardinal principle of which is that the State has to do only with civil matters, and should therefore tolerate all modes of worship not immoral in their nature or involving doctrines inimical to good government. Returning to England in the same fleet which brought over the Princess of Orange, he received the office of Commissioner of Appeals, with a salary of £200; and in 1795 he was made one of the Commissioners of Trade and Plantations, a place worth £1,000 a year.

The writings of Locke, which cover a wide range of topics, have been many times published, the most complete edition, in ten octavo volumes, was published in 1823. His celebrity as a philospher, however, rests mainly upon his two treatises, the *Essay on Human Understanding*, and the shorter work entitled "*The Conduct of the Understanding*." The former of these works was commenced as early as 1670, was finished in 1687, but not published until 1690. Of this work Sir James Mackintosh says:

"Few books have contributed more to rectify prejudice, to undermine established erroes, to diffuse a just mode of thinking, to excite a fearless spirit of inquiry, and yet to contain it within the boundaries which Nature has prescribed to the human understanding. If Bacon first discovered the rules by which knowledge is improved, Locke has most contributed to make mankind at large observe them. If Locke made few discoveries, Socrates made none; yet both did more for the improvement of the understanding, and not less for the process of knowledge, than the authors of the most brilliant discoveries."

Of *The Conduct of the Understanding*, Mr. Hallam says:

"I cannot think any parent or instructor justified in neglecting to put this little treatise in the hands of a boy about the time when the reasoning faculties become developed. It will give him a sober and serious, not flippant or self-conceited independency of thinking, and while it teaches how to distrust ourselves, and to watch those prejudices which necessarily grow up from one cause or another, will inspire a reasonable confidence in what has been well considered."

The Conduct of the Understanding is divided into about fifty short "Sections."

SCHOOL LOGIC AND THE UNDERSTANDING.

The last resort a man has recourse to in the conduct of himself is his Understanding; for though we distinguish the faculties of the mind, and give the supreme command to the Will, as to an agent, yet the truth is, the man, which is the agent, determines himself to this or that voluntary action, upon some precedent knowledge, or appearance of knowledge, in the Understanding. No man ever sets himself about anything but upon some view or other which serves him as a reason for what he does; and whatsoever faculties he employs, the Understanding, with such light as it has—well or ill informed—constantly leads; by that light, true or false, all his operative powers are directed. The Will itself, how absolute and uncontrollable soever it may be thought—never fails in its obedience to the dictates of the Understanding. The ideas and images in men's minds are the visible powers that constantly govern them, and to these they all universally pay a ready submission. It is therefore of the highest concernment that great care should be taken of the Understanding, to conduct it right in the pursuit of knowledge, and in the judgments it makes.

The Logic now in use has so long possessed the chair, as the only art taught in the schools for the direction of the mind in the study of the arts and sciences, that it would perhaps be thought an affectation of novelty to suspect that the rules which have served the learned world these two or three thousand years, and which, without any complaint of defect, the learned have rested in, are not sufficient to guide the Understanding. And I should not doubt but that this attempt would be censured as vanity or presumption, did not the great Lord Verulam's authority justify it: who not thinking learning

could not be advanced beyond what it was, because for many ages it had not been, did not rest in the lazy approbation and applause of what was, because it was, but enlarged his mind to what might be.

In his Preface to his *Novum Organum* he says: "They who attributed so much to Logic (*Dialectica*) perceived very well and truly, that it was not safe to trust the Understanding to itself without the guard of any rules. But the remedy reached not the evil, but became a part of it; for the Logic which took place—though it might do well enough in civil affairs and the arts which consisted in talk and opinion—yet comes very short of subtilty in the real performances of Nature; and catching at what it cannot reach, has served to confirm and establish errors rather than open a way to truth." And therefore, a little after, he says: "*Necessario requiritur ut melior et perfectior mentis et intellectus humani introducatur*—It is absolutely necessary that a better and perfecter use and employment of the Mind and Understanding should be introduced." —*The Conduct of the Understanding*, Sect. I.

NATURAL PARTS.

There is, it is visible, great variety in men's understandings, and their natural constitutions put so wide a difference between some men in this respect that art and industry would never be able to master; and their very natures seem to want a foundation to raise on it that which other men easily attain to. Among men of equal education there is a great inequality of parts. And the woods of America, as well as the schools of Athens, produce men of several abilities in the same kind.

Though this be so, yet I imagine most men come very short of what they might attain unto in their several degrees, by a neglect of their understandings. A few rules of logic are thought sufficient in this case for those who pretend to the

highest improvements; whereas I think there are a great many natural defects in the understanding capable of amendment, which are overlooked and wholly neglected. And it is easy to perceive that men are guilty of a great many faults in the exercise and improvement of this faculty of the mind, which hinder them in their progress, and keep them in ignorance and error all their lives. Some of them I shall take notice of and endeavor to point out proper remedies for, in the following discourse.—*The Conduct of the Understanding*, Sect. II.

THEOLOGY.

There is indeed one science—as they are now distinguished—incomparably above all the rest, where it is not by corruption narrowed into a trade or faction, for mean or ill ends and secular interests. I mean Theology, which containing the knowledge of God and his creatures, our duty to Him and our fellow-creatures, and a view of our present and future state, is the comprehension of all the other knowledge directed to its true end: *i. e.*, the honor and veneration of the Creator, and the happiness of mankind.

This is that noble study which is every man's duty, and every one that can be called a rational creature can be capable of. The works of Nature and the words of Revelation display it too in characters so large and visible that those who are quite blind may in them read and see the first principles and the most necessary parts of it, and penetrate into those infinite depths filled with the treasures of wisdom and knowledge. This is that science which would truly enlarge men's minds were it studied, or permitted to be studied, everywhere, with that freedom, love of truth, and charity which it teaches; and were not made, contrary to its nature, the occasion of strife, faction, or malignity and narrow impositions. I shall say no more here of this, but that it is undoubtedly a wrong use of my Understanding to

make it the rule, and measure of another man's —a use which it is neither fit for, nor capable of. *The Conduct of the Understanding*, Sect. XXIII.

FUNDAMENTAL VERITIES.

The mind of man being very narrow, and so slow in making acquaintance of things and taking in new truths, that no man is capable, in a much longer life than ours, to know all truths, it becomes our prudence, in our search after knowledge, to employ our thoughts about fundamental and material questions, carefully avoiding those that are trifling, and not suffering ourselves to be diverted from our main even purpose by those that are merely incidental.

How much of many young men's time is thrown away in purely logical inquiries, I need not mention. This is no better than if a man who was to be a painter should spend all his time in examining the threads of the several cloths he is to paint upon, and counting the hairs of each pencil and brush he intends to use in the laying on of his colors. Nay, it is much worse than for a young painter to spend his apprenticeship in such useless niceties; for he, at the end of all his pains to no purpose, finds that it is not painting, nor any help to it, and so is really to no purpose. Whereas, men designed for scholars have often their heads so filled and warmed with disputes on logical questions that they take these airy, useless notions for real and substantial knowledge, and think their understandings so well furnished with science that they need not look any farther into the nature of things, or descend to the mechanical drudgery of experiment and inquiry.

This is so obvious a mismanagement of the Understanding, and that in the professed way to knowledge, that it could not be passed by; to which might be joined abundance of questions and the way of handling them in schools. What faults in particular of this kind every man is or

may be guilty of, would be infinite to enumerate. It suffices to have shown that superficial and slight discoveries and observations, that contain nothing of moment in themselves, nor serve as clews to lead us unto farther knowledge, should be lightly passed by, and never thought worth our searching after.

There are fundamental truths which lie at the bottom, the basis upon which a great many others rest, and in which they have their consistency. These are teeming truths, rich in store with which they furnish the mind; and, like the lights of heaven, they are not only beautiful in themselves, but give light and evidence to other things that, without them, could not be seen or known. Such is that admirable discovery of Mr. Newton, that all bodies gravitate to one another, which may be counted as the basis of natural philosophy; which, of what use it is to the understanding of the great frame of our solar system he has, to the astonishment of the learned world, shown; and how much farther it would guide us in other things, if rightly pursued, is not known.

Our Saviour's great rule, that we should love our neighbor as ourselves is such a fundamental truth for the regulating of human society, that I think that by that alone one might without difficulty determine all the cases and doubts in social morality. These, and such as these, are the truths we should endeavor to find out and store our minds with.—*The Conduct of the Understanding*, Sect. XLIII.

BOTTOMING.

The consideration of the necessity of searching into fundamental verities leads me to another thing in the conduct of the Understanding that is no less necessary, viz: To accustom ourselves, in any question proposed, to examine and find out upon what it bottoms.

Most of the difficulties that come in our way,

when well considered and traced, lead us to some proposition—which, known to be true, clears the doubt, and gives an easy solution to the question; while topical and superficial arguments—of which there is store to be found on both sides—filling the head with variety of thoughts, and the mouth with copious discourse, serve only to amuse the understanding, and entertain company, without coming to the bottom of the question—the only place of rest and stability for an inquisitive mind, whose tendency is only to truth and knowledge.

For example, if it be demanded whether the Grand Seignior can lawfully take what he will from any of his people? This question cannot be resolved without coming to a certainty whether all men are naturally equal: for upon that it turns; and that truth, well settled in the understanding, and carried in the mind through the various debates concerning the various rights of men in society, will go a great way in putting an end to them, and showing on which side the truth is.—*The Conduct of the Understanding*, Sect. XLIV.

LOCKER, FREDERICK, an English writer of clever "verses of society," born in 1821. He was for many years connected with the Admiralty Office. He married a daughter of the wealthy banker, Sir Curtis Lampson, after whose death in 1885, he assumed the name of Lampson in addition to his own. He is especially noted for his unique collection of drawings by the old masters, and of rare books of the Elizabethan period. He has published a volume of *London Lyrics*, made up of his contributions to various journals (fifth edition in 1872), a volume entitled *Patchwork* (1879), and edited the *Lyra Elegantiarum* (1867.)

THE UNREALIZED IDEAL.

My only love is always near:
In country or in town
I see her twinkling feet, I hear
The rustling of her gown.

She foots it ever fair and young;
Her locks are tied in haste,
And one is o'er her shoulder flung,
And hangs below her waist.

She ran before me in the meads;
And down this world-worn track
She leads me on; but while she leads
She never gazes back.

And yet her voice is in my dreams,
To witch me more and more;
That wooing voice—ah me! it seems
Less near me than of yore.

Lightly I sped when hope was high,
And youth beguiled the chase;
I follow, follow still, for I
Shall never see her face.

VANITY FAIR.

Vanitas vanitatum has rung in the ears
Of gentle and simple for thousands of years
The wail still is heard, yet its notes never scare
Either gentle or simple from Vanity Fair.

I often hear people abusing it, yet
There the young go to learn, and the old to forget;
The mirth may be feigning, the sheen may be glare,
But the gingerbread's gilded in Vanity Fair.

Old Dives rolls in his chariot, but mind
Atra Cura is up with the lackeys behind;
Joan trudges with Jack:—are the sweet-hearts aware
Of the trouble that waits them in Vanity Fair?

We saw them all go, and we something may learn
Of the harvest they reap when we see them return;
The tree was enticing, its branches are bare:—
Heigh-ho for the promise of Vanity Fair!

That stupid old Dives—once honest enough—
His honesty sold for star, ribbon, and stuff;
And Joan's pretty face has been clouded with care
Since Jack bought her ribbons at Vanity Fair.

Contemptible Dives! too credulous Joan!
Yet we all have a Vanity Fair of our own;
My son, you have yours, but you need not despair:—
I own I've a weakness for Vanity Fair.

Philosophy halts, wisest counsels are vain;
We go, we repent, we return there again;
To-night you will certainly meet with us there:—
So come and be merry at Vanity Fair.

LOCKHART, JOHN GIBSON, a Scottish author, born at Cambusnethan in 1794; died at Abbotsford in 1854. He studied at the University of Edinburgh and at Balliol College, Oxford, and in 1816 was called to the bar of Edinburgh. In 1820 he married a daughter of Sir Walter Scott. In 1826 he succeeded Sir John T. Coleridge as editor of the London *Quarterly Review*, which he conducted until 1853. As early as 1817 he became a regular contributor to *Blackwood's Magazine* his most notable contribution to which was "Peter's Letters to his Kinsfolk," some of which, however, were the production of Wilson, while Lockhart wrote portions of Wilson's "Christopher in his Tent," and "Noctes Ambrosianæ." Lockhart wrote several novels, the best of which are, *Adam Blair* and *Reginald Dalton*. His spirited translations of the "Ancient Spanish Ballads," most of which had previously appeared in *Blackwood*, were collected into a volume in 1823. The principal of his other works are: *Life of Robert Burns* (1828), *Life of Napoleon Bonaparte* (1829), *Life of Sir Walter Scott* (7 vols., 1836–38.)

BURNS ON HIS FARM AT ELLISLAND.

It is difficult to imagine anything more beautiful, more noble, than what such a person as Mrs. Dunlop might at this period be supposed to contemplate as the probable tenor of Robert Burns's life. What fame can bring of happiness he had already tasted; he had overleaped, by the force of his genius, all the painful barriers of society; and there was probably not a man in Scotland who would not have thought himself honored by seeing Burns under his roof. He had it in his own power to place his

poetical reputation on a level with the very highest names, by proceeding in the same course of study and exertion which had originally raised him into public notice and admiration. Surrounded by an affectionate family, occupied, but not engrossed, by the agricultural labors in which his youth and early manhood had delighted, communing with nature in one of the loveliest districts of his native land, and, from time to time, producing to the world some immortal addition to his verse—thus advancing in years and in fame, with what respect would not Burns have been thought of; how venerable in the eyes of his contemporaries—how hallowed in those of after-generations, would have been the roof of Ellisland, the field on which he "bound every day after his reapers," the solemn river by which he delighted to wander! The plain of Bannockburn would hardly have been holier ground.—*Life of Burns.*

CHILDREN OF GREAT MEN.

The children of illustrious men begin the world with great advantages, if they know how to use them; but this is hard and rare. There is risk that in the flush of youth, favorable to all illusions, the filial pride may be twisted to personal vanity. When experience checks this misgrowth, it is apt to do so with a severity that shall reach the best sources of moral and intellectual development. The great sons of great fathers have been few. It is usual to see their progeny smiled at through life for stilted pretension, or despised, at best pitied, for an inactive, inglorious humility. The shadow of the oak is broad, but noble plants seldom rise within that circle. It was fortunate for the sons of Scott that his day darkened in the morning of theirs. The sudden calamity anticipated the natural effect of observation and the collisions of society and business. All weak, unmanly folly was nipped in the bud, and soon withered to the

root. They were both remarkably modest men, but in neither had the better stimulus of the blood been arrested.—*Life of Scott.*

AN OLD ENGLISH MANSION.

They halted to bait their horses at a little village on the main coast of the Palatinate, and then pursued their course leisurely through a rich and level country, until the groves of Grypherwast received them amidst all the breathless splendour of a noble sunset. It would be difficult to express the emotions with which young Reginald regarded, for the first time, the ancient demesne of his race. The scene was one which a stranger, of years and experience very superior to his, might have been pardoned for contemplating with some enthusiasm, but to him the first glimpse of the venerable front, embosomed amidst its "old contemporary trees," was the more than realization of cherished dreams. Involuntarily he drew in his rein, and the whole party as involuntarily following the motion, they approached the gateway together at the slowest pace.

The gateway is almost in the heart of the village, for the hall of Grypherwast had been reared long before English gentlemen conceived it to be a point of dignity to have no humble roofs near their own. A beautiful stream runs hard by, and the hamlet is almost within the arms of the princely forest, whose ancient oaks, and beeches, and gigantic pine-trees, darken and ennoble the aspect of the whole surrounding region. The peasantry, who watch the flocks and herds in those deep and grassy glades—the fishermen, who draw their subsistence from the clear waters of the river—and the woodmen, whose axes resound all day long among the inexhaustible thickets, are the sole inhabitants of the simple place. Over their cottages the hall of Grypherwast has predominated for many long centuries, a true old northern manor-house,

not devoid of a certain magnificence in its general aspect, though making slender pretensions to anything like elegance in its details. The central tower, square, massy, rude, and almost destitute of windows, recalls the knightly and troubled period of the old border wars; while the overshadowing roofs, carved balconies, and multifarious chimneys scattered over the rest of the building, attest the successive influence of many more or less tasteful generations. Excepting in the original baronial tower, the upper parts of the house are all formed of oak, but this with such an air of strength and solidity as might well shame many modern structures raised of better materials. Nothing could be more perfectly in harmony with the whole character of the place than the autumnal brownness of the stately trees around. The same descending rays were tinging with rich lustre the outlines of their bare trunks, and the projecting edges of the old-fashioned bay-windows which they sheltered; and some rooks of very old family were cawing overhead almost in the midst of the hospitable smoke-wreaths. Within a couple of yards from the door of the house an eminently respectable-looking old man, in a powdered wig and very rich livery of blue and scarlet, was sitting on a garden-chair with a pipe in his mouth, and a cool tankard within his reach upon the ground. —*Reginald Dalton.*

THE BROADSWORDS OF SCOTLAND

Now there's peace on the shore, now there's calm on the sea,
Fill a glass to the heroes whose swords kept us free,
Right descendants of Wallace, Montrose, and Dundee.
Oh the broadswords of old Scotland!
And oh, the old Scottish broadswords!

Old Sir Ralph Abercromby, the good and the brave—
Let him flee from our board, let him sleep with the slave,
Whose libation comes slow while we honor his grave.
Oh, the broadswords of old Scotland!
And oh, the old Scottish broadswords!

Though he died not, like him, amid victory's roar,
Though disaster and gloom wove his shroud on the shore,
Not the less we remember the spirit of Moore.
Oh, the broadswords of old Scotland!
And oh, the old Scottish broadswords!

Yea, a place with the fallen the living shall claim;
We'll entwine in one wreath every glorious name—
The Gordon, the Ramsay, the Hope, and the Graham.
All the broadswords of old Scotland!
And oh, the old Scottish broadswords!

Count the rocks of the Spey, count the groves of the Forth,
Count the stars in the clear cloudless heaven of the north;
Then go blazon their numbers, their names and their worth.
All the broadswords of old Scotland!
And oh, the old Scottish broadswords!

The highest in splendor, the humblest in place,
Stand united in glory, as kindred in race,
For the private is brother in blood to his Grace.
Oh, the broadswords of old Scotland!
And oh, the old Scottish broadswords!

Then sacred to each and all let it be
Fill a glass to the heroes whose swords kept us free,
Right descendants of Wallace, Montrose, and Dundee.
Oh, the broadswords of old Scotland!
And oh, the old Scottish broadswords!

EULOGY UPON CAPTAIN PATON.

His waistcoat, coat and breeches, were cut off the same web,
Of a beautiful snuff-color, of a modest gentry drab;
The blue stripe in his stocking round his neat, slim leg did go;
And his ruffles of the cambric fine, they were whiter than the snow.
Oh! we ne'er shall see the like of Captain Paton no mo'e!

His hair was curled in order, at the rising of the sun,
In comely rows and buckles smart that down his ears did run;
And before there was a toupee, that some inches up did grow;
And behind there was a long queue, that did o'er his shoulders flow.
Oh! we ne'er shall see the like of Captain Paton no mo'e!

And whenever we foregathered, he took off his wee three oockit,
And he proffered you his snuff-box, which he drew from his side-pocket,
And on Burdett or Bonaparte he would make a remark or so;
And then along the plainstones like a provost he would go.
Oh! we ne'er shall see the like of Captain Paton no mo'e!

LOGAN, JOHN, a Scottish poet, born in 1748, died in 1788. He was ordained a clergyman, and preached at Leith from 1773 to 1786. He at length gave offense to his congregation by writing a tragedy, and went to London, where he died.

TO THE CUCKOO.

Hail, beauteous stranger of the grove,
  Thou messenger of Spring!
Now Heaven repairs thy rural seat,
  And woods thy welcome sing.

What time the daisy decks the green,
  Thy certain voice we hear;
Hast thou a star to guide thy path,
  Or mark the rolling year?

Delightful visitant! with thee
  I hail the time of flowers,
And hear the sound of music sweet
  From birds among the bowers.

The schoolboy, wandering through the wood,
  To pull the primrose gay,
Starts, the new voice of Spring to hear,
  And imitates thy lay.

What time the pea puts on the bloom
  Thou fliest thy vocal vale,
An annual guest in other lands,
  Another Spring to hail.

Sweet bird! thy bower is ever green,
  Thy sky is ever clear;
Thou hast no sorrow in thy song,
  No Winter in thy year.

Oh, could I fly, I'd fly with thee!
  We'd make, with joyful wing,
Our annual visit o'er the globe,
  Companions of the Spring.

LONG, GEORGE, an English scholar, born in 1800; died in 1879. He entered Trinity College, Cambridge, where in 1822 he graduated as first Chancellor's Medallist; became a Fellow of his College, and afterwards accepted a professorship in the University of Virginia. Returning to England, he took an active part in the work of the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge, editing the *Penny Cyclopædia* from its commencement in 1833 to its completion in 1845. He also edited the *Biographical Dictionary of the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge* (1842–44.) Among his numerous works are the *Decline of the Roman Republic* (five vols., 1864–84), and *Select Lives from Plutarch*, accompanied by copious dissertations, in the form of "Notes," one of which is given in the following extract. In 1873 he received the grant of a royal pension of £100.

MARCUS JUNIUS BRUTUS.

Brutus had moderate abilities, with great industry and much learning. He had no merit as a general, but he had the courage of a soldier. He had the reputation of virtue, and he was free from many of the vices of his contemporaries: he was sober and temperate. Of enlarged political views he had none; there is not a sign of his being in this respect superior to the mass of his contemporaries. When the Civil War broke out, he joined Pompeius, though Pompeius had murdered his father. If he gave up his private enmity—as Plutarch says—for what he believed to be the better cause, the sacrifice was honorable. If there were other motives—and I believe there were—his choice of his party does him no credit.

His conspiracy against Cæsar can only be jus-

tified by those who think that a usurper ought to be got rid of in any way. But if a man is to be murdered, one does not expect those to take a part in the act who, after being enemies have received favors from him, and professed to be his friends; the murderers should be at least a man's declared enemies, who have just wrongs to avenge. Though Brutus was dissatisfied with things under Cæsar, he was not the first mover in the conspiracy. He was worked upon by others, who knew that his character and personal relation to Cæsar would in a measure sanctify the deed; and by their persuasion, not his own resolve, he became an assassin in the name of freedom—which meant the triumph of his party, and in the name of virtue—which meant nothing.

The act was bad in Brutus as an act of treachery, and it was bad as an act of policy. It failed in its object—the success of a party—because the death of Cæsar was not enough; other victims were necessary, and Brutus would not have them. He put himself at the head of a plot in which there was no plan; he dreamed of success, and forgot the means; he mistook the circumstances of the times, and the character of the men.

His conduct after the murder was feeble and uncertain; and it was also as illegal as the usurpation of Cæsar. He left Rome as Prætor without the permission of the Senate; he took possession of a province which, even according to Cicero's testimony, had been assigned to another; he arbitrarily passed beyond the boundaries of his province, and set his effigy on the coins; he attacked the Bessi in order to give his soldiers booty; and he plundered Asia to get money for the conflict against Cæsar and Antonius for the mastery of Rome and Italy. The means that he had at his disposal show that he robbed without measure and without mercy; and there never was greater tyranny exercised over

helpless people in the name of liberty than the wretched inhabitants of Asia experienced from Brutus, "the Liberator," and Cassius, "the last of the Romans." But all these great resources were thrown away in an ill-conceived and worse executed campaign.

Temperance, industry, and unwillingness to shed blood are noble qualities in a citizen and a soldier; and Brutus possessed them. But great wealth gotten by ill means is an eternal reproach; and the trade of money-lending, carried on in the name of others with unrelenting greediness, is both avarice and hypocrisy. Cicero—the friend of Brutus—is the witness for his wealth and for his unworthy means to increase it.

Untiring industry and a strong memory had stored the mind of Brutus with the thoughts of others; but he had not capacity enough to draw profit from his intellectual as he did from his golden treasures. His mind was a barren field on which no culture could raise an abundant crop. His wisdom was the thoughts of others, and he had ever ready in his mouth something that others had said. But to utter other men's wisdom is not enough; a man must make it his own by the labor of independent thought.

Philosophy and superstition were blended in the mind of Brutus, and they formed a chaos in his bewildered brain, as they always will do. In the still of night phantoms floated before his wasted strength and watchful eyes; perhaps of him—the generous and brave—who had saved the life of an enemy in battle, and fell by his hand in the midst of peace. Conscience was his tormentor, for truth was stronger than the illusions of a self-imputed virtue.

Though Brutus had condemned Cato's death, he died by his own hand, not with the stubborn resolve of Cato, who would not yield to an usurper, but merely to escape from his enemies. A Roman might be pardoned for not choosing to

become the prisoner of a Roman, but his grave should have been a battle-field, and the instrument should have been the hands of those who were fighting against the cause which he proclaimed to be righteous and just. Brutus died without belief in the existence of that virtue which he had affected to follow. The triumph of a wrongful cause, as he conceived it, was a proof that virtue was an empty name. He forgot the transitory nature of all individual existences, and thought that justice perished with him. Brutus died in despair, with the courage but not with the faith of a martyr.

When men talk of tyranny, and rise against it, the name of Brutus is invoked: a mere name and nothing else. What single act is there in the man's life which promised the regeneration of his country and the freedom of mankind? Like other Romans, he only thought of maintaining the supremacy of Rome; his ideas were no larger than theirs; he had no sympathy with those whom Rome governed and oppressed. For his country he had nothing to propose; its worn-out political constitution he would maintain, not amend; indeed amendment was impossible. Probably he dreaded anarchy and the dissolution of social order, for that would have released his debtors and confiscated his valuable estates. But Cæsar's usurpation was not an anarchy; it was a monarchy—a sole rule; and Brutus, who was ambitious could not endure that.

LONGFELLOW, HENRY WADSWORTH, an American poet, born at Portland, Maine, February 27, 1807; died at Cambridge, Mass., March 24, 1882. He entered Bowdoin College at fourteen, graduated in 1825; was tutor there for a short time, and in 1826 was appointed Professor of Modern Languages. He then went to Europe where he studied three years; returning late in 1829 he entered upon his duties as Professor. In 1835 he was chosen to succeed George Ticknor as Professor of Modern Languages and Literature in Harvard College. He established himself in the old Cragie House, which had been Washington's headquarters in 1775–76, which continued to be his home during the remainder of his life. He resigned his professorship in 1854. While a student at Bowdoin he contributed several short poems to the Boston *Literary Gazette*, which were afterwards brought together under the title of *Earlier Poems*. While Professor at Bowdoin he contributed several papers to the *North American Review*, one of which, on "The Moral and Devotional Poetry of Spain," contained his translation of the *Coplas de Manrique*.

Although Longfellow is most distinctively known as a poet, he wrote much graceful prose. Besides his college prelections and contributions to the *North American Review* he published *Outre Mer*, a series of sketches from Europe (1826), *Hyperion*, a romance, (1839), and *Kavanah*, a tale of New England life (1849.)

THE PICNIC AT ROARING BROOK.

Every state and almost every county of New England has its "Roaring Brook"—a mountain streamlet overhung by woods, impeded by a mill, encumbered by fallen trees, but ever racing, rushing, roaring down through gurgling gullies, and filling the forest with its delicious sound and freshness; the drinking-place of home-returning herds; the mysterious haunt of squirrels and blue-jays, the sylvan retreat of school-girls, who frequent it on summer holidays, and mingle their restless thoughts, their overflowing fancies, their fair imaginings, with its restless, exuberant, and rejoicing stream. . . . . .

At length they reached the Roaring Brook. From a gorge in the mountains, through a long, winding gallery of birch, beech, and pine, leaped the bright brown water of the jubilant streamlet, out of the woods, across the plain, under the rude bridge of logs, into the woods again—a day between two nights. With it went a song that made the heart sing likewise; a song of joy and exultation, and freedom; a continuous and unbroken song of life and pleasure, and perpetual youth. Presently turning off from the road, which led directly to the mill, and was rough with the tracks of heavy wheels, they went down to the margin of the brook.

"How indescribably beautiful this brown water is," exclaimed Kavanagh. "It is like wine or the nectar of the gods of Olympus; as if the falling Hebe had poured it from the goblet."

"More like the mead or the metheglin of the northern gods," said Mr. Churchill, "spilled from the drinking-horn of Valhalla."

Ere long they were forced to cross the brook, stepping from stone to stone of the little rapids and cascades. All crossed lightly, easily, safely, even "the sumpter mule," as Mr. Churchill called himself on account of the pannier. Only

Cecilia lingered behind as if afraid to cross; Cecilia, who had crossed at that same place a hundred times before; Cecilia, who had the surest foot and the firmest nerves of all the village maidens. She now stood irresolute, seized with a sudden tremor, blushing and laughing at her own timidity, and yet unable to advance. Kavanagh saw her embarrassment, and hastened back to help her. Her hand trembled in his; she thanked him with a gentle look and word. His whole soul was softened within him. His attitude, his countenance, his voice, were alike submissive and subdued. He was as one penetrated with the tenderest emotions.

It is difficult to know at what moment love begins; it is less difficult to know that it has begun. A thousand heralds proclaim it to the listening air; a thousand ministers and messengers betray it to the eye. Tone, act, attitude, and look—the signals upon the countenance—the electric telegraph of touch—all these betray the yielding citadel before the word itself is uttered which, like the key surrendered, opens every avenue and gate of entrance, and makes retreat impossible.—*Kavanah.*

Longfellow's first volume of original poems, *The Voices of the Night*, was published in 1839. His subsequent works appeared originally in many small volumes, though now collected into two. Following are the titles and dates of most of the larger of these poems: *Voices of the Night* (1839); *Ballads and other Poems* (1841); *Poems on Slavery* (1842); *The Spanish Student*, a drama (1843); *Evangeline* (1847); *The Seaside and the Fireside* (1849); *The Song of Hiawatha* (1855); *The Courtship of Miles Standish* (1858); *Tales of a Wayside Inn* (1863); *The Masque of Pandora* (1875); *Hanging of the Crane* (1875); *Michael*

Angelo, a dramatic poem (1879); *Ultima Thale* (1882.) Shortly after his death was published *In the Harbor*, a small volume containing his last poems. Besides these were numerous collections of smaller poems, several hundred in number. All the foregoing are now included in Volume I. of his *Collected Poems*. In Volume II., under the general title of "Christus," he brought together in 1870 three dramatic poems already published: *The Divine Tragedy*, *The Golden Legend*, and *The New England Tragedies*.

Longfellow's *Translations*—mainly from French, Italian, German, Spanish, and Swedish poets, are numerous. The collection entitled *The Poets and Poetry of Europe* (1845), contains many translations by himself, which are now included in his Works. Of longer translations the principal are: *The Coplas de Manrique*, from the Spanish; Tegner's *Children of the Lord's Supper*, from the Swedish; and Dante's *Divina Commedia*, from the Italian.

THEMES FOR SONG.

"The land of Song within thee lies,
  Watered by living springs;
The lids of Fancy's sleepless eyes
Are gates unto that Paradise,
Holy thoughts, like stars arise,
  Its clouds are angel's wings.

"Learn that henceforth thy song shall be
  Not mountains capped with snow,
Nor forests sounding like the sea,
Nor rivers flowing ceaselessly,
Where the woodlands bend to see
  The bending heaven below.

"Look then, into thine heart, and write!
Yes, into Life's deep stream!
All forms of sorrow and delight,
All solemn Voices of the Night
That can soothe thee or affright
Be these henceforth thy theme."

From Prelude to Voices of the Night.

HYMN TO THE NIGHT.

I heard the trailing garments of the Night
Sweep through her marble halls!
I saw her sable skirts all fringed with light
From the celestial walls!

I felt her presence, by its spell of might
Stoop o'er me from above;
The calm, majestic presence of the Night,
As of the one I love.

I heard the sounds of sorrow and delight
The manifold soft chimes,
That fill the haunted chambers of the Night,
Like some old poet's rhymes.

From the cool cisterns of the midnight air
My spirit drank repose;
The fountain of perpetual peace flows there—
From those deep cisterns flows.

O holy Night! from thee I learn to bear
What man has borne before!
Thou layest thy fingers on the lips of Care,
And they complain no more.

Peace! Peace! Orestes-like I breathe this prayer!
Descend with broad-winged flight,
The welcome, the thrice-prayed for, the fair,
The best-beloved Night!

Voices of the Night.

FOOTSTEPS OF ANGELS.

When the hours of Day are numbered,
  And the voices of the Night
Wake the better soul, that slumbered,
  To a holy, calm delight;
Ere the evening lamps are lighted,
  And, like phantoms grim and tall,
Shadows from the fitful firelight
  Dance upon the parlor wall:—
Then the forms of the departed
  Enter at the open door;
The beloved, the true-hearted,
  Come to visit me once more:
He, the young and strong, who cherished
  Noble longings for the strife,
By the roadside fell and perished,
  Weary with the march of life;
They, the holy ones and weakly,
  Who the cross of suffering bore,
Folded their pale hands so meekly,
  Spake with us on earth no more.

And with them the Being Beauteous
  Who unto my youth was given,
More than all things else to love me,
  And is now a saint in heaven.
With a slow and noiseless footstep
  Comes that messenger divine,
Takes the vacant chair beside me
  Lays her gentle hand in mine.
And she sits and gazes at me
  With those deep and tender eyes,
Like the stars, so still and saint-like,
  Looking downward from the skies.
Uttered not, yet comprehended,
  Is the spirit's voiceless prayer,
Soft rebukes, in blessings ended,
  Breathing from her lips of air.
Oh, though oft depressed and lonely
  All my tears are laid aside,
If I but remember only
  Such as these have lived and died.

Voices of the Night.

THE WARNING.

Beware! The Israelite of old who tore
The lion in his path—when, poor and blind,
He saw the blessed light of heaven no more,
Shorn of his noble strength, and forced to grind
In prison, and at last led forth to be
A pander to Philistine revelry—
Upon the pillars of the temple laid
His desperate hands, and in its overthrow
Destroyed himself, and with him those who made
A cruel mockery of his sightless woe;
The poor blind slave, the scoff and jest of all,
Expired, and thousands perished in the fall!
There is a poor blind Sampson in this land,
Shorn of his strength, and bound in bonds of steel,
Who may, in some grim revel, raise his hand,
And shake the pillars of the commonweal,
Till the vast temple of our liberties
A shapeless mass of wreck and rubbish lies.

Poems on Slavery.

GRAND-PRE, IN ACADIE.

This is the forest primeval. The murmuring pines and the hemlocks,
Bearded with moss, and in garments green, indistinct in the twilight,
Stand like Druids of old, with voices sad and prophetic,
Stand like harpers hoar, with beards that rest on their bosoms.
Loud from its rocky caverns the deep-voiced neighboring ocean
Speaks, and in accents disconsolate answer the wails of the forest.
This is the forest primeval; but where are the hearts that beneath it
Leaped like the roe when he hears in the woodland the voice of the huntsman?

Where is the thatch-roofed village, the home of
Acadian farmers—
Men whose lives glide on like rivers that water
the woodlands,
Darkened by shadows of earth, but reflecting the
image of heaven?
Waste are those pleasant farms, and the farmers
forever departed!
Scattered like dust and leaves when the mighty
blasts of October
Seize them, and whirl them aloft, and sprinkle
them far o'er the ocean.
Naught but tradition remains of the beautiful
village of Grand-Pré.
Ye who believe in affection that hopes, and en-
dures, and is patient,
Ye who believe in the beauty and strength of
woman's devotion.
List to the mournful tradition still sung by the
pines of the forest;
List to a Tale of Love in Acadie, home of the
happy.

Prologue to Evangeline.

Still stands the forest primeval, but far away
from its shadow,
Side by side in the nameless graves their lovers
are sleeping.
Under the humble walls of the little Catholic
churchyard,
In the heart of the city they lie, unknown and
unnoticed.
Daily the tides of life go ebbing and flowing be-
side them;
Thousands of throbbing hearts, where theirs are
at rest and forever;
Thousands of aching brains, where theirs are no
longer busy;
Thousands of toiling hands, where theirs have
ceased from their labors,
Thousands of weary feet, where theirs have
completed their journey.

Still stands the forest primeval; but under the shade of its branches
Dwells another race, with other customs and language.
Only along the shores of the mournful and misty Atlantic
Linger a few Acadian peasants, whose fathers from exile
Wandered back to their native land to die in its bosom.
In the fisherman's cot the wheel and the loom are still busy;
Maidens still wear their Norman caps and their kirtles of homespun;
And by the evening fire repeat Evangeline's story,
While from its rocky cavern the deep-voiced neighboring ocean
Speaks, and in accents disconsolate answers the wail of the forest.

Epilogue to Evangeline.

LAUNCHING THE SHIP.

At the word,
Loud and sudden there was heard,
All around them and below
The sound of hammers, blow on blow,
Knocking away the shores and spars,
And see! she stirs!
She starts—she moves—she seems to feel
The thrill of life along her keel;
And, spurning with her foot the ground,
With one exulting joyous bound,
She leaps into the Ocean's arms!

And lo! from the exulting crowd
There rose a shout, prolonged and loud,
That to the Ocean seemed to say,
"Take her, O bridegroom, old and gray,
Take her to thy protecting arms,
With all her youth and all her charms!"

How beautiful she is! How fair
She lies within those arms, that press
Her form with many a soft caress
Of tenderness and watchful care!
Sail forth into the sea, O Ship!
Through wind and wave, right onward steer!
The moistened eye, the trembling lip,
Are not the signs of doubt or fear.

Sail forth into the sea of life,
O gentle, loving, trusting Wife,
And safe from all adversity
Upon the bosom of that sea
Thy comings and thy goings be!
For gentleness and love and trust
Prevail o'er angry wave and gust;
And in the wreck of noble lives
Something immortal still survives!
Thou, too, sail on. O Ship of State!
Sail on, O Union, strong and great!
Humanity, with all its fears,
With all the hopes of future years,
Is hanging breathless on thy fate!
We know what Master laid thy keel,
What Workmen wrought thy ribs of steel,
Who made each mast and sail and rope,
What anvils rang, what hammers beat,
In what a forge and what a heat
Were shaped the anchors of thy hope.
Fear not each sudden sound and shock,
'Tis of the wave and not the rock;
'Tis but the flapping of the sail,
And not a rent made by the gale!
In spite of rock and tempest's roar,
In spite of false lights on the shore,
Sail on, nor fear to breast the sea!
Our hearts, our hopes, are all with thee,
Our hearts, our hopes, our prayers, our tears,
Our faith triumphant o'er our fears,
Are all with thee—are all with thee!

The Building of the Ship.

JOHN ALDEN AND PRISCILLA.

Thereupon answered the youth, "Indeed, I do not condemn you;
Stouter hearts than a woman's have quailed in this terrible winter.
Yours is tender and trusting, and needs a stronger to lean on;
So I am come to you now with an offer and proffer of marriage,
Made by a good man and true—Miles Standish, the Captain of Plymouth."
Mute with amazement and sorrow, Priscilla, the Puritan maiden,
Looked into Alden's face, her eyes dilated with wonder,
Feeling his words like a blow, that stunned her and rendered her speechless;
Till at length she exclaimed, interrupting the ominous silence:—
"If the great Captain of Plymouth is so very eager to wed me,
Why does he not come himself, and take the trouble to woo me?
If I am not worth the wooing, I am surely not worth the winning!"
Then John Alden began explaining and smoothing the matter,
Making it worse, as he went, by saying the Captain was busy—
Had no time for such things. "Such things!" the words, grating harshly,
Fell on the ear of Priscilla; and, swift as a flash, she made answer:—
"Has no time for such things, as you call it, before he is married;
Would he be likely to find it, or make it, after the wedding?
That is the way with you men; you don't understand us, you cannot.
When you have made up your minds, after thinking of this one and that one,
Choosing, selecting, comparing one with another,

Then you make known your desires, with abrupt and sudden avowal,
And are offended and hurt, and indignant, perhaps, that a woman
Does not respond at once to a love that she never suspected,
Does not attain at a bound the height to which you have been climbing.
This is not right nor just: for surely a woman's affection
Is not a thing to be asked for—and had only for the asking.
When one is truly in love, one not only says it, but shows it.
Had he but waited awhile—had he only showed that he loved me—
Even this Captain of yours—who knows? at last might have won me,
Old and rough as he is; but now it can never happen."
Still John Alden went on, unheeding the words of Priscilla,
Urging the suit of his friend, explaining, persuading, expanding:
He was a man of honor, of noble and generous nature;
Though he was rough, he was kindly; she had known how, during the winter,
He had attended the sick with a hand as gentle as a woman's;
Somewhat hasty and hot—he could not deny it—and headstrong;
Not to be laughed at and scorned because he was little of stature;
For he was great of heart, magnanimous, courtly, courageous;
Any woman in Plymouth—nay, any woman in England—
Might be happy and proud to be called the wife of Miles Standish!
But as he warmed and glowed, in his simple and eloquent language,

Quite forgetful of self, and full of the praise of his rival,
Archly the maiden smiled, and with eyes overrunning with laughter,
Said, in a tremulous voice, "Why don't you speak for yourself, John?"

The Courtship of Miles Standish.

THE SONG OF HIAWATHA.

Should you ask me, Whence these stories?
Whence these legends and traditions,
With the odors of the forest,
With the dew and damp of meadows,
With the curling smoke of wigwams,
With the rushing of great rivers,
With their frequent repetitions,
And their wild reverberations
As of thunder in the mountain?
I should answer, I should tell you:—
"From the forests and the prairies,
From the great lakes of the Northland,
From the land of the Ojibways,
From the land of the Dacotahs,
From the mountains, moors, and fenlands
Where the heron, the Shuhshuhgah,
Feeds among the reeds and rushes.
I repeat them as I heard them
From the lips of Nawadaha,
The musician, the sweet singer."
Should you ask where Nawadaha
Found these songs, so wild and wayward,
Found these legends and traditions,
I should answer, I should tell you:—
"In the birds' nests of the forest,
In the lodges of the beaver,
In the hoof-prints of the bison.
All the wild-fowl sang them to him,
In the moorlands and the fenlands,
In the melancholy marshes;
Chetowack, the plover, sang them
Mahng, the loon, the wild-gosse, Waway,
The blue heron, the Shuhshuhgah,
And the grouse, the Mushkodasa!"

If still further you should ask me
Saying, Who was Nawadaha?
Tell us of this Nawadaha,
I should answer your inquiries
Straightway in such words as follows:—
"In the Vale of Tawasentha,
In the green and silent valley,
By the pleasant water-courses,
Dwelt the singer Nawadaha.
Round about the Indian village,
Spread the meadows and the corn-fields,
And beyond them stood the forest,
Stood the grove of singing-pines trees,
Green in Summer, white in Winter,
Ever sighing, ever singing.—
And the pleasant water-courses,
You could trace them through the valley,
By the rushing in the Spring-time,
By the alders in the Summer,
By the white fog in the Autumn,
By the black line in the Winter;
And beside them dwelt the singer,
In the vale of Tawasentha,
In the green and silent valley.
There he sang of Hiawatha,
Sang the Song of Hiawatha,
Sang his wondrous birth and being,
How he prayed, and how he fasted,
How he lived and toiled and suffered,
That the tribes of men might prosper
That he might advance his people."

THE DEPARTURE OF HIAWATHA

Then the Black-Robe chief, the prophet,
Told his message to the people,
Told the purport of his mission,
Told them of the Virgin Mary,
And her blessed Son, the Saviour;
How in distant lands and ages
He had lived on earth as we do;
How he fasted, prayed and labored;
How the Jews—the tribe accursed—

Mocked him, scourged him crucified him;
How he rose from where they laid him,
Walked again with his disciples,
And ascended into heaven.

And the chief made answer, saying:—
"We have listened to your message,
We have heard your words of wisdom
We will think on what you tell us.
It is well for us, O brothers,
That you come so far to see us!"

Then they rose up and departed.
Each one homeward to his wigwam;
To the young men and the women
Told the story of the stranger
Whom the Master of Life had sent them
From the shining land of Wabun.

Heavy with the heat and silence
Grew the afternoon of Summer;
With a drowsy sound the forest
Whispered round the sultry wigwam;
With a sound of sleep the water
Rippled on the beach below it;
From the cornfields shrill and ceaseless
Sang the grasshopper, Pahpukkeena;
And the guests of Hiawatha,
Weary with the heat of Summer,
Slumbered in the sultry wigwam.

Slowly o'er the simmering landscape
Fell the evening's dusk and coolness,
And the long and level sunbeams
Shot their spears into the forest,
Breaking through its shields of shadow,
Rushed into each secret ambush,
Searched each thicket, dingle, hollow;
Still the guests of Hiawatha
Slumbered in the silent wigwam.

From his place rose Hiawatha,
Bade farewell to old Nokomis,
Spake in whispers, spake in this wise,
Did not wake the guests that slumbered:—
"I am going, O Nokomis,
On a long and distant journey

To the portals of the Sunset,
To the regions of the home-wind,
Of the northwest wind Keewaydin.
But these guests I leave behind me,
In your watch and ward I leave them;
See that never harm comes near them,
See that never fear molests them;
Never danger or suspicion,
Never want of food or shelter,
In the lodge of Hiawatha."

Forth into the village went he,
Bade farewell to all the warriors,
Bade farewell to all the young men;
Spake persuading, spake in this wise:—
"I am going, O my people,
On a long and distant journey.
Many moons and many winters
Will have come and will have vanished
Ere I come again to see you.
But my guests I leave behind me;
Listen to their words of wisdom,
Listen to the truth they tell you;
For the Master of Life has sent them
From the land of light and morning."

On the shore stood Hiawatha,
Turned and waved his hand at parting;
On the clear and luminous water
Launched his birch canoe for sailing;
From the pebbles of the margin
Shoved it forth into the water;
Whispered to it, "Westward! Westward!"
And with speed it darted forward.

And the evening sun descending
Set the clouds on fire with redness;
Burned the broad sky, like a prairie,
Left upon the level water.
One long track and trail of splendor,
Down whose stream, as down a river,
Westward, westward, Hiawatha
Sailed into the fiery sunset,
Sailed into the purple vapors,
Sailed into the dusk of evening.

And the people from the margin
Watched him floating, rising, sinking,
Till the birch canoe seemed lifted
High into that sea of splendor,
Till it sank into the vapors,
Like the new moon, slowly, slowly,
Sinking in the purple distance.
And they said, "Farewell forever!"
Said, "Farewell, O Hiawatha!"
And the forests, dark and lonely,
Moved through all their depths of darkness
Sighed, "Farewell, O Hiawatha!"
And the heron, the Shuhshuhgah,
From her haunts among the fenlands,
Screamed, "Farewell, O Hiawatha!"
Thus departed Hiawatha,
Hiawatha, the Beloved,
In the glory of the sunset,
In the purple mists of evening,
To the regions of the home-wind,
Of the northwest wind, Keewaydin,
To the Islands of the Blessed,
To the Kingdom of Ponemah,
To the land of the Hereafter.

Conclusion of Hiawatha.

MAIDENHOOD.

Maiden, with the dark brown eyes;
In whose orbs a shadow lies,
Like in dusk the evening skies!

Thou whose locks outshine the sun,
Golden tresses wreathed in one,
As the braided streamlets run!

Standing, with reluctant feet,
Where the brook and river meet,
Womanhood and childhood fleet!

Gazing, with a timid glance,
On the brooklet's swift advance,
On the river's broad expanse!

Deep and still, that gliding stream,
Beautiful to thee must seem
As the river of a dream.

Then why pause with indecision
When bright angels in thy vision
Beckon thee to fields Elysian?

Seest thou shadows sailing by,
As the dove, with startled eye,
See the falcon's shadow fly?

Hearest thou voices on the shore,
That our ears perceive no more,
Deafened by the cataract's roar?

Oh, thou child of many prayers!
Life hath quicksands; life hath snares!
Care and age come unawares!

Like the swell of some sweet tune,
Morning rises into noon,
May glides onward into June.

Childhood is the bough, where slumbered
Birds and blossoms many-numbered;
Age that bough with snow encumbered.

Gather, then, each flower that grows,
When the young heart overflows,
To embalm that tent of snows.

Bear a lily in thy hand;
Gates of brass cannot withstand
One touch of that magic wand.

Bear through sorrow, wrong, and ruth
In thy heart the dew of youth,
On thy lips the smile of truth.

Oh, that dew, like balm, shall steal
Into wounds that cannot heal,
Even as sleep our eyes doth heal;

And that smile, like sunshine, dart
Into many a sunless heart,
For a smile of God thou art.

THE BUILDERS.

All are architects of Fate,
Working in these walls of Time;
Some with massive deeds and great,
Some with ornaments of rhyme.

Nothing useless is and low;
Each thing in its place is best;
And what seems but idle show
Strengthens and supports the rest

For the structure that we raise,
Time is with materials filled;
Our to-days and yesterdays
Are the blocks with which we build.

Truly shape and fashion these;
Leave no yawning gaps between;
Think not, because no man sees,
Such things will remain unseen.

In the days of elder Art,
Builders wrought with greatest care
Each minute and unseen part;
For the Gods see everywhere.

Let us do our work as well,
Both the unseen and the seen;
Make the house, where Gods may dwell,
Beautiful and clean.

Else our lives are incomplete,
Standing in these walls of Time,
Broken stairways, where the feet
Stumble as they seek to climb.

Build to-day, then, strong and sure,
With a firm and ample base;
And ascending and secure
Shall to-morrow find its place.

Thus alone can we attain
To those turrets, where the eye
Sees the world as one vast plain,
And one boundless reach of sky.

THE DAY IS DONE.

The day is done, and the darkness falls from the wings of Night;
As a feather is wafted downward from an eagle in its flight,
I see the lights of the village gleam through the rain and mist,
And a feeling of sadness comes o'er me that my soul cannot resist;
A feeling of sadness and longing that is not akin to pain,
And resembles sorrow only as the mist resembles the rain.

Come read to me some poem, some simple and heartfelt lay,
That shall soothe this restless feeling and banish the thoughts of day.
Not from the grand old masters, not from the bards sublime,
Whose distant footsteps echo through the corridors of time.
For, like strains of martial music, their mighty thoughts suggest
Life's endless toil and endeavor, and to-night I long for rest.

Read from some humble poet, whose songs gushed from his heart
As the showers from the clouds of Summer, or tears from the eyelids start;
Who through long days of labor, and nights devoid of ease,
Still heard in his soul the music of wonderful melodies.
Such songs have power to quiet the restless pulse of care,
And come like the benediction that follows after prayer

Then read from the treasured volume the poem
of thy choice,
And lend to the rhyme of the poet the beauty
of thy voice.
And the night shall be filled with music, and the
cares that infest the day,
Shall fold their tents, like the Arabs, and as
silently steal away.

DANTE.

Tuscan, that wanderest through the realms of
gloom,
With thoughtful face, and sad majestic eyes,
Stern thoughts and awful from thy soul arise,
Like Farinata from his fiery tomb.
Thy sacred song is like the trump of doom.
Yet in thy heart what human sympathies,
What soft compassion glows, as in the skies
The tender stars their clouded lamps relume!
Methinks I see thee stand with pallid cheeks
By Fra Hilario in his diocese,
As up the convent walls, in golden streaks,
The ascending sunbeams mark the day's decrease;
And as he asks what there the stranger seeks,
Thy voice along the cloister whispers, "Peace!"

THE TWO ANGELS.

[This poem was addressed to James Russell Lowell, whose wife died on the same morning when a child was born to Longfellow.]

Two angels—one of Life and one of Death—
Passed o'er our village as the morning broke;
The dawn was on their faces, and beneath,
The sombre houses, hearsed with plumes of
smoke.

Their attitude and aspect were the same,
Alike their features and their robes of white;
But one was crowned with amaranth, as with
flame,
And one with asphodels, like flakes of light.

I saw them pause on their celestial way ;
Then, said I, with deep fear and doubt oppressed,
"Beat not so loud, my heart, lest thou betray
The place where thy beloved are at rest!"

And he who wore the crown of asphodels,
Descending, at my door began to knock ;
And my soul sank within me, as in wells
The waters sink before an earthquake's shock.

I recognized the nameless agony,
The terror and the tremor and the pain,
That oft before had filled or haunted me,
And now returned with threefold strength again.

The door I opened to my heavenly guest,
And listened—for I thought I heard God's voice ;
And, knowing whatsoe'er He sent was best,
Dared neither to lament nor to rejoice.

Then, with a smile that filled the house with light,
"My errand is not Death, but Life," he said ;
And, ere I answered, passing out of sight,
On his celestial embassy he sped.

'Twas at thy door, O friend! and not at mine,
The angel with the amaranthine wreath,
Pausing, descended ; and, with voice divine,
Whispered a word that had a sound like "Death."

Then fell upon the house a sudden gloom,
A shadow on those features fair and thin ;
And softly from that hushed and darkened room,
Two angels issued, where but one went in.

All is of God! If He but wave His hand,
The mists collect, the rain falls thick and loud,
Till, with a smile of light on sea and land,
Lo! He looks back from the departing cloud.

Angels of Life and Death alike are His;
Without His leave they pass no threshold o'er;
Who, then, would wish or dare, believing this,
Against His messengers to shut the door?

CURFEW.

I.

Solemnly, mournfully, dealing its dole,
The Curfew Bell is beginning to toll.

Cover the embers, and put out the light,
Toil comes with the morning, and rest with the night.

Dark grow the windows, and quenched is the fire;
Sound fades into silence, all footsteps retire.

No voice in the chambers, no sound in the hall!
Sleep and oblivion reign over all!

II.

The book is completed, and closed, like the day;
And the hand that has written it lays it away.

Dim grow the fancies; forgotten they lie;
Like coals in the ashes, they darken and die

Song sinks into silence, the story is told;
The windows are darkened, the hearthstone is cold.

Darker and darker the black shadows fall;
Sleep and oblivion reign over all.

LONGINUS, Dionysius, a Greek rhetorician, born, probably in Syria, about 213 A. D., executed at Palmyra in 273. He studied at Athens, and after travelling widely returned to Athens, where he established a school of *belles lettres*. About 268 he was invited by Zenobia, Queen of Palmyra to be tutor of her two sons; and he became in fact her minister. The noble reply of Zenobia to the Roman Emperor Aurelian, who demanded that she should surrender unconditionally, on pain of death, was written by Longinus, who upon the capture of the queen was put to death by Aurelian. The only extant work of Longinus is his treatise *On the Sublime*, the best English translation of which is that of William Smith (1770.)

THE SUBLIME IN HOMER AND MOSES.

I have hinted in another place that the Sublime is an image reflected from the inward greatness of the soul. Hence it comes to pass that a naked thought, without words, challenges admiration, and strikes by its grandeur. Such is the silence of Ajax in the *Odyssey*, which is undoubtedly noble and far above expression. To arrive at excellence like this, we must needs suppose that which is the cause of it. I mean that an orator of true genius must have no mean and ungenerous way of thinking. For it is impossible that those who have grovelling and servile ideas, or are engaged in the sordid pursuits of life should produce anything worthy of admiration and the perusal of all posterity Grand and sublime expressions must flow from them—and them alone—whose conceptions are stored and big with greatness.

And hence it is that the greatest thoughts are always uttered by the greatest souls. When Parmenio cried, "I would accept these proposi-

tions if I were Alexander,' Alexander made this reply, "And so would I, if I were Parmenio." His answer showed the greatness of his mind. So the space between heaven and earth marks out the vast reach and capacity of Homer's ideas when he says :—

Whilst scarce the skies her horrid head can bound, She stalks on earth.

This description may with more justice be applied to Homer's genius than to the extent of Discord. But what disparity, what a fall there is in Hesiod's description of Melancholy, if the poem of *The Shield* may be ascribed to him: "A filthy moisture from her nostrils flowed." He has not represented his image as terrible, but loathsome and nauseous. On the other hand, with what majesty and pomp does Homer exalt his deities :—

Far as a shepherd, from some point on high,
O'er the wide main extends his boundless eye,
Through such a space of air, with thundering sound,
At one long leap the immortal coursers bound.

He measures the leap of the horses by the extent of the world; and who is there that, considering the superlative magnificence of this thought, would not with good reason cry out that if the steeds of the Deity were to take another leap, the world itself would want room for it? How grand and pompous also are those descriptions of the combats of the gods —

Heaven in loud thunder bids the trumpets sound,
And wide beneath them groans the rending ground.
Deep in the dismal regions of the dead
The Infernal Monarch reared his horrid head ;
Leapt from his throne lest Neptune's arm should lay
His dark dominions open to the day,
And pour in light on Pluto's drear abodes,
Abhorred by men, and dreadful e'en to gods.

What a prospect is here! The earth is laid open to its centre ; Tartarus itself disclosed to view, the whole world in commotion and tottering on its basis, and what is more, Heaven and

Hell—things mortal and immortal—all combating together, and, sharing in the danger of this immortal battle. But yet these bold representations—if not allegorically understood —are downright blasphemy, and extravagantly shocking. For Homer, in my opinion, when he gives us a detail of the wounds, the seditions, the punishments, imprisonments, tears of the deities, with those evils of every kind under which they languish, has to the utmost of his power exalted his heroes who fought at Troy into gods, and degraded his gods into men. Nay, he makes their condition worse than human, for when man is overwhelmed in misfortune, death affords a comfortable port, and rescues him from misery But he represents the infelicity of the gods as everlasting as their nature. And how far does he excel those descriptions of the gods, when he sets a deity in his true light, and paints him in all his majesty, grandeur, and perfection, as in that description of Neptune which has been already applauded by several writers :—

Fierce, as he passed, the lofty mountains nod,
The forests shake, earth trembled as he trod,
And felt the footsteps of the immortal god.
His whirling wheels the glassy surface sweep
The enormous monsters rolling on the deep,
Gambol around him on the watery way,
And heavy whales in awkward measure play
The sea subsiding spreads a level plain,
Exults, and owns the monarch of the main ;
The parting waves before his coursers fly ;
The wondering waters leave the axles dry.

So, likewise the Jewish legislator—not an ordinary person—having conceived a just idea of the power of God, has nobly expressed it in the beginning of his law : "And God said, Let there be light, and there was light ; Let the earth be, and the earth was."

THE ILIAD AND THE ODYSSEY.

Homer himself shows us in the *Odyssey* that when a great genius is in its decline, a fondness

for the fabulous clings fast to age. In reality the *Odyssey* is no more than the epilogue of the *Iliad*. Having written the *Iliad* in the youth and vigor of his genius, he has furnished it with continued scenes of action and combat; whereas the greatest part of the *Odyssey* is spent in narration—the delight of old age; so that in the *Odyssey* Homer may with justice be resembled to the setting sun, whose grandeur still remains, without the meridian heat of his beams. The style is not so grand as that of the *Iliad*, the sublimity not continued with so much spirit, nor so uniformly noble; the tides of passion flow not along with so much profusion, nor do they hurry away the reader in so rapid a current. There is not the same volubility and great variation of the phrase: nor is the work embellished with so many stirring and expressive images. Yet, like the ocean, whose very shores, when deserted by the tide, mark out how wide it sometimes flows, so Homer's genius, when ebbing into all those fabulous and incredible ramblings of Ulysses, shows plainly how sublime it had been.

LONGSTREET, Augustus Baldwin, an American lawyer, clergyman, and author, born at Augusta, Georgia, in 1790; died at Oxford, Miss., in 1870. He graduated at Yale in 1813; studied in the Law School at Litchfield, Conn.; entered upon practice in his native State, where he was chosen to legislative and judicial positions. In 1838 he entered the ministry of the Methodist Episcopal Church. In 1839 he became President of Emory College, Oxford, Georgia; was subsequently President of Centenary College, Louisiana, of the University of Mississippi; and in 1857 became President of South Carolina College, at Columbia. After the close of the civil war he returned to the presidency of the University of Mississippi. He was a frequent contributor to Southern periodicals, and published several books, the latest being a story, *Master William Mitten* (1864.) His best known work is *Georgia Scenes, Characters, Incidents*, etc., written before he entered the ministry, published originally at the South, and afterwards at New York in 1840. A second edition, purporting to be "revised," appeared in 1867.

A MONOMACHIA IN GEORGIA.

If my memory fail me not, the 10th of June, 1809, found me, at 11 o'clock in the forenoon, ascending a long and gentle slope in what was called "The Dark Corner of Lincoln." I believe it took its name from the moral darkness which reigned over that part of the country at the time of which I am speaking. If in this point of view it was but a shade darker than the rest of the county, it was inconceivably dark.

If any man can name a trick or a sin which had not been committed at the time of which I

am speaking in the very focus of the county's illumination, he must be the most inventive of the tricky, and the very Judas of sinners. Since that time, however (all humor aside), Lincoln has become a living proof that "light shineth in darkness." Could I venture to mingle the solemn with the ludicrous—even for the purpose of honorable contrast—I could adduce from this county instances of the most numerous and wonderful transitions from vice and folly to virtue and holiness which have ever, perhaps, been witnessed since the days of the apostolic ministry. So much, lest it should be thought by some that what I am about to relate is characteristic of the county in which it occurred.

Whatever may be said of the moral condition of the Dark Corner, at this time, its natural condition was anything but dark. It smiled in all the charms of Spring; and Spring borrowed a new charm from its undulating grounds, its luxuriant woodlands, its sportive streams, its vocal birds, and its luxuriant flowers. Rapt with the enchantment of the season and the scenery around me, I was slowly rising the slope, when I was startled by loud, profane, and boisterous voices, which seemed to proceed from a thick covert of undergrowth about two hundred yards in the advance of me, and about one hundred to the right of my road.

"You kin, kin you?"

"Yes, I kin, and am able to do it! Booo-oo-oo! Oh, wake snakes, and walk your chalks! Brimstone and —— fire! Don't hold me, Nick Stoval! The fight's made up, and let's go at it. —— my soul if I don't jump down his throat, and gallop every chitterling out of him before you can say 'Quit!'"

"Now, Nick, don't hold him! Jist let the wildcat come, and I'll tame him. Ned'll see me a fair fight; won't you, Ned?"

"Oh, yes; I'll see you a fair fight, blast my old shoes if I don't."

"That's sufficient, as Tom Haynes said when he saw the elephant. Now let him come."

Thus they went on, with countless oaths interspersed, which I dare not even hint at, and with much that I could not distinctly hear. "In mercy's name!" thought I, "what band of ruffians has selected this holy season and this heavenly retreat for such pandemonium riots!"

I quickened my gait, and had come nearly opposite to the thick grove whence the noise proceeded, when my eye caught indistinctly, and at intervals, through the foliage of the dwarf-oaks and hickories which intervened, glimpses of a man, or men, who seemed to be in a violent struggle; and I could occasionally catch those deep-drawn, emphatic oaths which men in conflict utter when they deal blows. I dismounted, and hurried to the spot with all speed. I had overcome about half the space which separated it from me, when I saw the combatants come to the ground; and, after a short struggle, I saw the uppermost one (for I could not see the other) make a heavy plunge with both his hands; and at the same instant I heard a cry in the accent of keenest torture—

"Enough! My eye's out!"

I was so completely horror-struck that I stood transfixed for a moment to the spot where the cry met me. The accomplices in the hellish deed which they had perpetrated had all fled at my approach; at least I supposed so, for they were not to be seen.

"Now, blast your corn-shucking soul," said the victor—a youth of about eighteen years old—as he rose from the ground. "Come, cutt'n your shines 'bout me agin, next time I come to the Court House, will you! Git your owl eye in agin if you kin!"

At this moment he saw me for the first time. He looked excessively embarrassed, and was moving off, when I called to him, in a tone em-

boldened by the sacredness of my office, and the iniquity of his crime—

"Come back, you brute! and assist me in relieving your fellow-mortal whom you have ruined for ever!"

My rudeness subdued his embarrassment in an instant, and, with a taunting curl of his nose he replied—

"You needn't kick before you're spurred. There ain't nobody there, nor ha'nt been, nother. I was jist seein' how I could a' *fout*."

So saying, he bounded to his plough, which stood in the corner of the fence about fifty yards beyond the battle-ground.

And, would you believe it, gentle reader! his report was true. All that I had heard and seen was nothing more nor less than a Lincoln rehearsal, in which the youth who had just left me had played all the parts of all the characters of a Court House fight, I went to the ground from which he had risen, and there were the prints of his two thumbs. plunged to the balls in the mellow earth, about the distance of a man's eyes apart; and the ground was broken up as if two stags had been engaged upon it.—*Georgia Scenes.*

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